January 19, 1935

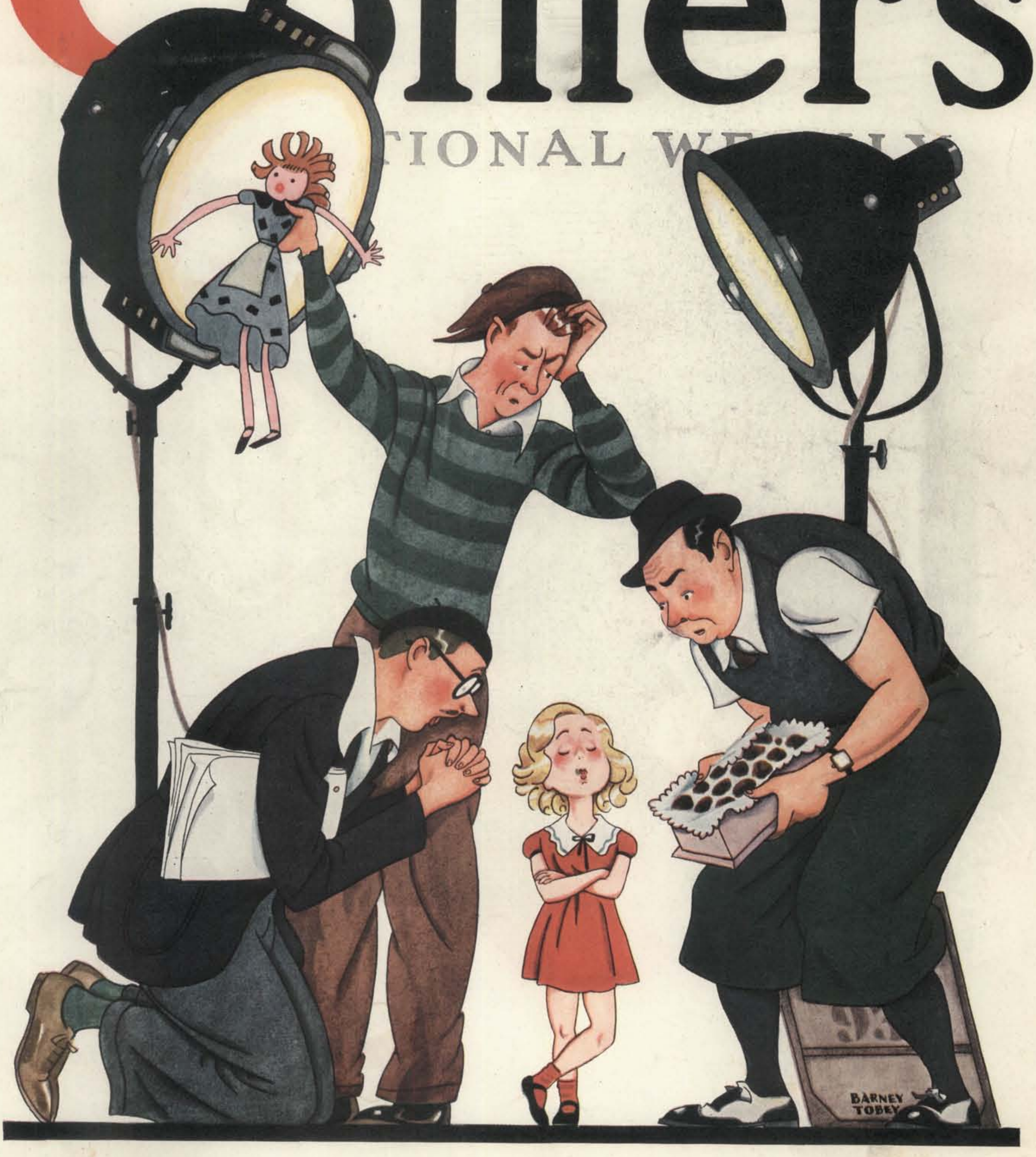
5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

NRA CODE

Collier's

TIONAL W



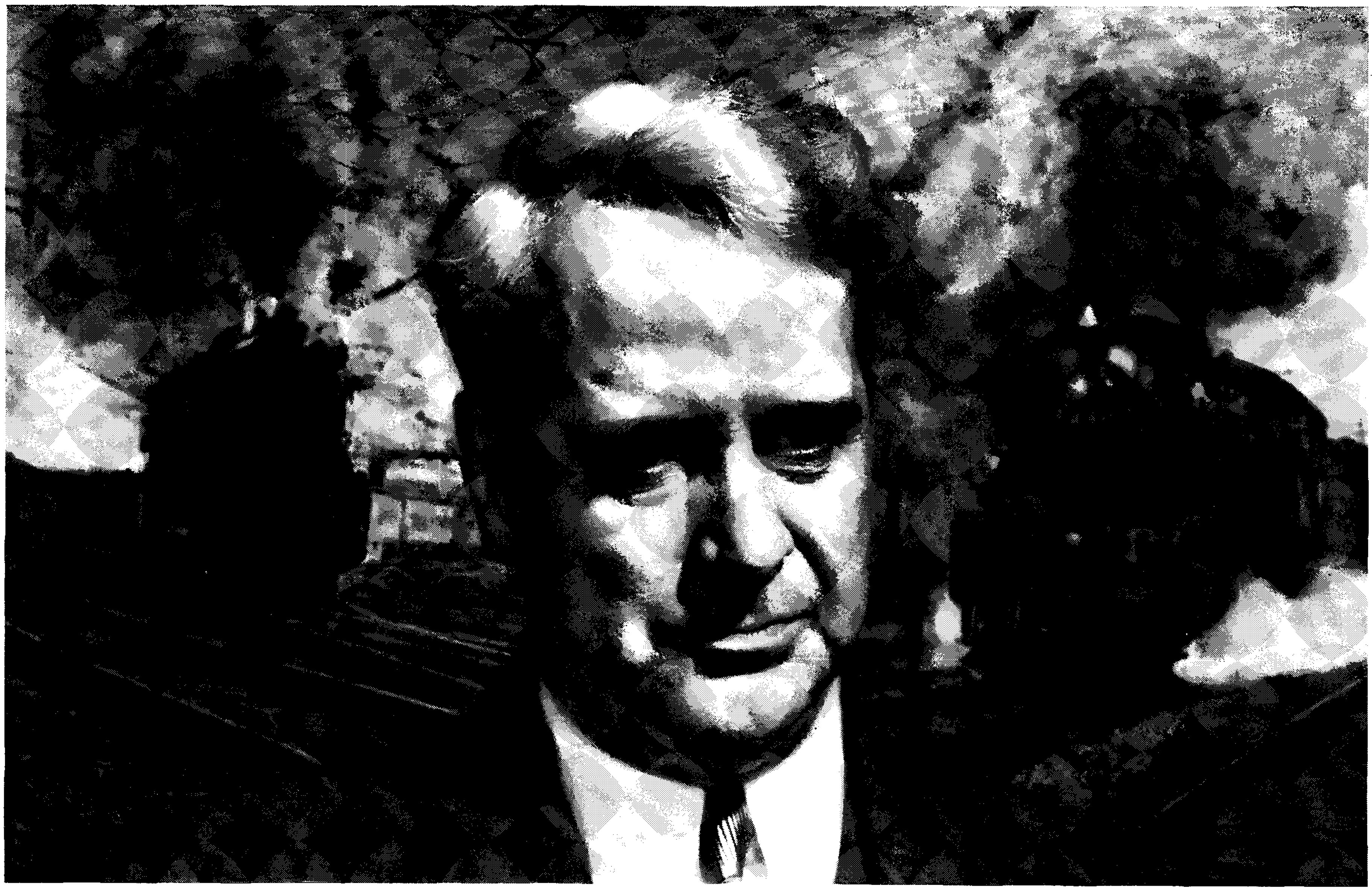
Too High and Too Mighty the plight of Huey Long By Walter Davenport

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — THE COUNTRY HOME

AN. 19, 1935

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies
They Taste Better

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company



Bosses 5,000 Miles of Railroad

but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

MILLIONS ride over his tracks in comfort and security. He guards them every mile of the way with the most modern safety devices. But when he should have heeded his own "stop" signals—a warning from his dentist and his own common sense—he rolled right on through.

When "pink tooth brush" made its threat he ignored it. He banked on his luck and his luck failed. *Today he's a dental cripple.*

Today he's paying the piper. Today he knows his dentist was absolutely right—that our soft, modern foods do rob our gums of work—and *health.* Today he knows the consequences of "pink tooth brush"—the dangers that lie in wait for tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste and care for your gums as well as your teeth. Make gum massage with Ipana a regular part of your daily dental routine.

Every time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana with massage aids in getting a full, healthy circulation started, rouses sluggish gums, helps to give them back their natural firmness.

And hard, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush," but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition! And they are *safer!*

Professional Opinion says:

- *From a standard text:* "Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- *A famous authority says:* "The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."
- *Quoting a well-known dental work:* "Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

NRA CODE

IPANA

Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK
USED ALWAYS REP

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THEY made Slooey Fentriss doctor for the Boxing Commission. It was a popular choice. Everyone liked Doc Fentriss. He was a big man, a hearty man. He'd been a great football player in his day, and even now he radiated strength and vigor. It made you feel well just to look at him.

His son wasn't like that at all. He was delicate, sickly—a thoughtful, sensitive boy. When he was twelve his father took him to see his first fight, the Sikora-Ahearn match. It was supposed to be a good bout, clean and decisive. It wasn't. It was brutal and bloody and appalling. Doc Fentriss and young Bill watched it from the ringside and got to know each other and themselves. Edward L. McKenna introduces them in "This, My Son," a story you won't forget.

WHAT'S the sense in building houses when there aren't enough tenants for the ones already up? You hear that question put as an argument against the government's housing program. And there's an answer to it. John T. Flynn gives it to you in "A Modern Home for Everyone." Briefly put, there are some fifty million people who need low-priced dwellings, and in supplying their want Uncle Sam can lay a firm base for prosperity. That's something worth working for.

IT IS as natural for a young woman to desire a husband as for a tigress to hunt the gentle antelope or the female cobra to sink her fangs into little Hindu children. That was the considered opinion of Lieutenant Milton Greer, and it shows that he bore no malice toward Emily Simmons for marrying his friend. He just felt sad—and a little guilty, for he had been one of the four naval officers who went into the women's dress business and tried to conduct it from four separate corners of the earth. The nearer particulars are given by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan in a gay short story called "The Manager."

AS ONE columnist to another, Pangie always said that Lemmie was a man after his own heart—with a knife. He was a power on the Main Stem. He could do anything. Well, almost anything. He could take a girl—"Any Girl Will Do"—and make her the most talked-of show-girl in town. He did it. But he didn't count on the girl. Louis Sobol, who knows about such things, writes his story.

T. R. YBARRA takes you to see Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, the potential dictator of Austria. And Elmer Davis, Owen P. White, Frank Condon and others furnish major attractions. Draw up to the fire and listen.

This Week

◆

January 19, 1935

Cover by Barney Tobey

WALTER DAVENPORT
Too High and Too Mighty. Senator Huey P. Long on the flying trapeze. Page 7

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Bright Mountains, by Ben Ames Williams. Page 9

FRANK LEON SMITH
Leave Orders Here. One time it was smart to lead with your chin. Page 10

MARIE BEYNON RAY
An Air to the Home. Inside tips. Page 12

ALAN LE MAY
The Smoky Years, Part II. Bill Roper declares war. Page 13

JAMES ASWELL
Dazzled. A showgirl who knew what she wanted. Page 14

MAY EDGINTON
Woman of the Family, Part IV. Sir Edgar's party. Page 16

ERNEST HAYCOX
Against the Mob. A love story, framed in the bitter hatreds of the frontier. Page 18

KYLE CRICHTON
Locked in the Cradle of the Deep. But not safe from Davy Jones' unlocker, Mr. Charles M. Courtney. Page 20

THOMAS McMORROW
Dangerous Gold. Yo-ho-ho and a bootful of gold. Page 24

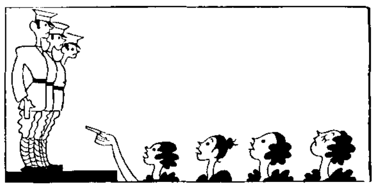
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
A Nice Boy. Jimmy McLarnin, the blue-eyed lad from Vancouver. Page 25

EDITORIAL
Fallacies Shrivel in the Light. Page 50

◆

Any Week

MR. CHRIS BOWEN of Galveston, Texas, dropped in at a meeting of ladies and gentlemen who were bitterly opposed to war and were making no effort to fool anybody. A heavy rain was falling, which may have accounted for the presence of three enlisted men of the United States Army. Or it may not. Anyway, one of the ladies, while telling her audience what an idiotic thing war is (we would have been applauding her), called upon the soldiers to stand up and be seen as symbols of the art she hated. Now let Mr. Bowen speak. "Pointing to the biggest soldier, a corporal, she said: 'Tell us, do you really believe in war?' And the corporal almost ruined the meeting with: 'Hell no, lady, I'm just a soldier.' "

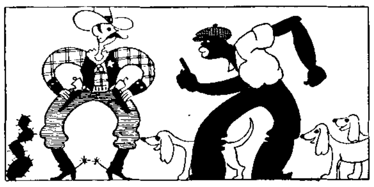


MR. LEIGH LYNCH III, Brown University, '36, takes time out to comment upon Bill Cunningham's piece about the wretched time football officials have. "I wish," says Mr. Lynch, "to commend Mr. Cunningham's tact. Having listed the boners pulled by Dr. E. J. O'Brien in the Brown-Colgate games of 1916 and 1932 and the Brown-Harvard game of 1921, he neglects to mention that it was the same Dr. O'Brien who pulled the supreme boner of the year in the Brown-Yale game of 1933. As I was involved in the play in question, I know what happened. Mr. Cunningham has described it accurately: a Yale punt was blocked behind Yale's goal line, where Curtin of Yale recovered and ran the ball out thirty-some yards. Dr. O'Brien ruled it first down for Yale where Curtin was tackled. Now let me quote Rule 7, Section 6, Articles 1 and 2: 'If the kicking team legally recovers the ball it may not be advanced . . . if recovered by the kicking team it is dead at the point of recovery.' In football even the poor, misunderstood referee is supposed to be fairly conversant with the rules. However, let me take this opportunity to inform you that without Collier's to get mad at every week college life would be naught."

ALL of which opens the way for an observation by Mr. Thomas F. Lily of Chicago, Illinois, who says that he has just spent three weeks in Washington, where it didn't take him long to find out what's wrong. "It's like a football game with so many referees, umpires, linesmen and field judges on the field that there's no room for the players."

WHILE we make no promises, Mrs. Arnold Ruhmaier of Charleston, West Virginia, is hereby notified that we shall speak firmly to Mr. Ruhmaier if he calls. She informs us that Mr. Ruhmaier is an electrician by trade but has turned to literature. "He was out of work for nine months," says Mrs. Ruhmaier, "before getting a nice job with the power company. I was so busy myself working while he was idle I didn't notice what was happening. But he quit his new job two months ago, saying that when he was out of work before, he discovered he was really a novelist at heart. I think he will be around to see you, the big stiff. As if it wasn't bad enough to be sitting around the house out of a job, he had to take up writing."

WHEN Mr. Charles B. Carlile of Pueblo, Colorado, read the wistful plea of that Chicago lawyer to the Department of Justice's bandit-hunters to stop shooting such valuable citizens as Pretty Boy Floyd, Johnny Dillinger and similar rats, he, like quite a number of our readers, became pretty vocal. Still he couldn't help thinking "that it should recall to my friend Damon Runyon the sagacity of old Nigger Bill of Pueblo County. Years back," writes Mr. Carlile, "Bill raised a selected breed of bloodhounds for coyote-hunting. Such were his success and fame that the warden of the state penitentiary approached Bill one day about purchasing a pair of those dogs. 'Sorry, Warden,' said Bill, 'none of them dogs is for sale.' The warden: 'Why, Bill, why not? I'm surprised.' Bill: 'Nawsir, I don't intend to raise no dogs to help you kitch my friends. N-a-w, sir.' "



JUST as we were gathering ourselves together to write a piece about the new senator from Mississippi we got a letter from Mrs. Olive Jones of Macon in that state. Mrs. Jones speaks feelingly of Senator Bilbo, saying, amongst other things, that "if Mr. Bilbo is not the best man in the state for the job, at least he is the best man who wanted the job. Even if he is no improvement on the man he succeeds he will have trouble being any worse. Furthermore, when Mr. Bilbo runs for office, he usually wins. And that ought to prove something."

TO MR. BILBO, anyway.

Vol. 95, No. 3. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Accept *this Great Book* to Read FREE

Let us send you "The Panorama of Modern Literature" to read FREE! See for yourself the amazing values this new kind of book club brings its members. They get books first published at $2.00 to $3.50 FOR ONLY $1 EACH! FOR EXAMPLE, *THIS* GREAT BOOK WOULD SELL AT $3.00!

This free trial will explain, more clearly than anything we can say, why scores of thousands of book lovers have welcomed this new plan of the Doubleday One Dollar Book Club.

FREE MEMBERSHIP
in the Doubleday One Dollar Book Club Saves You $1 to $2.50 on a Good Book Each Month...

WITHOUT cost or obligation, and at our expense, will you try this new money-saving plan? Thousands of people have already accepted this offer. Free membership in this new kind of book club now entitles them to obtain books on the Club List first published at $2.00 to $3.50—for only $1.00 EACH!

You may still get one of these memberships FREE! You do not have to buy any particular number of books. You buy *only* those you really want, *when* you want them. You pay for them only AFTER you have examined them. If you TAKE nothing, you PAY nothing. And every book you *do* take means a clear saving.

Worthwhile Books by Great Writers

The book selection one month may be a fascinating Biography. The next month it may be a book of absorbing Travel or Adventure, or an outstanding work of Fiction. It is always a book appealing to discriminating readers for its interest, permanent value and literary excellence.

Some of the authors of books offered in past months include H. G. Wells, W. Somerset Maugham, Christopher Morley, Clemence Dane, William McFee, John Drinkwater, Lowell Thomas, Frank Swinnerton, and other best-selling writers. Every book is a high-grade volume, an edition identical with, or better than, the original. The PANORAMA of MODERN LITERATURE, for example, would *ordinarily* sell for $3.00! It contains almost 225,000 words—as much as THREE average-length novels.

How This Plan Works

The postman brings you a good book like this every month, provided you wish it. You pay nothing in advance—nothing to the postman. YOU ALONE are the judge of whether you wish to keep it. Each book is yours for three days' free reading. Before you pay for it, you first make sure you want it. If you DO—if you are sure you will enjoy it—then you merely send $1 for it, plus ten cents for packing and postage.

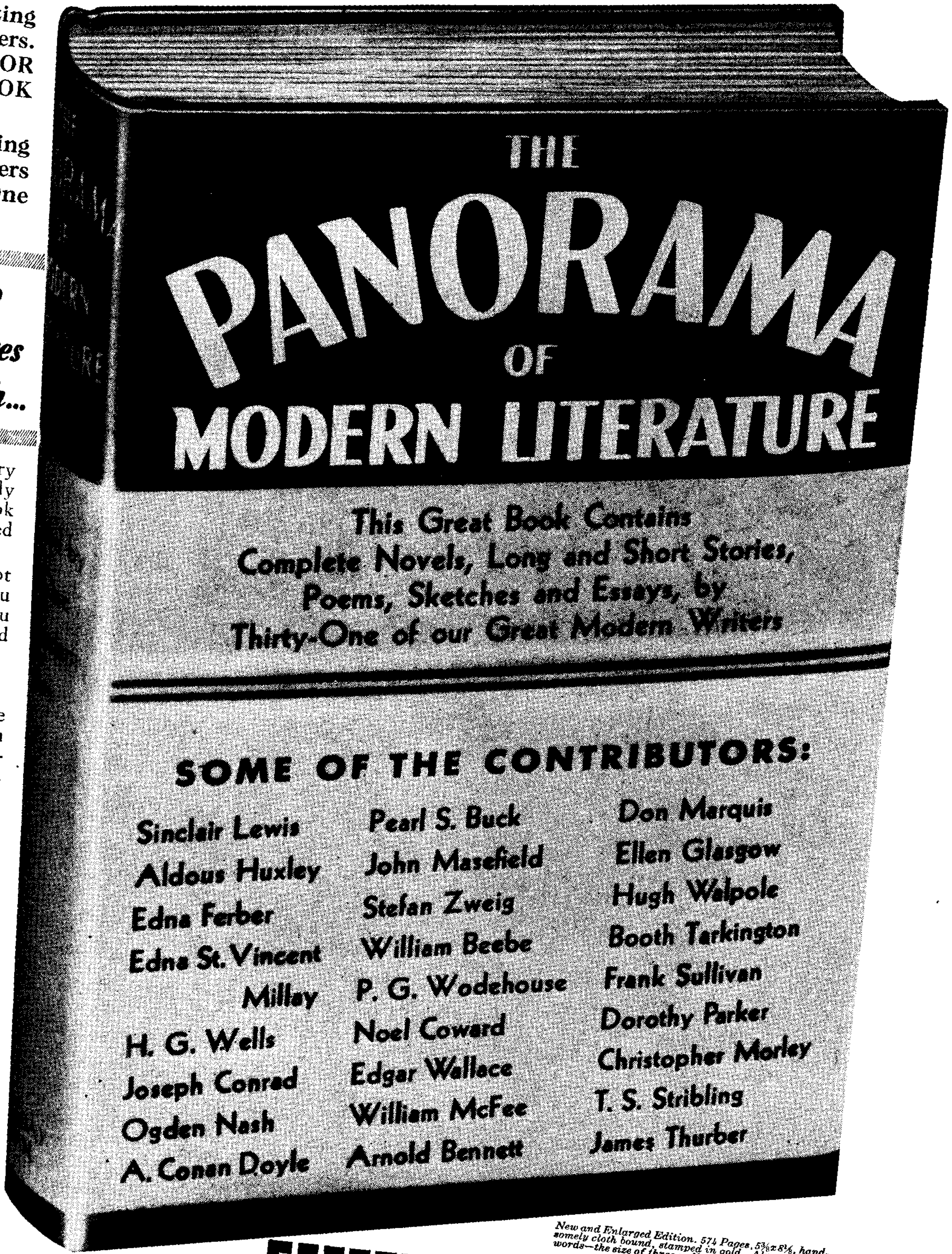
However, should any particular book fail to appeal, simply return it and pay nothing. *Or, if you wish*, order any alternate book described in the Monthly Bulletin (sent free to members only). Or you may take no book at all, any month you so prefer. At all times you take only the books you want, and pay for only the books you keep!

The PANORAMA of Modern LITERATURE

NEVER before have so many delightful works of fiction, essays, and verse—by so great a variety of fine modern authors—been gathered into one single handsome volume.

Here are some of its contents:

SINCLAIR LEWIS—a story which has never before been published in book form. Stories by ALDOUS HUXLEY, ARNOLD BENNETT, and EDNA FERBER. EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY—Three Sonnets. A bizarre tale by H. G. WELLS, JOSEPH CONRAD'S Typhoon. Mystery stories by CONAN DOYLE, and EDGAR WALLACE. Tales by PEARL BUCK, WM. McFEE, ELLEN GLASGOW, and STEFAN ZWEIG. A fascinating nature sketch by WILLIAM BEEBE. Rollicking humor by P. G. WODEHOUSE, JAMES THURBER, OGDEN NASH, DON MARQUIS, FRANK SULLIVAN, and DOROTHY PARKER. A play by NOEL COWARD. Poems by EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, JOHN MASEFIELD, and STEPHEN VINCENT BENET. Stories by BOOTH TARKINGTON, and T. S. STRIBLING. A charming essay by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



New and Enlarged Edition. 574 Pages, 5⅜x8⅛, handsomely cloth bound, stamped in gold. Almost 225,000 words—the size of three ordinary novels.

FREE TRIAL-SEND NO MONEY

SEE for yourself—at our risk—how enthusiastic you will be about this common-sense, money-saving plan. *Try* it. Accept "The Panorama of Modern Literature" for free reading. Unless delighted with the kind of books the Club offers members for only $1, the trial costs you nothing, places you under no obligation.

Send coupon now *without money*. We will send you "The Panorama of Modern Literature" postage prepaid. Examine and read it. If you like it—keep it and we will bill you at the regular Club price. Each month, then, you may examine the monthly selection BEFORE you remit. But if "The Panorama of Modern Literature" (or any other book, later on) does not appeal—return it and pay nothing. Could anything be fairer? You take no risk. Mail the coupon without money—now.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
Dept. 521, Garden City, N. Y.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
Dept. 521, Garden City, N. Y.

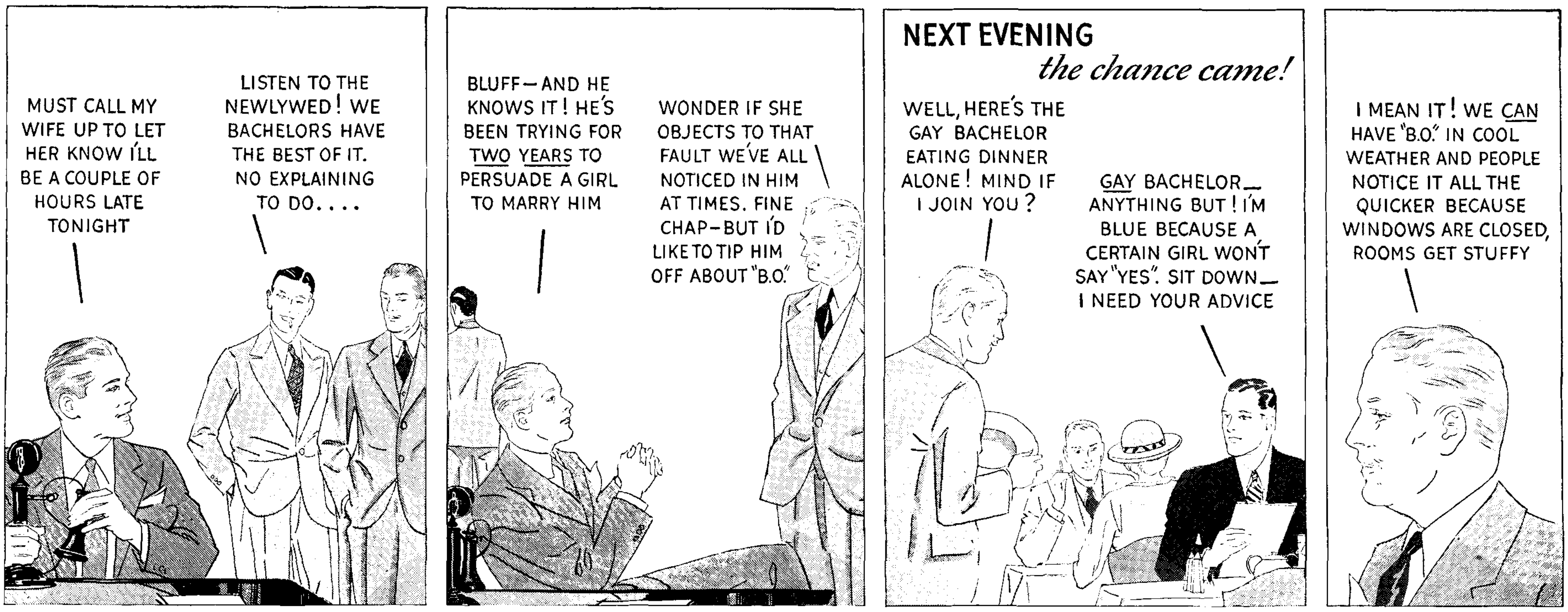
Please enroll me Free as a Club Member and send me each month the Monthly Bulletin and the book selected, commencing with "The Panorama of Modern Literature." I will examine each Book Selection for three days, and if I decide to keep it I will send you the Club price of $1—plus the small postage charge of ten cents. If I do not like it, I will return it to you, in which case I am to have the privilege of choosing an alternate book, if I wish, from the list in the Bulletin. I am not obligated as a Club Member in any way except to pay for the books which I decide to keep. I am to be free to discontinue membership at any time I wish.

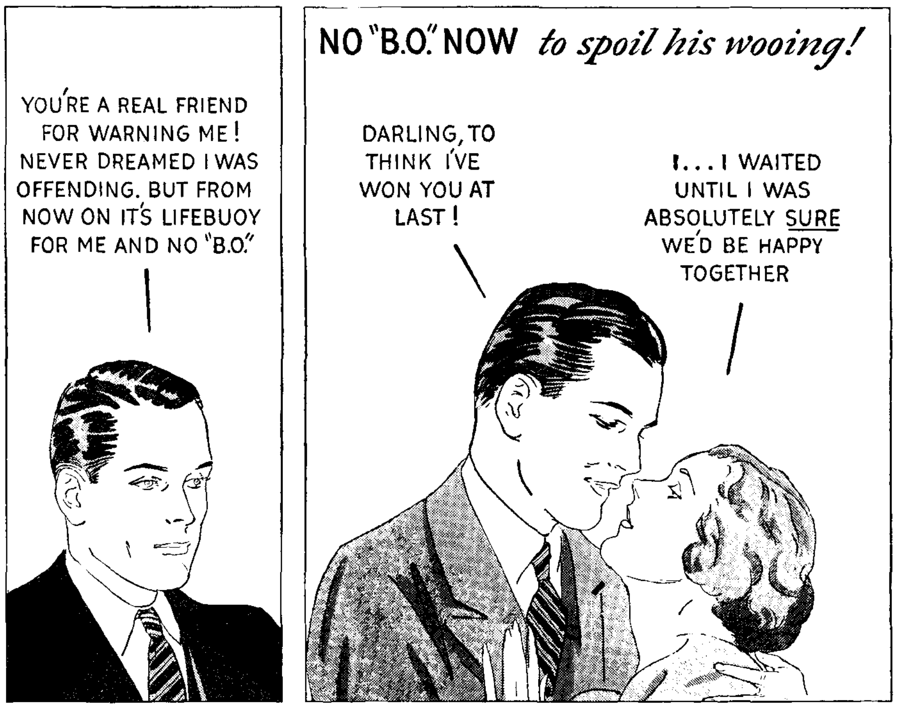
Name ....

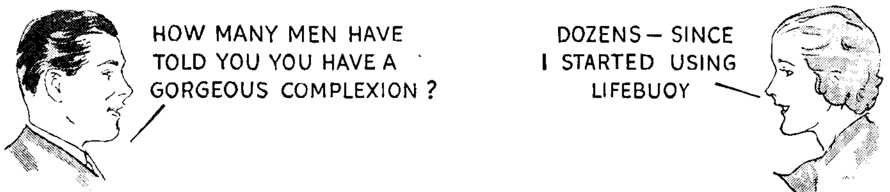
Street and No. ....

City .... State ....

WHY HE WAS A BACHELOR


MUST CALL MY WIFE UP TO LET HER KNOW I'LL BE A COUPLE OF HOURS LATE TONIGHT
LISTEN TO THE NEWLYWED! WE BACHELORS HAVE THE BEST OF IT. NO EXPLAINING TO DO....
BLUFF—AND HE KNOWS IT! HE'S BEEN TRYING FOR TWO YEARS TO PERSUADE A GIRL TO MARRY HIM
WONDER IF SHE OBJECTS TO THAT FAULT WE'VE ALL NOTICED IN HIM AT TIMES. FINE CHAP—BUT I'D LIKE TO TIP HIM OFF ABOUT "B.O."
NEXT EVENING *the chance came!*
WELL, HERE'S THE GAY BACHELOR EATING DINNER ALONE! MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
GAY BACHELOR— ANYTHING BUT! I'M BLUE BECAUSE A CERTAIN GIRL WON'T SAY "YES". SIT DOWN— I NEED YOUR ADVICE
I MEAN IT! WE CAN HAVE "B.O." IN COOL WEATHER AND PEOPLE NOTICE IT ALL THE QUICKER BECAUSE WINDOWS ARE CLOSED, ROOMS GET STUFFY


YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND FOR WARNING ME! NEVER DREAMED I WAS OFFENDING. BUT FROM NOW ON IT'S LIFEBUOY FOR ME AND NO "B.O."
NO "B.O." NOW *to spoil his wooing!*
DARLING, TO THINK I'VE WON YOU AT LAST!
I... I WAITED UNTIL I WAS ABSOLUTELY SURE WE'D BE HAPPY TOGETHER

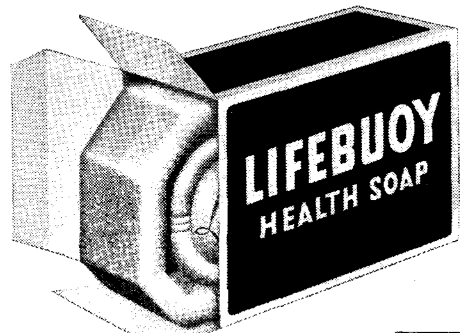

HOW MANY MEN HAVE TOLD YOU YOU HAVE A GORGEOUS COMPLEXION?
DOZENS—SINCE I STARTED USING LIFEBUOY

SEEK no farther for the ideal complexion soap. You have it in Lifebuoy! Its bland, creamy lather is so mild, so gentle and kind to the skin. Yet it cleanses deeply, thoroughly—ridding pores of clogged impurities that dull and cloud the skin—coaxing back fresh, healthy radiance.

"B.O." in winter? Yes!

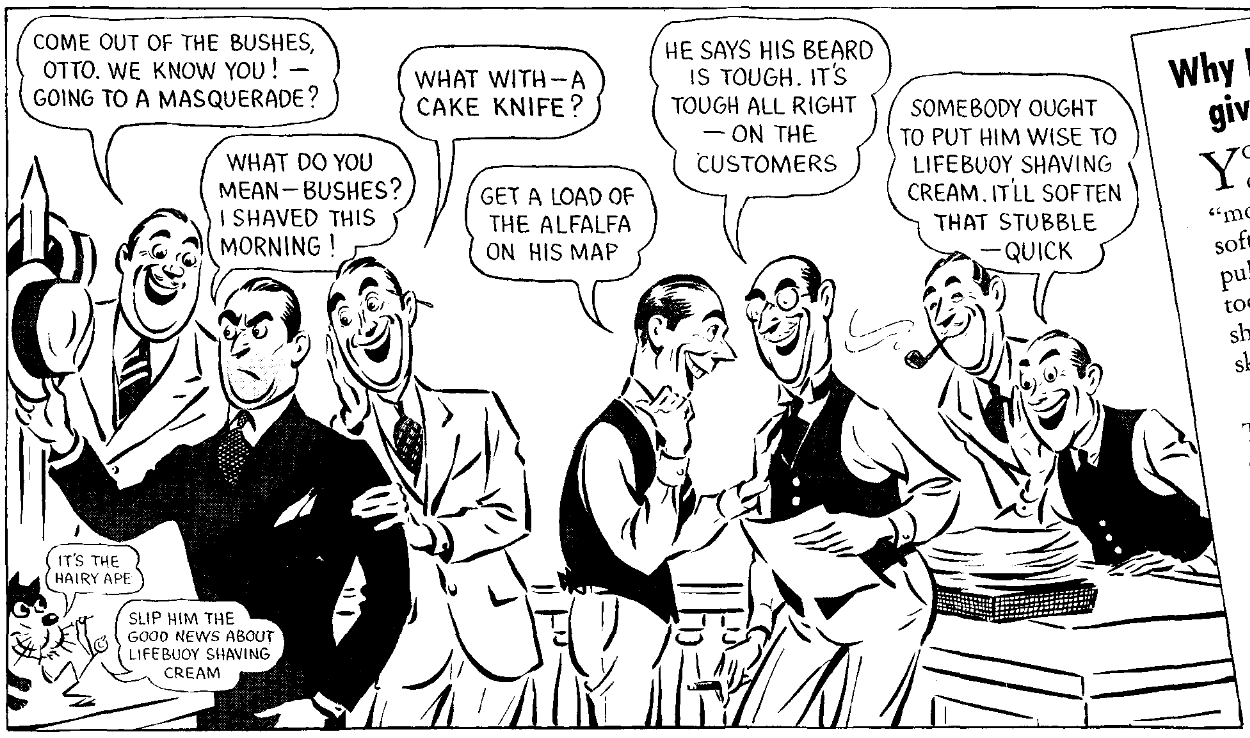
Even on the coldest day our pores give off a *quart* of odorous waste. Play safe with "B.O." (*body odor*)—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water—purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." Its clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

NRA CODE

TAKING THE OFFICE "BLUEBEARD" FOR A RIDE...

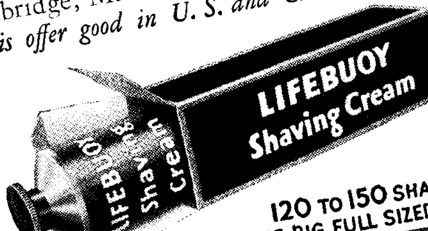

COME OUT OF THE BUSHES, OTTO. WE KNOW YOU! — GOING TO A MASQUERADE?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN—BUSHES? I SHAVED THIS MORNING!
WHAT WITH—A CAKE KNIFE?
GET A LOAD OF THE ALFALFA ON HIS MAP
HE SAYS HIS BEARD IS TOUGH. IT'S TOUGH ALL RIGHT — ON THE CUSTOMERS
SOMEBODY OUGHT TO PUT HIM WISE TO LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT'LL SOFTEN THAT STUBBLE —QUICK
IT'S THE HAIRY APE
SLIP HIM THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM

Why Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather gives cleaner, smoother shaves

YOU can't beat Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for clean, smooth, lasting shaves. Its 52% "moister" lather *soaks* the toughest whiskers soft and limp—easy to shave clean—without pull, scrape or burn. Lifebuoy lather is mild, too—over 20% milder than other leading shaving soaps, by actual test. It soothes tender skin—ends all after-shaving soreness.

Send for FREE trial tube

Try it. Write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-111, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)


LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL SIZED TUBE

Collier's The National Weekly for January 19, 1935

KEYSTONE

Heading the parade, as befits a dictator, Huey Long invades Mississippi with his Louisiana State football team

Too High and Too Mighty

By Walter Davenport

There's more to being a dictator than marching between gaudy drum majors. After the parade there are a lot of arrangements to make and noisy orders to give, with the door locked and guards outside. And there are so many things to remember: things like the income tax; how numerous the poor are; what you said yesterday; which guys deserve a good pasting; what bums the rich (some of them) are; and those clucks in Washington. There's a lot to remember. What if you forget something!

ALTHOUGH the Louisiana Senate had adjourned, a considerable number of its members loitered in Baton Rouge. It was noticeable that they did not do this loitering inside the capitol itself, but confined it to the more commodious street corners, the more lenient barrooms and hotel lobbies where, at the sometimes curt suggestion of the managements, they were careful to keep out of the way of paying guests.

In your ordinary state capital, legislators—and senators in particular—are treated rather gently, on the assumption that they may some day be personages of some consequence, powers to be propitiated with soft words and blandishments. But in Baton Rouge the feeling has grown (and not without solid reason) that only a few state legislators rate the syrup one saves for authority. There is but one man in the state to be feared. And in Baton Rouge they will tell you quite frankly that the Honorable Huey P. Long doesn't care a whole lot what you do to the average member of the legislature as long as he is able at a moment's notice to take his seat and vote as instructed.

But some of these loitering gentlemen, being in no hurry to get home before they had been officially informed what was in those forty-four bills they had just passed, went so far as to sun themselves now and then on the vast cascade of the capitol steps, always on the alert, however, lest the owner of those steps make one of his sudden, blasting appearances and bellow a volley of what-the-hells. In such circumstances, custom required that they leap to their feet, laughing as merrily as possible, and hope inwardly that the senator would not ask them what they were doing there. The answer, like as not, would be the wrong one, and there were any number of instances where a displeasing answer had so irritated the senator that he forthwith fired the luckless statesman right out of office.

As we have observed, few if any of the lingering units of Professor Long's puppet show ventured inside the capitol. Why should they? They had finished the swift chore they had been assembled for. They had danced, bobbed, pirouetted and stood at attention in mechanical, blank obedience to every yank of the strings. They had been convened with a wave of the imperial hand and as summarily dismissed. They weren't quite sure what they had done but it had taken them only two hours and twenty minutes to do it, the two hours being tacked on just to give the lie to anybody who might say they hadn't deliberated profoundly. Anyway, as long as Senator Long was satisfied (at least he hadn't had his bodyguard throw them out) all was well. If Senator Long had considered it worth while to let them read the forty-four bills they had passed he would have given them copies. They were Huey's own bills, like private correspondence, so why should they have read them? And they hadn't voted blindly, as some of the newspapers had intimated; Huey had sat right there with them on the senate floor and told them, as each bill was introduced, that it wasn't necessary to have the bills read, because he understood them perfectly. If he had considered them capable of explaining those forty-four bills to their constituencies he would have told them what to say. After all, what is the state senate but one of Huey's hobbies?

WIDE WORLD

The Hon. Abe Shushan, Orleans Levee Commissioner and stanch Long aide. A federal grand jury has called for an explanation of his income-tax return

Not Saying a Word

So they hung around anyway. There wasn't much doing back home, and who could say but what the senator hadn't forgotten something and would have them scurrying back before they could hang up their hats? There were so many things on the Big Shot's mind. Between twenty and fifty government investigators were trudging around the state—the number was forever varying, like the rumors—trying to find out what his income was and how much he spent, where it came from and whither it went and why. As if it was any of their business! These government sleuths and accountants had been mushing up and down Louisiana for at least three years, off and on, and had lost some of their awe-inspiring quality. Of course they were producing indictments (about which we shall talk in a moment), but it is undeniable that they were paying the penalty of familiarity. Of course one did not have to cultivate these government men. In fact, the Big Shot had decreed heads off for anybody, from the august but slightly befuddled senators to the weakest second tenor in the university glee club, seen with a government man.

"We ain't speaking to nobody," said one of the more independent legislators. "We ain't saying a word even to the senator. He won't let us."

And then there was that Ansell suit for libel. The senator had called General Sam T. Ansell a crook—had said so, alas, in print. That was a mistake, printing it and sending it out to the country generally. But with so many things on his mind—like hating Joe Robinson of Arkansas, Turkeyhead Sulphur Walmsley of New Orleans, Clint O'Malley of Alexandria, the Tulane and Alabama football teams, the editor of the university weekly, Secretary Ickes and heaven knows how many more—with so many things on his mind it was no wonder that he had forgotten that, while you can say anything you want about a man on the floor of the United States Senate, immunity doesn't follow the office wherever it goes. At any rate, the general, counsel for that bewildered Senate Committee which tried a year or so ago to find out what made the Long machine click, had sued Huey for some enormous sum, charging libel. And Huey had done his best to have the suit tried in Louisiana, where he was pretty sure of a square deal, owning the courts as he does the state senate, and where he can make or break lawyers and where he can pick his own jury. But the Supreme Court of the United States had ordered the trial for Washington, where the alleged libel was issued and where the other side could see what was going on. It isn't the money that worries Huey so much, although it isn't as plentiful as it used to be. Besides, his friends assure you that General Ansell is going to have a number of nasty moments before the trial is over. But a dictator cannot afford to have his charges refuted. It breeds suspicion that he isn't infallible, that he is short of omniscience. Of course he can always blame such reverses on Wall Street, but sooner or later that alibi is apt to betray you, particularly if you have friends there.

Lots of things on the senator's mind. Finances, for example. Now that the state was his from the shaggiest muskrat swamp on Barataria Bay to the last cotton row in Caddo Parish, what about the money to keep it loyal? You can't do it on love, you know. And you may believe without reservation that Louisiana doesn't love Huey P. Long for himself alone. Louisiana didn't draft him to be her savior. There was no acclamation about his ascendency to his overlordship. Until he had wangled into his own hands the management of their fiscal affairs, their police departments, election machinery, taxation schedules, their courts, schools, grocery bills, grog shops and little Alfred's music lessons, the ever-pesky problem of finding the money was upon the minds of the local governments. Of the sixty-four parishes (counties), only a handful, say ten, are solvent. Poor orphans, they practically leaped into Huey's outstretched arms when he announced himself Little Father of Louisiana and set up his current push-button government. Quite a job he has taken on. And he has to make good—or else.

He Can't Think of Everything

Somehow he has to refinance these bankrupt subdivisions of his impoverished kingdom. Somehow, within two years, he will have to induce individual debtors to pay what they owe—and be as popular in that as he is in telling them they need not pay interest on their mortgages, or pay any further attention to the demands of the grocer, the hardware dealer, the general store or the installment man. They still have to pay taxes. If they don't pay their taxes the whole kingdom collapses. But the tradesmen want to know what they are going to use for money. Huey says that's up to them; that he can't be expected to think of everything.

And of course he can't. There is not a political boss in the country with half as much on his mind. Of course, some of those forty-four bills may be declared unconstitutional if anyone with sufficient disrespect for authority takes them into federal court. And it won't take so much courage either. Senator Long is not going to cry his heart out if several of those new laws are set aside by the United States courts. He will be thereby relieved of administering them and can always tell his people that his intentions were good and his thoughts pure. He can always blame such upsets on the rich and use them in his campaign for President in 1936, when, as everybody knows, if elected, he will rewrite the federal constitution, confiscate wealth and divide it.

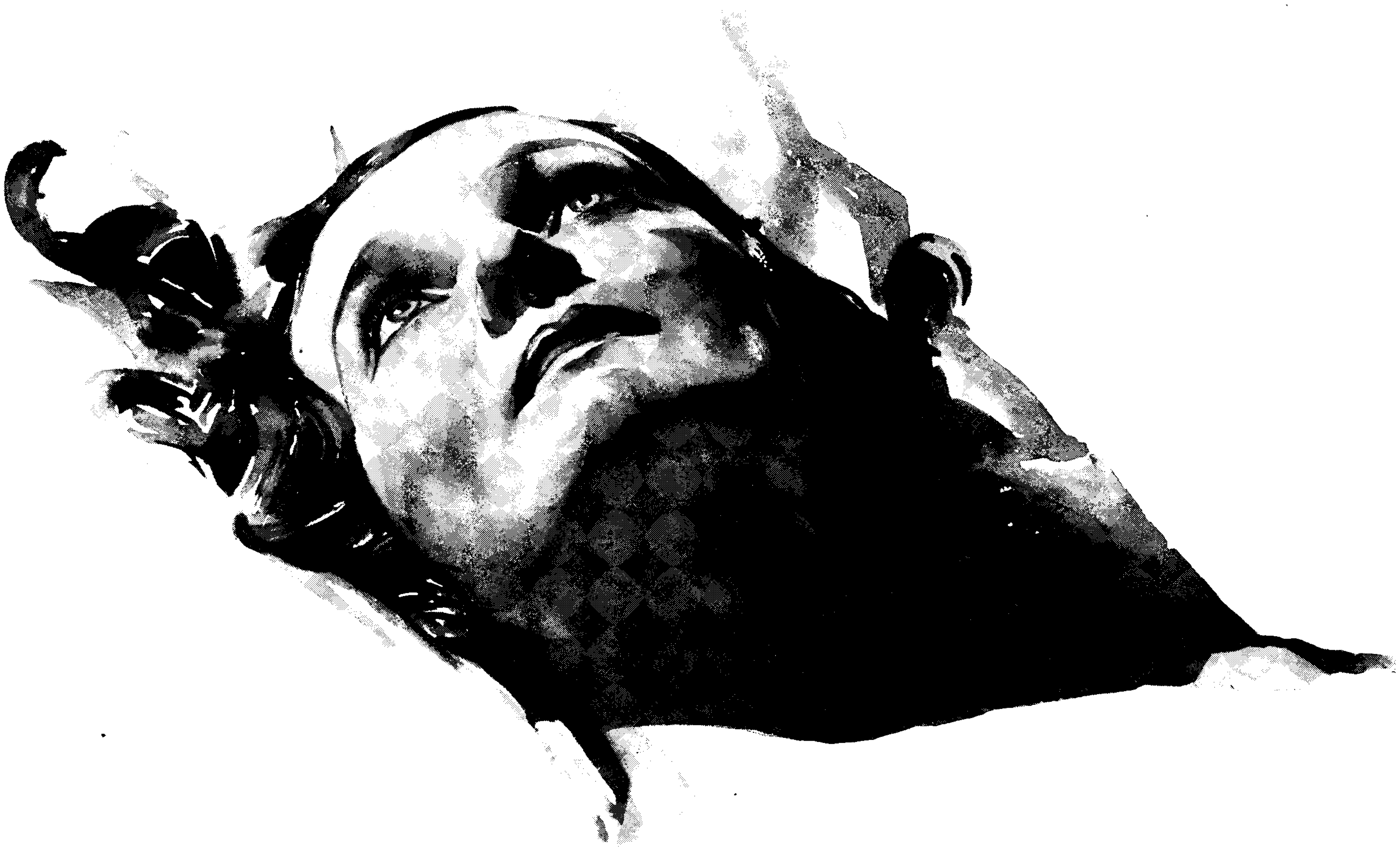
But in the meantime he will have to find somewhere the money and work that will give each of his subjects the five thousand dollars a year he says they shall have and the agreeable, short-hour jobs he has decreed for them. He can't put them all on the Louisiana Highway Commission. Not that he hasn't tried and isn't continuing to try. Every spare moment is being devoted to the problem, even during that honeymoon to Hot Springs, Arkansas, as his chief of bodyguard, Mr. Joe (Cupid) Messina, can testify. And even there, in Hot Springs, Huey was harassed by new schemes for rescuing the downtrodden of Arkansas from their oppressors. For example, there he was faced with the problem of Senator Joe Robinson. Some people call Huey's hatred for Senator Robinson a personal matter. But Huey has no time to contradict such gossip. He is out to defeat Senator Robinson if the senator runs for reëlection, even if he has to take time off from setting Louisiana free and editing the state university magazine.

In Hot Springs Huey looked over several possible successors to Senator

(Continued on page 44)

WIDE WORLD

Good fellows who got together. The Kingfish himself, with his state governor, O. K. Allen, right, and Public Service Commissioner James O'Connor



The Bright Mountains

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

THE day and the world were fair. Flying at four thousand feet, they could see far across the rolling plains; see the rampart of the mountains over which tomorrow they would climb, and behind which the sun would now soon be setting. Below them, shadows rich with color were already long and lengthening. The sky was a bright glory; the clouds that were like fellow voyagers were gold and crimson banners where the sun's alchemy transformed them.

He looked toward her, smiling. "Like it?" his lips asked. He did not shout; it was not necessary. The engine roared, but here inside the cabin there was quiet happiness and peace.

"Love it," she said.

"Love anything else?"

"Love you," she told him, her eyes deep and warm. They had been married three days before; were still a little astonished to find how happy two people together could be. Married at dawn; lifting into the skies an hour later; traversing since then the heaven of the upper air, across the Alleghenies and across the central plains. They were mounting toward the sunset now.

"It makes me feel like singing, or like dancing," he said. "Like swooping and swirling—so!" He dove a little to gain speed, lifted the nose into a smooth wing-over; they looked down over their shoulders at the earth, first on this side, then on that. Below them and a little way ahead, scattered houses marked the fringes of the city. They would land there presently to spend the night; but for the moment, welded into one, like an eagle in the sky they wheeled and soared.

Then they came back to level flight again—and the nose dipped into a dive. They picked up speed till the wires whined even above the engine's song. She saw him cut the gun, tug hard back on the wheel; saw his lips drain white.

"What is it?" she asked steadily.

"Elevator controls jammed, broken, something," he said, a little breathlessly. He was busy with the stabilizer. The plane came reluctantly up to level flight again. Then the nose dipped slowly, relentlessly.

"Get into the back seat," he said. "As far back as you can." She obeyed, and he did the same, reaching forward to the controls, yet keeping their weight as far in the tail as possible.

But when the plane leveled off again, the ground was very close.

She touched his arm. "I don't mind, darling, so long as we're together!"

"We've only had three days!" he protested hoarsely.

"We'll have—eternity," she promised.

Then the nose began to dip again.

HER return to consciousness could not be called waking. It was merely that opacity became a murk through which formless shapes appeared, and grouped themselves; and faces with too many eyes in them looked down at her.

"Where is he?" she whispered.

"He's all right, my dear," said a nurse softly.

"Hurt?"

"You're both hurt, of course; but he's almost as well as you."

"I want him."

"In a day or two, when you're stronger."

"Don't tell me if it isn't true."

"I wouldn't. He's all right. A few bruises. . . ."

"We must have hit hard!"

"Terribly. It's a miracle you both weren't . . . Rest now, dear. Go to sleep."

She seemed to do so. In the hall the doctor said: "She will recover."

But she was not in fact asleep. She lay with eyes closed, trying to think. Was what the nurse said true? If he were—not all right, would they tell her, or instead bestow on her the mistaken mercy of deception? It was necessary that she know the truth. Unless she knew truly where he was, how could they be together?

Before she slept, she had discovered the key to this locked door. If she asked no more questions and he were in fact alive, recovering, they would tell her so, would bring her news of him and messages. She need only cease to inquire, in order to be answered truthfully.

Next day she asked no questions; and the nurse volunteered no word of him.

The hurt woman, toward evening, seemed better; for she was smiling, but this was because she was pleased with her own shrewd artifice. They would have deceived her, betrayed her into living—alone. But she had promised him an eternity together. She hugged her secret knowledge happily, like one looking forward to a reunion with one beloved.

To make quite sure, in the late afternoon she opened her eyes, confessing consciousness. She spoke about the weather, about how sweet the nurse was. The nurse talked with her happily and cheerfully; but the nurse did not mention him. So she was sure.

The doctor, after his visit at dusk, said to the nurse in the hall: "I expected she would be stronger by this time." There was concern in his eyes. Later that evening he came again, and said: "She's—like an object in a state of precarious balance. She may topple either way."

AND in the morning, looking down at her where she lay with that faint contented smile upon her lips, he said: "I'm afraid she is going."

He was right. She was going, making what haste she could. Once during the day the nurse heard her say: "Wait, darling!" And again, later, when the hurt woman's lips moved, the nurse bent closer. She heard a whisper: "Forever."

The nurse thought it best to call the doctor; but his expedients rebounded like rubber balls thrown against a stone wall. When the sun dipped to touch the mountains in the west, the doctor, defeated, turned wearily away from the bedside. He went to the window to look out toward the glory of the sunset sky.

The nurse after a moment came beside him. "They were going on over those bright mountains," she said softly.

"Perhaps they've gone—together."

The nurse looked back toward the bed. "What a blessing," she reflected, "that she never knew!"

Leave Orders Here

By Frank Leon Smith

How to meet a girl when it can't be done, with Lester Hopkins demonstrating. A far from tranquil romance

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

YOUNG Lester Hopkins, a tall, disgusted-looking fellow with blue eyes and chestnut hair, sat in a chair that might have been fashioned by an art plumber—his wide shoulders hunched forward, his arms resting on the table as he picked matches apart. His head was bowed but occasionally he rolled up his eyes to peer at Ben Bowery (Sidney Stein) and Ben's stooge, Flossie Waldron, who were standing at a microphone on the musician's platform.

The night club catered to the best dress-suit and red fingernail trade. It was decorated in the modern manner, with so much black glass and chromium that it looked to Lester like a high-priced gas stove. The place was packed—all but the dance space, as richly black as new patent leather—and the guests were responding hilariously to lines written by Lester and delivered by Ben Bowery.

Lester was looking and feeling disgusted because he had just been fired by the Beekman Broadcasting System, where he was an assistant in the Artists' Bureau. The purpose of the bureau was to get something back on their investment in artists who had been hired to take care of spots on the sustaining program, and to help to sell their services to sponsors.

It was part of Lester's job to take musicians, singers, speakers, comics, who had been eating their heads off in the barn, and put them to work in restaurants, hotels, clubs, smokers, banquets, and to collect the monies due and bring them back to the boss. Lester was honest, but heady and individual. He'd had a lot of arguments, large and small, with his boss over tactics and strategy, and the end had come when he had flown Ben Bowery and a hill-billy quartet to Baltimore instead of taking them by train. He'd had strict orders not to use planes, but he'd been in a hurry.

"Ben Bowery's all right," the boss had said, "but those hill billies are from the deep Bronx. If there was an accident, they'd sue the insulation off all our wiring. What's more, you haven't broken your back, bringing in new business. I'm sorry, Hopkins. You'll have to finish at the end of the month."

Lester had invented Ben Bowery, and had nothing to show for it. He'd got a newspaper syndicate to begin handling a daily column that was sort of an East Side burlesque of a Broadway gossip column. He'd got him on the sustaining program at B. B. S. Now Ben was on his way, and with the help of a couple of staff scribblers, could get along without Lester Hopkins. But Lester couldn't get along without a job, and not only that, he felt able and potent and energetic—and frustrated, as George Washington might have felt if they had called off the Revolution.

He glanced up at the platform. Ben Bowery, a pale chap with a high black pompadour, was at his best in this part of the routine, for he could give his wholly fictitious news item in Chinese, Yiddish, Italian, Swedish and Greek dialects. His audience liked him uproariously.

Then our heroine, Loretta Brown, who had been sitting not twelve feet away, saw Lester for the first time. She thought he looked like Clark Gable in one of those South Sea epics where the hero decides to become a beachcomber, and go barefoot, with his hair in his eyes, and one ragged trouser leg shorter than the other.

Loretta Brown was bare of arm and shoulder, and who in the room had a better right? Her hair was the color of the better grades of butterscotch, her eyes were gray-blue. She had healthy dabs of her own color under her eyes, and if you don't think she was pretty you should see the attention the big blond boy at her right was lavishing on her.

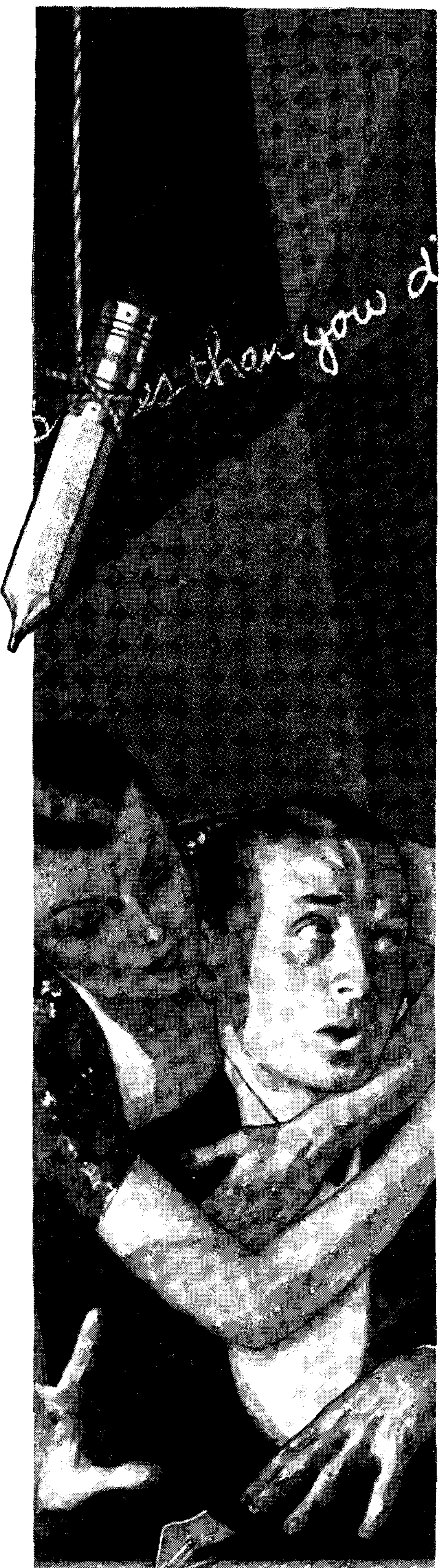
THIS fellow was her cousin from Pittsburgh. The others at the table, a well-fed, middle-aged pair, were his father and mother. Loretta, a New Yorker born and bred, who had never before been in this place and might never come again, was there only because the visiting contingent had heard it was the smartest spot in town and didn't want to go home without seeing it.

She didn't care particularly for Ben Bowery, and while her uncle was chuckling and her big cousin was giggling—and while her aunt was studying Flossie Waldron and deciding that a girl so homely and with such a big mouth must be a good girl, even though she glittered with rhinestones and had a confident manner—Loretta studied the people at other tables and eventually inspected Lester Hopkins.

Turning, Lester saw Loretta for the first time—saw that she was looking at him with interest and a smile that involved two hitherto unadvertised dimples. Confused, her gaze went past him quickly to a man with a bull-roarer laugh who was in heavy hysterics at Ben Bowery. Lester kept on staring.

Like a modest, deprecatory veteran, Ben Bowery now took his final applause. He begged leave to present a sweet little girl, with a sweet voice—he knew they'd all love her—it made him very happy, etc., etc., "Miss Flossie Waldron!" Ben left, and Flossie sang.

Ben didn't return to Lester's table. When Flossie finished and the orchestra started and dancers arose, Flossie Waldron, excited because she'd gotten a big hand, rushed to Lester just as Loretta Brown and the boy who was her cousin were moving past. She flung her arms around Lester and gave him an enthusiastic kiss.



Flossie flung her arms around him and gave him an enthusiastic kiss

"So!" thought Miss Brown, and the reason for her chin being in the air wasn't entirely because she was trying to make herself tall for her dance partner. She thought, "I don't even know him, but if I did, I wouldn't want to."

Lester didn't know Loretta, but he wanted to, and he was looking right at her when he received Miss Waldron's big kiss. He muttered quickly, "Don't be steerage, Floss!" and when Flossie said, "What'd you say, Les?" he hastened to pat her hand and tell her she'd been wonderful.

IT WAS time for him to go, for he and his colleagues had another engagement that evening, but he hung around for half an hour, hoping to exchange at least a couple of glances and smiles with Loretta, but she managed to disappear behind the other dancers and her big cousin.

Presently her aunt and uncle signaled the retreat. Loretta glanced at Lester's table. He had gone. A few moments later, Loretta and her party were turning away from the cloakroom, adjusting furs and coats. Then Loretta gasped audibly. Flossie Waldron and Lester Hopkins were standing with the club's manager, and the manager was counting a considerable sum of money into Lester's outstretched hand.

She heard Lester say, "Come on, come on, Nick—I'm lingering!" She saw the manager grin and put another bill in Lester's hand. She heard Lester say, "I'm still lingering. Come on, Nick. I can count as well as you!"

She said, "Oh!" and Lester swung round to see her staring at him with an expression of loathing, an expression that was born in her thought, "Why,

he's taking that poor girl's earnings!"

Lester had never had such an expression created for him. He gaped at her in astonishment. Then she and her aunt and uncle and cousin went away.

"Nick—who were those people?" Lester demanded.

The manager looked after them. "Not sure, but I think they're out-of-towners."

"Oh!" said Lester in despair. He thought: "Darn the luck. She's gone, and I'll never see her again."

But he did see her again. The very next day. In the very block where he had a small apartment. She was wearing a little gray-brown tailored suit, with a vast fur draped diagonally from her left shoulder, and a perky brown hat and small brown gloves, and the heels of her small brown shoes were rapping the sidewalk briskly.

It was about a quarter past five, and he was going to his work and she was coming from hers. He tried to catch up with her but was blocked by traffic at Third Avenue. When he got across she was standing at a little square pedestal with a desk top, writing something on a pad. The pedestal was marked, "Tony, Ice, Coal and Wood." There are hundreds of them in New York, at the basement entrances of these retailers. Sometimes the name is Joe, but mostly it is Tony.

LORETTA moved on. Lester rushed to the pedestal, read the top page of the pad: "Fireplace wood. Please bring better pieces than you did the last time"—and there was an address, but no name.

Lester tore the leaf from the pad, rushed down into the cellar and yelled, "Tony!" He was wildly excited. He knew Tony well. Why, he left orders for ice on that very pad—and all this time, she had, too—and they had used the same pencil, on its string!

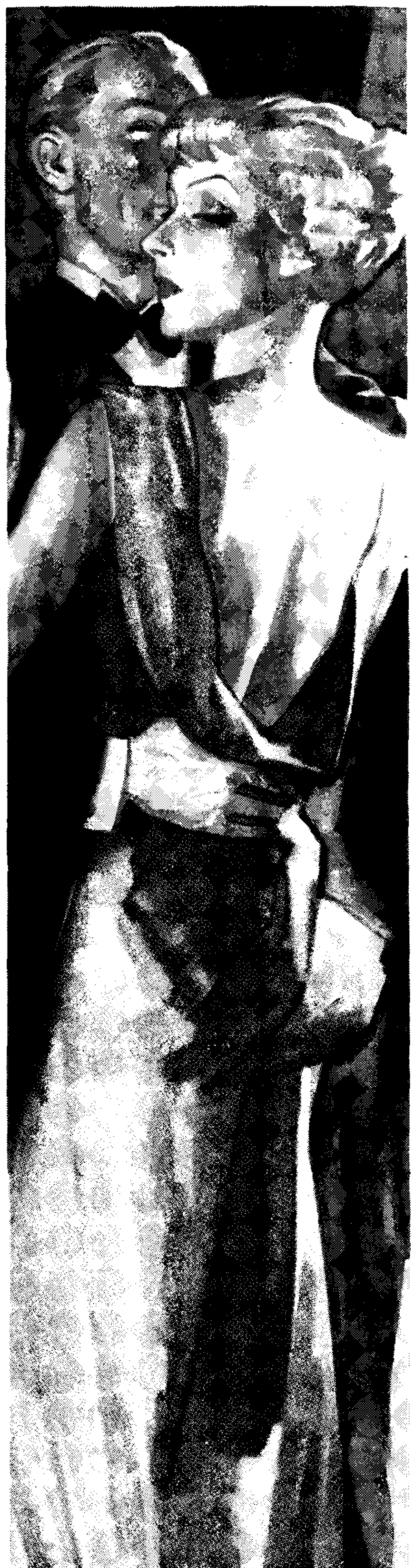
"Tony!"

Tony, a squatty, good-natured Italian, appeared at the front of the cellar. "Ah, Mist' Hopkeen. What you want?"

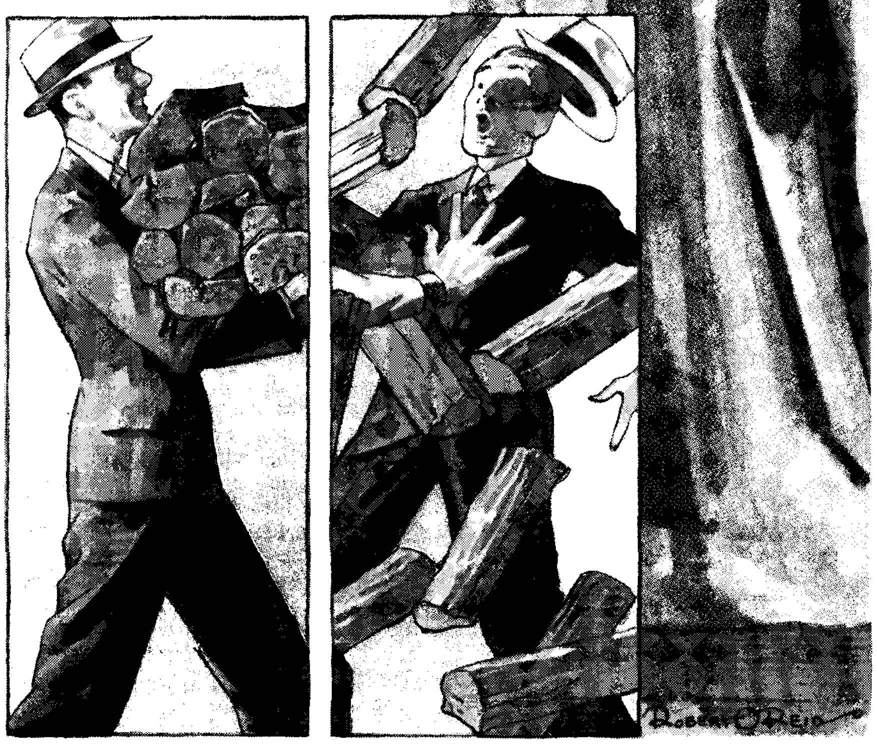
Lester waved the paper. "Tony—who is she? This girl, she leava da address?"

Tony looked. "Aw, she's Mees Brown. She live halfway uppa da next block."

Lester grinned. "Well, I'll deliver this wood for you. I'm going right by the house. Pick me out some good chunks now, and none of your sly tricks. No birch or poplar. Give me hickory!"



She thought, "I don't even know him, but if I did I wouldn't want to"



A few moments later, with a dozen big chunks in the crook of his left arm and his chin holding down the top one, Lester rang the bell at the sidewalk entrance of a neat brownstone front in Fifty-first Street.

There was no immediate response, so he played a lively tune on the bell, and suddenly the door was thrown open and a very angry man confronted him. A middle-aged man with a gnarled face, who wore the waistcoat and trousers of an expensive suit, and had a flat stomach and a bulging chest, and big arms and shoulders.

BEFORE Lester could say more than a cheery "Hello!" and almost before he had a quick glimpse of pretty Loretta Brown and a stout maid servant, in the hall beyond, the wood was yanked from his arm and as it fell on the floor he received a thrust in the chest so powerful and so unexpected that he shot across the sidewalk, crashed against a parked taxicab and sat on the running-board. The door was slammed with a viciousness that would have broken all its glass if it had had glass.

"Taxi, Mister?" Lester looked up to see the driver brushing off his hat.

Lester got up. He was furious. He started for the Brown door. The taximan detained him: "I wouldn't, Mack. He's School-Boy Brown, champion welter-weight, twenty-five years ago, and he always keeps in shape."

"Well, why did he have to hit me?"

The taxi-man grinned. "When we had prohibition there must 'a' been thirty-forty speaks in this block. Brown used to get so wild at havin' guys ring his bell all night, lookin' for a speak, that he hung out a sign, 'This is a private residence and not a speakeasy!' I seen him sling guys clean across the street when they kept on ringin'! He must 'a' took you for one of them booze comedians tryin' a funny gag."

"Oh," said Lester, and took his hat. Small boys were assembling and a grim woman airing two Scotties was staring at him. He opened the cab door and said, "Beekman Broadcasting," and got in. He didn't know if it was dignified under the circumstances. He didn't care. He leaned forward and, trying to seem casual, asked, "Brown got any children?"

"Aw, sure. One daughter. She's the peach who went in just ahead of you. Name's Loretta. Y'know—this guy Brown's one pug that got out of the game with all his brains and all his dough. He owns half the block and—"

"Loretta!" murmured Lester as he sat back. "Loretta Brown!"

THE next day, job hunt or no, School-Boy Brown or no, our headstrong hero went right to Tony to obtain such advance information as he could before advancing again on the Brown ménage. Tony said, "You look out. Her fath', he's very fierce man. He no like when young fellers is hang around his girl."

"Miss Brown—she doesn't work, does she?"

"Aw, shooer. She's steno."

Lester thought, "Darn the luck. I work nights and Sundays and she works days. When the deuce am I going to see her before I finish with Beekman?" Then he turned to Tony. "I'm going to write something on your pad. You be sure she sees it."

"Shooer, if I here, but maybe Tunnee, he's out with coal or wood."

Lester wrote on the pad on the pedestal outside, "Miss Brown, I have an important message for you. When may I see you? Leave word on this pad, or telephone Beekman Broadcasting and ask for Lester Hopkins."

The following day Lester reported to Tony, who gave him a leaf from the pad. There was his message, marked out, and below it: "Ice, Tony. A good, big piece. Right away." And her address.

"Did she say anything, Tony?"

"She no see me, but I see her, and she maka da big smile when she go."

"Hmm," Lester thought, then went to the pad. He drew a large heart, and below it wrote: "No fooling!" and drew an arrow pointing to the heart. Then he wrote, "Spring is here. The calendar says so and so does my heart. *Please*, may I see you soon, Miss Brown? Devotedly yours, Lester. Any message will reach me here or at home or at the office."

He added his home and office addresses, and departed. Tony grinned, the next afternoon when Lester went back to him. "She no leava you da note."

"Aw, gee," said Lester despondently.

"She just get red like da tomate and tear off your note."

"Did she tear up my note?"

"No, no. She fold and put quick in bag."

"Hooray!"

Lester shot up the stairs and applied himself to the pad. He wrote: "This suspense is terrible. Tonight I shall telephone to you at precisely six-thirty. I have plans. If you have plans, please change them. You'll know why when you hear my melodious voice. Please, please, please, Miss Brown. I bend the knee. Lester."

He called down into the basement, "Tony—make sure she gets this and that nobody else sees it, will you?"

Tony appeared at the basement door and beamed up at him. "Shooer, Mist' Hopkeen. Tunnee—he's what you call da cupie. You know—da littla bare feller he's got wings and da bow he shoots da arrow! Cupie, thatsa me!"

PROMPTLY at six-thirty Lester called Loretta's number. Ben Bowery came in and sat on his desk. Lester pleaded with him: "Go back into quarantine, will you? Aw, gee, feller, you're leprosy to me right now. Beat it, will you?"

Ben Bowery stayed. Lester heard a very nice voice say "Hello?" and he hastened to ask, "Miss Brown?" and to show Ben Bowery a ferocious scowl. Ben gave him a quiet Bronx cheer. The voice said, "Yes. Speaking." Lester said, "Please hold the wire—just one moment."

He put down the receiver. He caught up Ben Bowery in powerful arms, raced across the room with him, dumped him in the hall, pulled a heavy leather divan across the door, and came back to the telephone. He said rapidly, softly:

"Miss Brown—I know this must seem very strange to you, but I can explain everything if I can just see you. Tonight there is to be a big party in the Fountain Room at the Wollaston, and they are using a lot of our stars. I have to be there, on duty, but if you could come—if you would come, I'd love to have you. They have a splendid orchestra—and I think you might like the show—and— Oh, I forgot—it's a banquet, so don't eat beforehand."

"Why, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Hopkins. Lester Hopkins."

"Why, really, this is rather—"

"I know, I know, Miss Brown." The leather divan was heaving to the efforts of the waggish Ben Bowery. "I know it's unconventional and all that, and I'm only sorry I can't call for you—but I'll see you get home all right—and if you don't like the show—or me—you can leave any time."

He heard a tinkly laugh. "Well—I suppose—if I don't—poor Tony will run out of stationery."

"Great! Wonderful! Look—I'll meet you in the foyer at—shall we say—eight? Fine! Hooray, hooray!"

Riotously happy, he hung up and

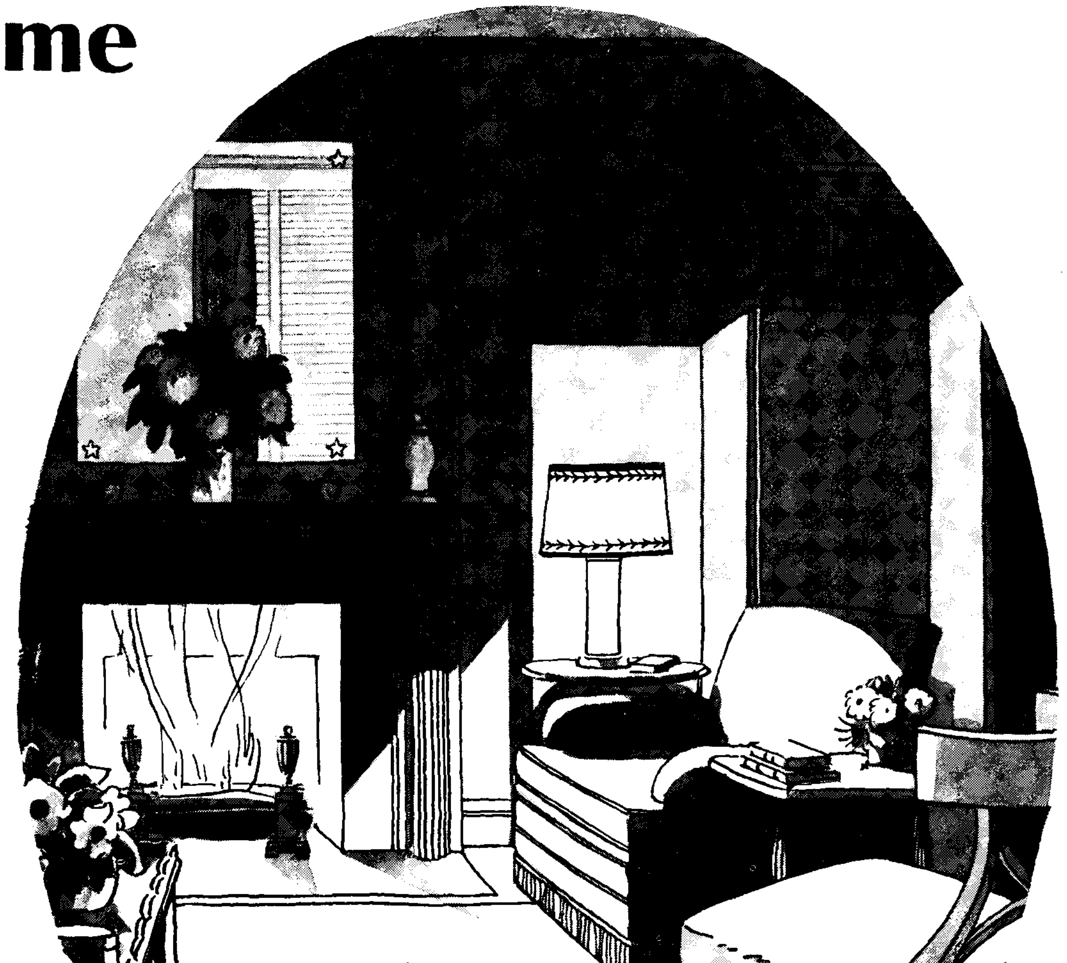
(Continued on page 34)

An Air to the Home

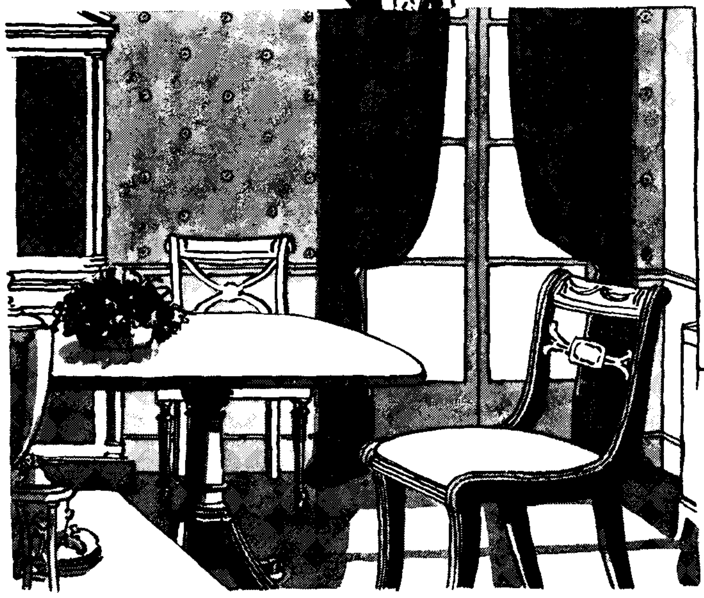
By Marie Beynon Ray

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY RICHARDSON

If you would make a small room larger, a dark room brighter, a low room higher, a small house spacious—look into this bag of tricks



(Right) A screen gives the room a lift, and mirrors make it seem larger; the armchair is comfortable without being bulky



(Left) A dining-room with chairs that are similar but different, and every piece scaled to fit the room

EVER since an esthetic cavewoman, one October first when the world was young, moved into a big, new cave, rolled in a few comfortable rocks for tables and chairs, flung a bearskin in a corner for a bed and disposed a few tiger skins as rugs and draperies, one of the greatest delights and torments of womankind has been the furnishing of the house.

Only a negligible number of women can stomach living in a hotel-room furnished by an impersonal corporation whose withers never were wrung by the question of whether a maroon or an eggplant rug would look best with yellow walls; the majority prefer to worry themselves into a decline over such problems—yea, they yearn for the rack.

Recently, by its National Housing Act, the government, making money for building purposes available on attractive terms, has made it possible for many more women to work themselves into this sort of nervous prostration. With this new method of financing, doubtless many houses will be built which will have to be furnished, and a million or more women will begin scampering about buying, if they're not careful, all the wrong things. For these houses, most of them, will be small—the government is not going to finance any palace-builders; $16,000 on mortgage is their high—and there's no place where it's easier to go wrong than in furnishing the small house.

And since we've mentioned the sordid subject of money, let's get that matter off our chests at once. Certified budgeteers tell us that we should figure the furniture budget on the cost of the house—from twenty per cent to thirty-three per cent of the cost of land and house is a judicious allowance for furniture, so that, if the house cost $10,000, you can spend $2,000 to $3,300 on furnishing. And here the budgeteers have a word of advice—don't even try to spend it all at one fell swoop. Spend it slowly and cautiously, building up a room one piece at a time, a sofa this month, a table next. Use makeshifts, anything at hand, rather than buy an inferior piece. It may take several years, but your house will be right when it's finished.

The organization Better Homes in America has recently built and furnished a model house on Park Avenue in New York which cost, to build, $9,500 (without garage) and, to furnish, $2,000, including china and linen. Since all the furnishings are nationally distributed and described over the radio, this ought to solve a lot of problems. In addition the Better Homes organization furnishes model houses throughout the country and likewise supplies, on request, all sorts of helpful information, down to what books to put in the nursery and how much water to pour in each glass at dinner time.

Well, here we are with a new house on our hands. What now?

A house can be furnished in three legitimate ways—with antiques, with modern pieces or with reproductions. The horrors of the Golden Oak Era, the Early Pullman Period, the Mid-Rutherford B. Hayes Epoch, and the gems known to the trade as "borax" have no place in a house of good taste.

Antiques? Out—they're too expensive.

Modern? Out for the most part—the best is expensive and not enough people care for it—yet. The exception is the furniture a few manufacturers are now turning out to the designs of leading modernists, conservative enough in style to be popular and low enough in price to be a big help in furnishing the small house.

But if modern is out for you on every count, that leaves reproductions. Only a few years ago this, to people of taste, would have been a prostrating conclusion. All but the expensive reproductions were bad—wickedly bad. There are still bad reproductions, plenty of them.

Beauty Instead of Borax

But there are also reproductions so beautiful they tear your heart out. The furniture manufacturers have seen the light. They no longer feel an irresistible urge to "improve" upon the work of Duncan Phyfe, the Adam brothers, and Hepplewhite. They are eager to play the sedulous ape, copying every inspired proportion, every gracious line, using dowels instead of nails and glue, finishing each piece lovingly by hand, endeavoring to impart the faintly worn, well-preserved air of an old aristocrat standing up marvelously against the years. Today you can go into any good furniture department and find these little masterpieces of devoted loyalty at prices formerly paid for "borax."

All right, let's go on. The house is small. The question of scale is therefore of major consideration. Most rooms are overfurnished, with too big furniture. They have the look of a boa constrictor who's just swallowed his weekly pig. The buffet looks as though it had come out of a ship's dining-room, the overstuffed chair as though it had been planned for some improbable giant.

In the average living-room, about 16 feet by 20 feet, the scale should be somewhat as follows: among other pieces, a sofa about 5 feet 6 inches long; a coffee table about 2 feet long; a screen about 5 feet 6 inches high, a wing or overstuffed chair of the less bulky type; bookcases about 5 feet high and 2 feet 6 inches wide; a table some 3 feet square. In the small dining-room, say 12 feet by 16 feet, the table should be no more than 6 feet 6 inches by 44 inches; the sideboard or substitute chest no longer than 5 feet 10 inches, preferably not so long, and not over 1 foot 8 inches deep; six chairs are all such a room can accommodate, with possibly a small serving table or upright piece. This gives some idea of proportions.

And this brings us bang up against the question of suites for the small house—or any house, if you'll take my word for it. They give a room an awful air of uniformity, with no chance in a small space to break it up by introducing odd pieces. Even in the dining-room, stronghold of regimentation, it's

(Continued on page 35)

The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

HIS father brutally murdered, with all his men, by cattle bandits, little Bill Roper is found and rescued near the scene of the tragedy by "Dusty" King, a kindly cattleman. No relatives appearing to claim the boy, Dusty takes him under his wing, rears him.

The story opens fifteen years later, in Ogallala, Nebraska, with Bill Roper (now a seasoned cattle hand), Dusty and wise old Lew Gordon (who, with Dusty, owns what is known as the "King-Gordon" cattle concern) discussing a serious problem. They have a bitter enemy: Ben Thorpe, a ruthless fighter who usually gets what he wants. The government is auctioning off a vast stretch of territory known as the "Crying Wolf" land. In order to make room for his expanding herds, Thorpe must have the lease on this land. *And so must Dusty and Gordon.*

"We must get *that* land!" Dusty exclaims, as the conference terminates. "We must get it—at *any* cost!" Whereupon, striding over to the auction, he throws a magnificent bluff, convinces Thorpe (bidding against him) that he and Gordon have unlimited resources, and leases the land (three hundred and twenty thousand acres) at *seventy cents an* acre—beyond which he could not have gone!

The possession of that tract means dominance for the King-Gordon combination. And Thorpe knows it. Infuriated, he stalks from the room, rides away. A few minutes later, Dusty receives a message. It reads: "*For God's sake, look out!*" It is signed by "Dry Camp" Pierce, one of Thorpe's worst enemies. Dusty glances at the message; then, turning to Bill: "Kid, if anything happens to me, remember this: You're fighting against a machine, a dangerous machine, not one man. Watch Cleve Tanner. Watch Walk Lasham. Don't forget that, *ever.*"

Bill leaves him and goes to Lew Gordon's home, wherein Jody Gordon, Lew's twenty-one-year-old daughter, with whom Bill is in love, awaits him. He tells her the glorious news—he, it appears, is to be made boss of the Crying Wolf. As they talk happily, a cowboy gallops up, dismounts, calls frantically for Bill. Bill hurries out to meet him.

"Dusty King's dead!" the rider shouts. "They got him in town—they gunned him down!"

II

THEY buried Dusty King five miles south of Ogallala, beside the Great Trail which he himself had pioneered. They thought he would want to rest out there in the open plain, near enough to the cattle trail so that the rumble of hoofs would sometimes come to him through the ground.

Over his grave they piled boulders, after the fashion of the prairie men. Bill Roper himself fitted a cross of railroad ties, the most durable and massive timber available at Ogallala.

After that was all done, and night had come on, and everybody had gone back to town, Bill Roper went back to that lonely cross and squatted on his heels against the pile of stone. He was smoking cigarettes that he rolled, and recalling things—kid memories—that he had not thought of for a long time. Memories of Dusty King. . . .

Roper sat there a long time; and the butts of his brown-paper cigarettes made a little litter at the foot of Dusty's pile of stone.

After a while a ridden horse came toward the cross at a walk; and Bill Roper put out his smoke and remained motionless, unseen against the stones, as the horseman came up.

The rider stepped to the ground and walked slowly toward the cross, the reins of his pony on his arm.

"Well?" Roper said at last, quietly.

The effect of that single word was explosive. In the next split second the horseman had vaulted into the saddle, and the thin starlight showed on the barrel of his sky-raised gun.

"Quien es?"

Roper said, "Oh, hello, Dry Camp."

The rider's gun slapped back into its holster. Swinging down again, the wiry little man known as Dry Camp Pierce came and sat down beside Bill at the foot of the stones.

"Find out anything, in the town?"

"Hell, no."

"No," Dry Camp repeated after him. "No, and they won't."

"You talk mighty sure, Dry Camp."

"I talk mighty sure because I am mighty sure. Nobody saw Dusty killed except the three men that done it; and one other man."

Bill Roper's hand shot out and caught Dry Camp's lean arm in a grip that bit like a trap. "Who was that?"

"Me."

THERE was a silence, sharp and hard, before Bill said, "You were there, and you didn't—"

"What could I do? I had no gun."

Bill Roper let his hand drop away. Out on the plain a coyote yammered, serenading the night.

"Way I'm fixed," Dry Camp grunted, "I got to keep my horns pulled in. They got a law there against gun-toting in town. They don't all mind it, but I got to mind it. I've been checking my gunbelt every time I go into the town."

"How is it you haven't told anybody this?"

"Haven't had any chance to talk to you," Dry Camp said. "I'm telling you now, ain't I? Who the hell else would I tell?"

"Lew Gordon—"

"Lew Gordon be damned! It was him got that law against gun-toting put through. If it wasn't for that I'd have got a couple of them. Or tried."

"Who was it?"

"Cleve Tanner and Walk Lasham and Ben Thorpe."

Dry Camp took a match out of the pocket of his cowhide vest and chewed the end.

"You see—" he searched for his words painfully, after the manner of men who are much alone—"Dusty, he tied his horse out back of the Lone Star Bar, in the angle of the wagon shed. There's a kind of a corner there, like you can't see into it from any place, hardly; and what with it getting dark—"

"Where were you?"

"I was in Bailey's harness shop, next door. I saw Dusty turn off the walk and walk back between the buildings. I'd been watching for him, because I wanted to speak to him a minute. I went back through the harness shop and I was just going out the back door. And then hell bust in the wagon shed angle."

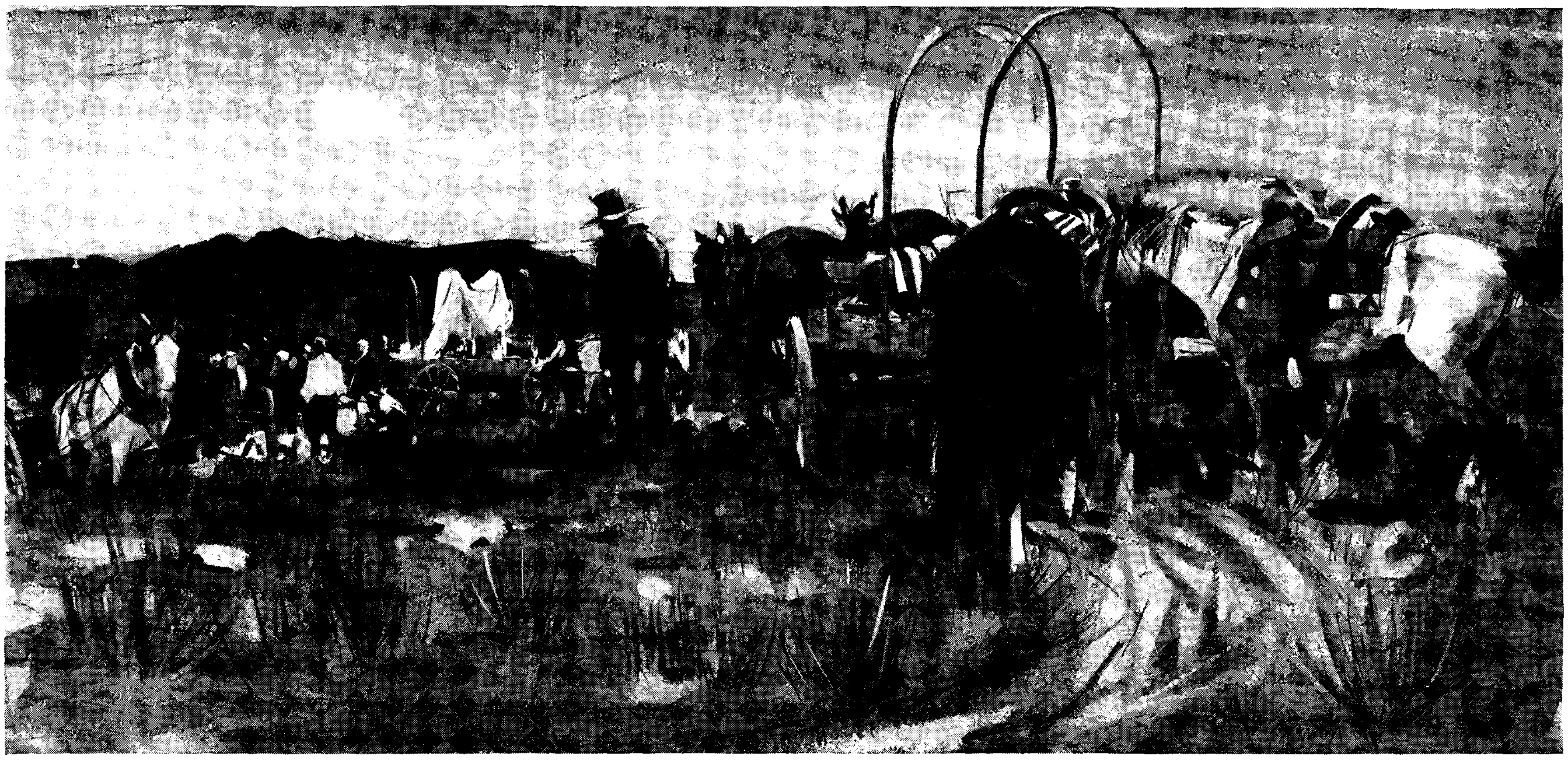
"The time it happened," Bill Roper said, "there must have still been a little light."

"Enough to see by, all right. These three varmints steps out of the shed quick and quiet. Dusty knew what he was up against, all right. His gun come out; but Walk Lasham grabs his gun arm with his left hand and bears down like he was wrastling him. Then the whole works seems to blow up, as all three of 'em let loose. They just stood and throwed it into him, and it seemed like he was never going to fall. Ben Thorpe pumped two more shots after Dusty was down and dead."

THAT was all the story. Both of them seemed to recognize that there were no questions to ask, nothing to add.

"I promise you this, Bill," Dry Camp

(Continued on page 36)



They buried Dusty King beside the Great Trail that he himself had pioneered

Dazzled

Episode in the life of an actress. A powerful story, laid against the glittering background of Broadway

By James Aswell

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE electric sign over the Lotus Theater in 48th Street, west of Broadway, said "JU—ITH JONES." One letter was dark. It might have been Judith Jones, but of course it was Junith Jones. Funny how that one letter made so much difference; how it sang a little there even in ellipsis in the name of a star. It occurred to me how episodes as accidental as burned-out bulbs in a sign can change not only a life but a character.

I know a lot about this Junith Jones, because it is my business to know such things. You know of her rise to stardom through hard work, and you know that she is one young woman of the theater whose name has never appeared in the cynical gossip columns. But I know the rest.

These things happened only a little while ago.

Lanny Dell tossed his head suddenly at Junith in the way he had as she and the others, their rehearsal over, started to mill back toward the dressing-room of the Eden Club.

Junith's eyes bloomed obediently and she ran over.

"Love me, baby?" Lanny said.

"Always!" She caressed his cheek impersonally with a childish palm.

"You're a liar." Lanny stared through her as if his mind had bounced to something else. Slowly his gaze refocused and abstraction left the lean face, seared with little wrinkles like the tracks of forgotten wise-cracks, mobile with the bright, childish cynicism of a Variety page. "Listen, kid. You don't have to keep your date with that mug tonight. I was clowning for his benefit. You know I never framed a girl for a date in my life. I mean that."

Junith said nothing. She just stood there, holding Lanny's coat lapel, smiling with the look of a conspiring angel and innocent as a babe on a beach in her incredibly brief dance costume.

"Tell him you have to bring Mamma along if you go. That usually stops 'em. Or tell him you go right to bed after the show but you'll have luncheon gladly with Mamma at the Renton. Be nice about it. You don't need to make him sore."

"Oh, I think I'll go out with him. He's a pretty big shot, Lanny."

Lanny Dell had been in the night-club business for fifteen years. He knew the symptoms, he was no reformer and he wasted no regrets.

"Okay, keed. He's a pretty big shot, that's right. But you're new around here and I didn't want you to get the joint wrong."

She smiled even more happily. "I have things sort of planned out in my career. I thought I never *would* be sixteen years old so I could start to work for you."

"Yeah," said Lanny, "the waiting must've tired you out." Then he remembered. "Dan is out in the lobby waiting for you."

"That nuisance!" The round little blossom face pouted. "I wish he'd leave me alone."

"He's a nice boy, almost as dumb as you are, darling. Scram! I'm busy. We're opening a show tomorrow night."

Junith tapped across the sleek yellow moon of dance floor resignedly. "I'll fix *him,*" she murmured. Lanny watched her go but didn't hear. He was thinking about the Apache number, wondering whether he hadn't been a dope to offer Amor and Adumbra, the dance team, a hundred and fifty dollars a week. He could have had them, he felt in his heart, for ninety.

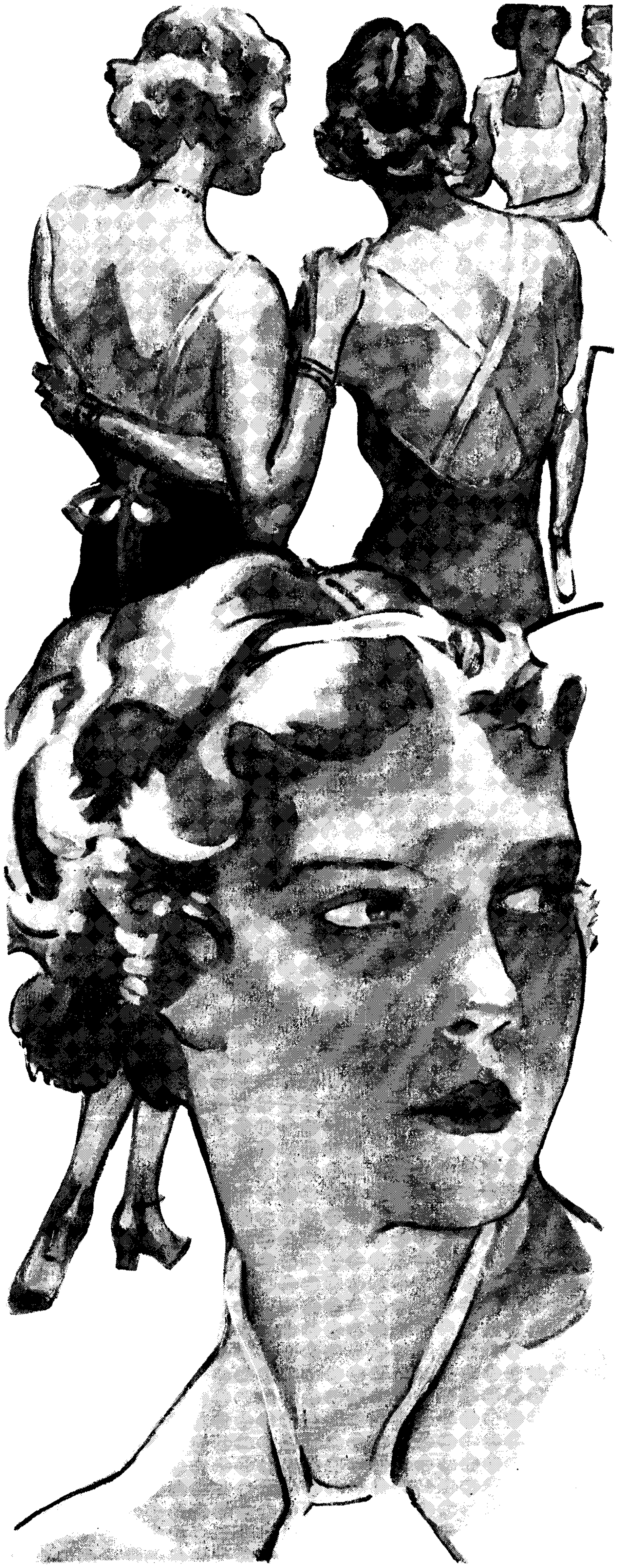
"I WANT to see you after the show tonight," said Daniel Jones. "I've got something important to tell you."

Daniel Jones was six-feet-two. He looked like an unhappy fullback and much out of place, digging his heels into the deep rug worked with scarlet hearts. The foyer-lobby of the Eden Club was dusky and vacant at half past four in the afternoon. A spray of light from a bulb over the modernistic bar banked off Dan's mop of rust-colored hair. He was huge and pug-nosed, rather handsome, towering over the girl, and rather absurd. His eyes watched her with the mystical excitement of a cat regarding catnip.

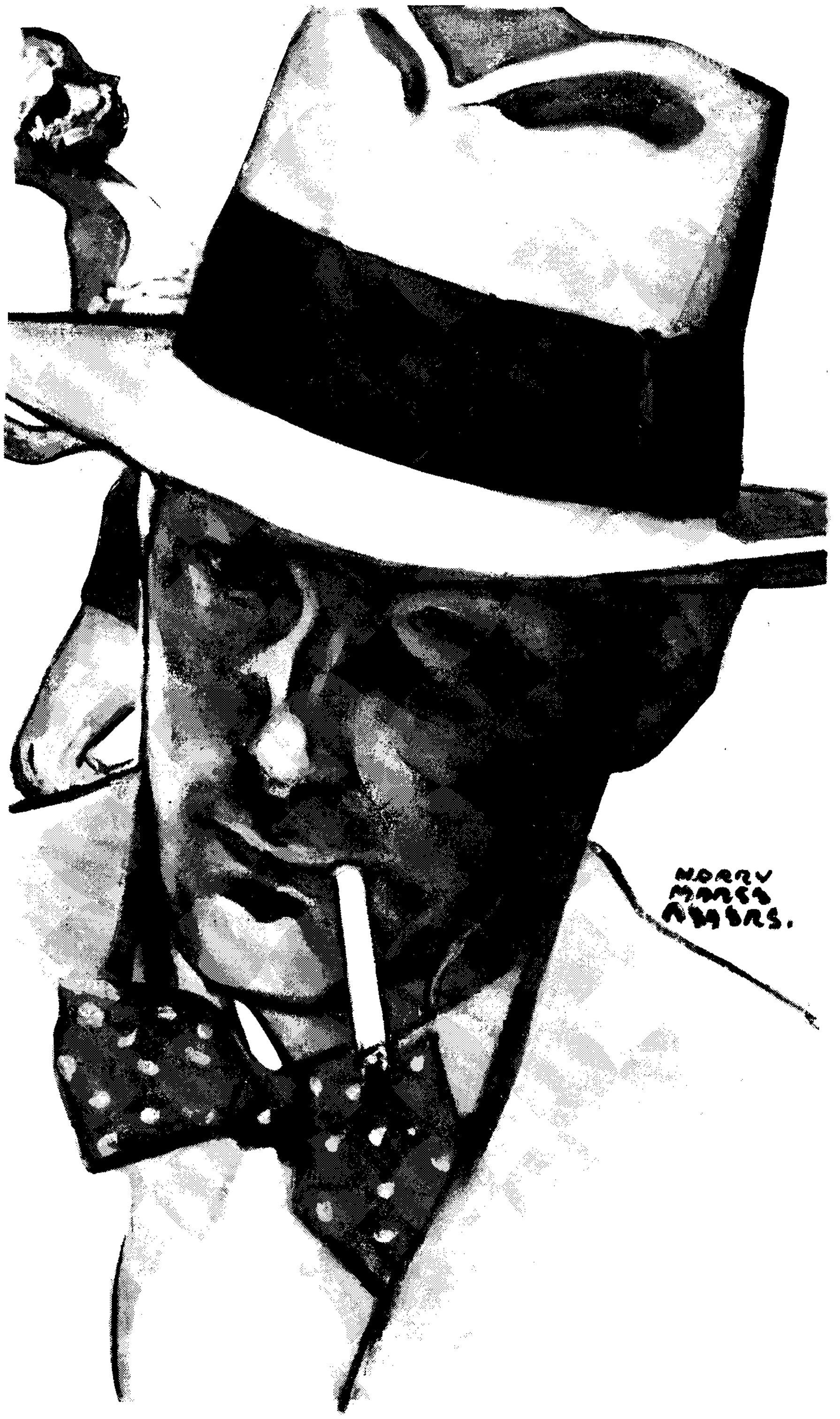
"I can't see you," Junith said. "I'm busy tonight. And, Dan"—she tossed out fresh little words—"I wish you wouldn't hang around here every afternoon. Aren't you too busy for that? You make me nervous. The public isn't admitted to our rehearsals, you know."

"But you were marvelous today. You were a knock-out. You have a great future, Junith. I want to see you in dramatic rôles. You've got it over those other girls!"

He moved over to her like a landslide and took her hand. She hesitated, warmed against her will by his rapture. Then little opaque slates dropped over cornflower eyes.



"Oh, I think I'll go out with him," Junith said. "He's a pretty big shot, Lanny"


HARRY MARSH AYERS.

She stiffened, stepped back.

"I've got to go now, Mr. Jones."

"*Mister* Jones! Why, I'm in love with you, Junith. *Mister*, as well as we know each other!"

She smiled mechanically, edging back toward the big room where the tables slept.

"Goodby, Dan. See you opening night."

"See you after the show *tonight!* It's too important. I know you're tired but we must get together on this."

He stood for a moment after she had gone, twisting a fist into a palm, frowning and biting his lip. Then he loped downstairs over myriads of scarlet hearts and out into Broadway.

IT WAS an apartment so small that you thought instantly here was no human habitation but a stage set in miniature, built to contain a perfumed and unconvincing doll. The idea lingered when you saw Junith stretched out in a wisp of satin negligee, with Mrs. Flaherty, frowzy and kimonoed, kneading industriously the muscles of a doll-like leg.

They talked. Ever since Sadie Flaherty, burlesque alias Lucille La Reine, had pulled a starving Junith—last name unknown—out from behind a tenement-foyer trash can when Junith was eight, there had been these daily seminars. Noon and evening.

"Lawrence Biggle was at the ringside last night," Mrs. Flaherty observed. Slap, knead, slap. There was something lush and stagy and ripe—too ripe—about Mrs. Flaherty's voice as well as her person. "The tall fellow with the gray hair and eyeglasses. Maybe you didn't notice. Right at the ringside, though. I was so sorry, Sweet, when Mr. Dell took you over to Mr. Pasknitz's party instead, although I can't deny that Pasknitz man is somebody to meet."

Slap, knead, slap.

"Not so *hard*, Mom. I got a date with Pasknitz after the show tonight."

Mrs. Flaherty paused in her labors and sat up straight on her stool beside the day bed. She pursed her lips and reflected. She cocked her head with its spuriously golden hair.

"Now that's not so bad an idea, at that, Sweet. Mr. Pasknitz can certainly help you if he has the mind."

"What does he do for a living, Mom?"

Mrs. Flaherty chuckled indulgently. "Lew Pasknitz *do?* What a question, Sweet. He's an owner, part owner of lots of cafés in this town. He had a wheel one year at Saratoga. I guess you'd call him a sportsman, Sweet."

"The kids at the club say he's a tough guy."

"A tough *guy*" — deprecatingly — "why, let me tell you I wish I'd *married* a tough guy like Lew Pasknitz instead of that sap of a banjo player. Let me tell you if I had I'd be riding around in limousines today with more diamonds than Mae West has imitations and my darling baby would never *have* to work in a night club."

This was a familiar refrain. Junith had heard it almost every day for eight years. She dozed and devoted her attention to the hypothetical limousines and diamonds Mom Flaherty would have had if she'd married a man like Lew Pasknitz. This dreaming, for no good reason, conjured up the specter of Daniel Jones.

She sat up, drawing her scant negligee around her.

"I guess I better dress. It's getting late." She sighed. "Did the pest send me a letter today?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Flaherty grimly, "he did." She plucked an envelope gay with canceled stamps from an end table under a fringed lamp. "It certainly reminds me of the way Joe Flaherty used to act. Only I had nobody who had been through the mill to guide me. I fell for the sap. Imagine—a banjo player in a club orchestra! All the things I could have had if—"

JUNITH opened the letter and interrupted to read in a fast, hard little voice:

"'Junith Junith:

"'I lay awake thinking about you last night. The reason your purity stands out, so clean and fine, is that I see it against the background of that tawdry club. I don't mean mere innocence. I mean purity, freshness of spirit.'" A faint sound, a gurgle of distaste, escaped from Junith's throat. "'As soon as I saw you that first night I knew that there was a character out of one of the old Miracle plays. When we are married—'" She broke off and tossed the letter toward the foot of the couch.

"Say, Mom, what's he trying to do—kid me?"

"No, he's just one of those clucks that hang around clubs. Joe Flaherty was the same. Listen here, Sweet." She gave Junith a beetling look. "If I thought you were having anything to do with a ten-dollar band booker, I'd—Why, it makes me shudder to think about it. It's worse than Joe Flaherty. All we've been through— When I think about the night we hitch-hiked to that kissing marathon, your first chance, at Coney, why, to think you might let us down now—"

Junith said: "Don't worry. I hate him. I'm going to make him leave me alone some way."

The doorbell rang as Junith skittered toward the cubbyhole of a bath.

Mrs. Flaherty took a telegram from the colored elevator man. It was addressed to Junith, but it might be an offer, so she opened it at once.

The telegram said:

JUNITH DARLING I MUST MEET YOU AFTER THE SHOW TONIGHT TO DISCUSS GETTING YOU FREE LESSONS IN ELOCUTION FROM A FRIEND OF ONE OF MY FRIENDS STOP VERY FAMOUS TEACHER STOP MAY BE CLIMAX OF YOUR LONG CLIMB AND HARD WORK WHICH WILL END SURELY IN STARDOM STOP YESTERDAY HE PLACED PUPIL IN BROADWAY SHOW AT $100 WEEKLY STOP I WORSHIP AND ADMIRE YOUR ETHEREAL BEAUTY AND GOODNESS STOP I SALUTE TOMORROW'S BERNHARDT STOP DAN

"Nuts," remarked Mrs. Flaherty and crumpled the wire, tossing it wastebasketwards.

"Sweet," she shouted through the closed bathroom door, "don't you worry. I know this Broadway and I know how the doors are opened. You hear me? Did you see Dianne Dubois' new mink coat tonight? Well, you'll be having one of those before you know it. We've got to play our cards right. I want to talk to you about how to act with Mr. Pasknitz tonight."

The sound of rushing water came from the bath. Mrs. Flaherty walked to a scarred secretary in a corner and extricated a bottle from a drawer. She proceeded to pour herself a drink.

THE foyer and bar of the Eden Club is as ghostly with departed jazz at four in the morning as it is at four in the afternoon. A melancholy barkeep was wiping fixtures when Lanny Dell, tired after rehearsals, a dinner show and a supper show at which he officiated as master of ceremonies, walked out of the club proper with his topcoat turned up around his ears and his white Broadwayish fedora turned down over his eyes.

"Hello, youngster, what're you doing here?"

He stood over the sleepy figure of Daniel Jones slouched in a tubular and insufficient chair.

Lanny said:

"Why don't you forget about that gal, feller? She's gone home long ago."

Dan stood up, grinning sheepishly. He was flattered at Lanny's notice. The mirrors frolicked with the light and he looked even younger than he was.

Lanny said: "Go home. The girls were all gone an hour ago. You must be waiting for one because you can't be crazy enough to think you can sell me a ham band."

Lanny's voice, at that, was gentler than usual. It could be hard and cold; it was often distant, as if muffled by the accumulating shells of fifteen Broadway years.

"I was waiting for Junith. I saw her a minute between shows and told her it was very important, something that concerned her future. She wouldn't have gone without telling me."

"She's gone," said Lanny. He took Dan's arm and walked him toward the stairs to Broadway. "I saw her go with her mother. She was very tired."

"I'll call her at home. It's very important, Mr. Dell."

"Don't," said Lanny. "Take a tip from me, Daniel, and forget that dame. She's all right, but don't you know any nice young girls? You come of good people, youngster; go and play around with the kids in your crowd. Bring a party up some night as my guest to see the show."

DAN chuckled. "You see, I'm in love with Junith. Beside her the girls I know fade out. They're a pretty hard and mercenary lot, the ones my school crowd plays around with."

"Yeah," said Lanny. And then: "You're headed for a fall, my friend. In love. I used to be dumb, but not that dumb. I knew a tramp when I saw one. I married two, but I knew what I was getting. Another thing: you better lay off this Flaherty kid. She's dangerous. She's an extra cold little proposition, and that's saying something, with all those watch-lifting icebergs who work for me. I'm telling you."

They were standing now in Broadway. The sign said, "CLUB EDEN, 100 GORGEOUS GIRLS," in neon script. It glowed around them. There were echoes in the street, it was so late. A woman in a shawl sold the morning papers on the corner. A hunchbacked panhandler, spotting Dan, moved up, recognized Lanny and sidled quickly off. For a hundred little girls the night was

(Continued on page 42)

Woman of the Family

By May Edgington

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her mother, her jobless father and her sister, Sophia, in the London suburb of Dulwich, Eve Langham—secretary of Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man—accepts the suggestion of Lennie Ward, a sleek young dancing man, and becomes the hostess of a night club, The Regalia. Fearing to shock her family, she lets them believe that her evenings are occupied tutoring a wealthy group in French.

Under the watchful eyes of Lennie Ward, who professes to be in love with her: Fero, the club's manager; Captain Hopton, the assistant manager; and Tonetti, the orchestra leader, she meets various prominent patrons: notably, Mrs. Louise Poinsetter and the stalwart Captain Jonathan Horne, an explorer.

Horne fascinates her. En route to Dulwich with him, in a taxicab, one evening, she consents to stop at his apartment, while he phones for his own car. There, Horne—making sure that she is not listening—calls Scotland Yard, has a mysterious talk. Finding that the girl is on the verge of collapse from his attempt to make love to her, he makes her spend the night in his apartment while he goes on to his club.

She is coldly courteous to him the following evening. But when she leaves the place—after a heated altercation with Ward, who is jealous of Horne and who begs her to keep an eye on Horne and report his every action—he adroitly inveigles her into entering his car; and presently they are speeding toward Dulwich.

Horne asks many questions; he seems extraordinarily interested in what is going on, behind the scenes, at The Regalia. Eve, making talk, tells him that a noted trio of dancers—"The Three Black Devils"—will soon appear at the club. And, safe at home, an hour later, she remembers Horne's interest in that simple announcement, his look of private satisfaction. Her mother is waiting for her.

IV

"WELL," said Mrs. Langham, rising from the armchair in which she had sunk herself. She had a special fatal gift of uttering "well"—ringing the changes on hopeless inquiry, horrified exclamation, justified resentment and resignation pushed to its limit.

Her gift for that little word was like her gift for the attitudes which went with it, and tonight she shot up from the chair by the empty hearth like a woman prepared to do battle for the right, wherever she was. She was an abused woman. Yet those ultra shabby slippers of hers, the sagging woolen coat, her lined, unpowdered skin, her fretful eyes, and even the broken springs of that long-neglected chair, all combined, had she but known it—but she did not, for martyr as she was, she still saw only herself, except for Sophia—to rouse in her elder daughter's breast a determination as sudden as it was implacable.

The determination was shocking, and at a moment of less tension would have shocked herself: "I will conquer her."

Frankly she threw off the old tweed coat, revealing the lines of the subtle black frock. Purposefully in laying the coat aside on the chair, she turned her back to her mother, so that Mrs. Langham's amazed eyes could find fresh fuel for horror in that candid expanse of white skin. Deliberately she raised her hand as if to sweep her hair back from her brow, to feel the fiery-colored knob at the nape of her neck, but she had another reason: to show her mother how low the dress was cut.

"Eve!" It was exactly the cry and exactly the tone of voice that she expected, and she turned nonchalantly.

Her mother, she knew, would perceive only the nonchalance. She never seemed to know how sickeningly a girl's heart beat at the prospect of the unlovely battle, nor how unwillingly she came to the fray.

AS SHE had climbed the many stairs of gray concrete toward the door of home, she had debated this very question of letting her mother see the black frock, of letting her mother question, suspect, forbid—and then receive from the hands of her daughter her final defeat. Some day this victory must be won, so on the last stair she had said to herself: "Why not tonight?"

"What are you wearing, Eve?" Mrs. Langham breathed in a trembling voice.

Actually at this time of the world's day she could frame a question like that!

"It's a new evening frock, Mother."

"Is that a frock?" said Mrs. Langham, trembling. "Have the goodness, Eve, to take it off at once. Go to your room, put your dressing-gown on, and then come back and talk to me."

Amazing woman! But try as she would, Eve could not put out of her heart entirely the gentleness and pity that said to her: "She lives in her own girlhood, years ago; it was narrow and disappointing; she has never emerged; she's imprisoned herself in a life that is like a narrow cell; she doesn't look out. She's willful—yet she can't help it."

In that moment she saw her mother plainly as a silly, freakish, hectoring, elderly child, perversely liking to go through the world with her eyes blind to its changes.

SHE answered almost with curiosity, quietly:

"I'm tired to death, Mother—"

"You don't look it," that scolding voice interrupted.

Did she never guess how it made one wince?

"When I go to my room, Mother," Eve said, "I shall go for good. If you want to talk to me, let us talk now. I'm sorry you sat up."

"Don't say that again. I always do sit up, and I always will sit up, while my daughter has not come home. I can't conceive, Eve, how you could have missed the last train last night."

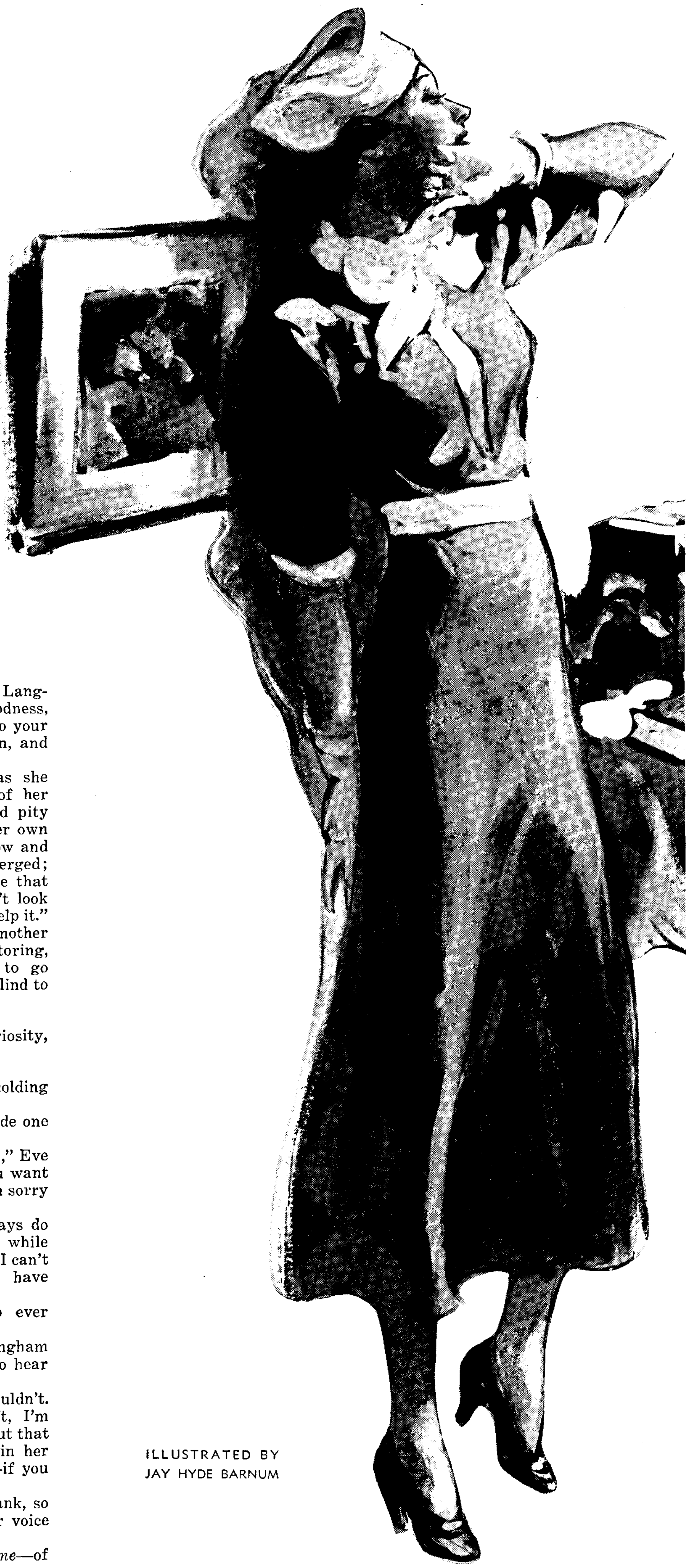
"I hope you haven't sat up ever since!"

"I never thought," Mrs. Langham said, "that I should have lived to hear a child of mine abuse me so."

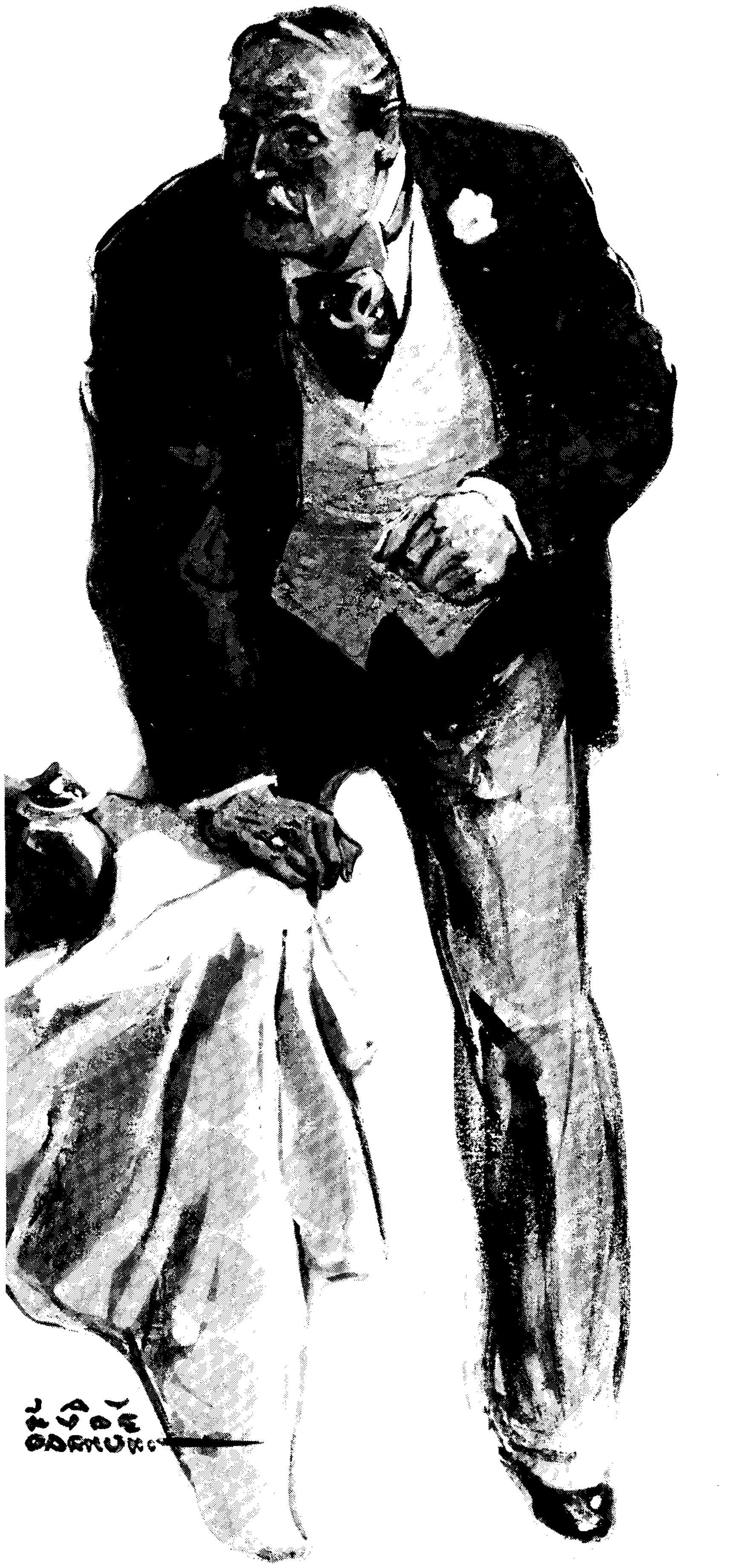
"Mother, I don't abuse you. I couldn't. If I—I've said what I oughtn't, I'm sorry." And suddenly she cried out that thing which had been festering in her heart: "If you'd be fair to me—if you could love me, like Sophia—"

She met a look so bleak, so blank, so empty of understanding that her voice failed her.

"How *can* you accuse me—*me*—of



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM



Now the impersonation vanished, and a third Sir Edgar seemed to rise in a lightning flash from the ashes of the other two

lack of motherly affection. Oh, you're *wicked*, Eve."

"Do you want to quarrel, Mother," Eve stammered, "or have you something to say that is specially important—at this time of night?" she added.

"Sit down, Eve."

"No," said Eve, suddenly firing. "I will stand up."

ALL at once Mrs. Langham was at a pitiful loss. What she was doing was, she believed, her duty. If her judgment were going to be seriously flouted, her mandates disobeyed, her wisdom found wanting, and all this irrevocably, she didn't know what she was going to do.

In that moment, as the courage of the shrew left her, she seemed to become sensibly even thinner and grayer. She looked almost helpless. Her willfully unkempt fingers fumbled nervously with the string of beads round her willfully unkempt neck.

"May I ask," said she, catching at the fluttering rags of her authority and dignity, "if that dress suits your employers? Do they not think that you ought anyway to put over it one of those little sort of coatees like I make Sophia wear?"

"Sophia doesn't wear them, Mother."

"How can you contradict me so, Eve?"

"Sophia takes off that sort of little coatee as soon as she gets away from you, Mother."

"She does not."

"She does."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Langham trembling, "it is just the opposite with you. You take off your coatee only when you come home on purpose to shock and hurt me."

So Eve cried out:

"I have no coatee."

"I'll have that frock burned," said Mrs. Langham in an access of rage, but she did not believe herself. She knew that she could not burn the black frock, and subconsciously, too, she knew—from what she had seen in the fashion papers from which she made Sophia's dresses—that the gown was not immodest according to the ideas of the present day.

"Try to burn anything of mine!" Eve whispered.

Mrs. Langham paused.

She sat down again, letting herself tremble, impressed by the shaking of her hands and, though she did not know this either, enjoying with a martyr's fervor the cruelty of her daughter.

"I NEVER interfere with you," she said, "and we both know it."

At that her daughter could laugh.

"You're the hardest girl in the world," said Mrs. Langham. "I do not know what I have done to deserve such treatment from my own child."

"Listen, Mother," said Eve very gently and quietly, "my mind is made up."

But it had not been made up in the fashion in which she was going to speak it until these few moments in this uninspiring room with her mother. "I am expecting to earn more money."

"More money?" Mrs. Langham murmured, gazing into the empty grate. "*More?*"

"More," said Eve, her head high.

She had no expectation of earning more money. How could she? Had not her present fortune burst upon her as a devastating surprise? But somehow as she stood there she made up her mind that she would better it. There must be, should be, more coming to her, Eve Langham. "My mind is made up," she repeated. "I am not going to live at home."

Mrs. Langham uttered a cry.

"Where else could you live?"

"In a place of my own," said Eve in a low voice, "somewhere where there is no nagging, no bitterness."

"I don't know what you mean about nagging," Mrs. Langham protested, "but as for bitterness, the world is full of bitterness, and perhaps it would be as well for you to think, Eve, that maybe you are mostly responsible for any bitterness in this house."

And the next moment she could have bitten out her tongue because her daughter seized upon that very adroitly.

"If you say so, Mother, you will be glad I'm going, then!"

"Oh, Eve, how can you?"

Her talk with Horne was still running in Eve's head; those things she had said to him, and which she had never so clearly formulated before, even to herself, stayed hot in her heart.

"All you want," she said, "is my money, you and Father and Sophia. You treat me like a pack horse. I shouldn't be expected to make my own bed, wash up, help cook on Sundays—" Oh, words were silly and trivial! But they represented a very big thing, did they not? Her voice was the voice of a million women, rebellious at doing two jobs at once and getting no thanks for it.

"Surely," Mrs. Langham cried, hedging, "you're proud of your home. A woman should be."

"Proud of my home? Of this uncomfortable place you manage, Mother!"

Mrs. Langham gave another cry.

"I devote myself to my home. I am a slave."

"No home you manage will ever be comfortable or happy, Mother." She went on grimly, battling down the lump in her throat. "You don't know what happiness and beauty mean."

A VOICE in the doorway. A tired, jealous, complaining voice; but masculine.

Her father stood there. He had been listening quietly to the quarrel, and now he came right in and closed the door behind him.

"So you want to get away?" he asked his daughter.

"I am going," she said, clenching her fingers into her palms till the nails nearly cut them.

He nodded.

"I have no doubt of it. The young women of today are very selfish; very selfish."

"It is only my money you want," she flung back. "You can still have that."

The quality of the little pause that came then struck at her heart.

They were relieved! It was true that what they wanted chiefly was the money!

"It is not only the money we're thinking of," Mrs. Langham began.

"It is entirely the money, Mother," said Eve quietly, staring at her.

"We have to reckon with money, Eve," said Langham as quietly.

"Yes, Father, and mine is all there is to reckon with. I will still give you what I am giving you now, and you won't have to provide me with breakfast. Will that do?"

She thought to herself wildly: "They shan't break my heart."

"How are you going to arrange, then?" her mother asked.

But Langham answered for her:

"Eve is a woman, Mother; she's capable; if she wishes to desert us, she will desert us." With the word "desert" he put himself and his wife in the right against this strong-willed child. He turned to his daughter: "Perhaps it would be better like that, than worrying your mother, Eve."

SHE nodded, still staring at them. A little tight smile came to her lips.

Oh, they were blind!

And then suddenly her father, looking at her with a little propitiatory smile, began tentatively to flatter her. He ranged facts on her side, so that they were presented so fairly and reasonably that even Mrs. Langham, listening, accepted them.

"Indeed," he said, "I think that this last-train-catching every night is too much for you, my dear. If you are indeed expecting a better salary, it might be nice for you to get a cheap room somewhere. We know you'll help us all you can, and you will be able to come and give your mother a hand in the week-ends." That was tactless of him.

"I shall expect you at the week-ends," said Mrs. Langham quickly. "Above all, I am a mother, and I do cling to my duty."

"The best mother in the world," said Langham stubbornly.

"The week-ends," Eve repeated. Clearly she saw a picture of summer week-ends in which she herself might participate. They wouldn't be spent here.

SIR EDGAR MARTER never left the office in company with an attractive secretary on the occasions on which he took such a one to luncheon.

(Continued on page 39)

Against the Mob

By Ernest Haycox

A story of love and hate in a small town. You may feel that the hero sacrificed himself needlessly. But did he? Isn't it the Trevicks who've given us much that is best in life?

ILLUSTRATED
BY J. E. ALLEN

THE sound—scraping and sibilant—came out of the rear room again. Saul Trevick tightened the quoins of the page-four form and lifted his eyes toward young Johnny setting type at the cases. Young Johnny hadn't heard; he was a willing boy, but he didn't understand the mystery which ran below New Hope's placid surface.

"Go home now, Johnny."

"Ain't finished the White House ad yet."

Saul Trevick was remembering that when people crept through the back door of his newspaper shop from Wister's alley they wanted secrecy. He said, "Never mind," and waited. A partition separated the front office from this angular, high-ceilinged shop in which gas jets lifted pale blooms; another partition in the back end shut off Saul Trevick's bedroom. Light slid vaguely across the tables and type cases, across the skeleton shape of the Washington hand press.

Rain drove against the skylight with a gusty intermittent rush. Johnny said, "Good night," and slid around the open end of the front partition. The door bell tinkled when he let himself into St. Vrain Street.

Saul Trevick shifted his cigar between his teeth; his lips settled and he prepared to hear something unpleasant. He said, "All right."

He didn't look up from the table immediately, for he was thinking of the secrets of New Hope locked in his head, with the detached indifference of a man who has no illusions about people—no faith in their goodness and no anger against their sins. He was forty-five, a dry and untidy and silent little man in whom ambition long since had died; a spectator aloof from surprise and belief. The continuing quiet lifted his head. There was a girl standing in the opening of the rear partition—standing alertly there, wet-haired and faintly disheveled. She trembled visibly and her round breasts rose and fell to an irregular breathing. Fear darkened her face.

Saul Trevick made a distinct turn toward her.

"What are you doing here, Lily?"

Her words ran breathlessly together: "We were walking down the alley but the rain caught us, so we went into Marshall's empty stable and were sitting there when some men came after us. I ran. I didn't want them to know who I was."

"We?"

The girl watched him, her eyes blacker and blacker. She lifted her chin.

"Jeff Huntoon and me. They thought we were bad, I guess. They were fighting Jeff when I left."

"They recognize you?" said Saul Trevick calmly.

"No." Suddenly she whirled around to listen; and turned again, rigid and poised for flight.

Trevick said: "Go out the front way. Your father know you keep company with Jeff Huntoon?"

SHE came on to the middle of the shop and stood before him, her hands lifted. Her mouth was white and excitement had changed her prettiness to something stronger than that; it had turned her proud and angry. She was eighteen, Saul Trevick recalled. A motherless girl living with a father whose discipline was alternately severe and neglectful. She was a little wild—he could see that whipping across her face now.

"It wouldn't do any good. Please help Jeff, if you can!" She ran instantly across the shop and vanished beyond the front office partition. Men's voices rose at the back end of the building, in Wister's alley, and the front door's trip-bell had only died behind the fleeing Lily when they flung themselves out of the alley into his bedroom and filed around the partition. Hands lying on the make-up table, Saul Trevick recognized each of the party of four. Tom Blaine, who was marshal of New Hope, said:

"A girl come in here?"

"What's the trouble, Tom?"

"We saw Jeff Huntoon persuade some girl to step into Marshall's stable. We collared Jeff, but the girl's gone. She came this way."

"All right for people to step out of the rain, isn't it?"

Tom Blaine's glance held no sympathy. "You ain't that innocent. Jeff Huntoon's a chaser with a soft way toward girls. It won't do. Not in New Hope. Did she come in here?"

"No."

"I think you're lying."

Saul Trevick stirred his cigar between his teeth. His voice was dead level, enormously unkind. "Don't let me detain you from your pleasant pastime of followin' kids down dark alleys."

The four men showed discomfort. Tom Blaine took it poorly; his voice rode an arrogant note upward. "You wouldn't say that if you had a daughter. Your head's full of too many funny ideas."

SAUL TREVICK murmured: "This seems a strange committee to be enforcing the town's morals. How's the road toward Peterson's ranch these days, Tom?"

Tom Blaine's mouth opened—and closed with force. He stepped on until his face was large and threatening against Saul Trevick. Blood pumped into his cheeks. He had an impulse to violence, but he changed it and wheeled around. His voice was strange.

"Jeff gets a warning this time. Next time he'll be whipped out of New Hope."

They were soon gone, leaving Saul Trevick with his hands on the page-four form, his chin tipped against his chest. He pushed himself away from the table and circled the walls, turning out the gas jets; and he stood in the darkness and listened to the rain freshening against the roof. Afterward he went into the rear room and struck a match to the kerosene lamp there. He washed his hands and laid aside his cigar to scrub his face, and put the cigar between his teeth again. Presently he thought to remove his coat and stoke up the little sheet-metal stove and draw a chair near it. He filled a water glass half full of whisky from a bottle on the table, drank it at once and settled deep in the chair.

Light turned the contents of the bottle to heavy amber; narrow-eyed he stared at it, the smoky burning color of the liquid shading all his thoughts. He was remembering Lily, the desperateness of her voice, the protesting stiffness of her body. Well, there was wildness in her. But it was the wildness of youth. Lily was eighteen, heavy with life that swelled and stormed through her and sought escape.

"She'll break her heart," he said to himself. "New Hope will see to that."

He filled his glass again and solemnly considered himself. At forty-five nothing mattered any more except physical comfort. A bottle of whisky and a

A moment later she went out the back door with Jeff Huntoon, and both of them were recklessly smiling. He heard them drive away

cigar—he had reduced his existence to these. There wasn't any protest in him at the cruelties of this world; he had been beaten back to a silent acquiescence. Sitting there with a bowed, faintly gray head, he searched himself for some ultimate principle that would stir him to anger and found none.

IT WAS the following noon that Shiras Huntoon walked from a rain-driven St. Vrain Street into the Drover's for a drink. He was a harness-maker, a big and heavy and very straight man with a Southerner's pride written over him plainly. He took his drink and was standing a moment at the bar when Billy Rees of the New York Store came swinging into the saloon, saw him, and walked over immediately. There wasn't any friendliness on Billy Rees' face. He said, in the shortest, bluntest way possible:

"You better tie up your boy Jeff, Huntoon. If he keeps prowlin' around New Hope's alleys and back fences he'll get his hide shot off."

"My boy?" said Huntoon in a dismal, dangerous voice. His back stiffened; the flash of his eyes was there for Billy Rees to see.

"You Southerners," ground out Billy Rees, "call it gallantry. Up here we've got a plainer name for it. If New Hope catches Jeff fooling around the women again he'll get whipped out of town."

"Very plain," breathed Shiras Huntoon, and drew up his hand and slapped Billy Rees across the mouth. It knocked Rees against the bar. The noise in the saloon dropped away and there was instantly a circle of still and attentive faces around these two men. Billy Rees hooked his elbows over the bar; he was raging angry, but he didn't make another move toward the cold Huntoon who spoke with a dead softness. "My boy is a gentleman. I'd break him in two if he wasn't. Young people need their adventure and the filth you suggest exists only in your mind. I have said this before, Rees. You Northerners have no chivalry. Nothing but suspicion and fear of honest laughter."

He stopped and stared completely around him at the silent listeners. He had no friends there. He was quite alone. Yet he said, in contempt: "Four men, led by Tom Blaine, followed my son and some girl down Wister's alley last night. I can find no word to express the prostituted minds of those four men."

"You damned rebel!" cried Billy Rees, "go back to the South. Nobody asked you to come here!"

"As for being a rebel," said Shiras Huntoon, "I at least fought for my side. Did you?"

"As for being a rebel," said Shiras Huntoon, "I at least fought for my side. Did you? But I understood that war was over and this was again a country for all of us." Saying that much he turned from them and strode out of the Drover's. Talk rose with a sudden, sullen quickness behind him.

IT CONTINUED to rise, it continued to grow more and more angry. Shiras Huntoon, stung out of a discreet silence, had dropped a stone into the spuriously smooth surface of New Hope's life and now the ripples spread outward from the Drover's, down St. Vrain Street, to the houses beyond. Coming along the street under a steady, slanting rain somewhat later in the afternoon, Saul Trevick saw Tom Blaine in front of the White House Restaurant on the far walk. There was a group of men standing about him and Tom Blaine's long jaws were grinding out a visibly vehement talk. His arms swung and his big chest rose and fell. There wasn't, Saul Trevick reflected, much wisdom in the man's head and no humor at all. But Blaine's loose lips and deep lungs were made for windy words; and he knew the things that struck home in his neighbors. Blaine saw him and called across the width of the street with a quick arrogance:

"Come over here, Trevick."

Saul Trevick merely shook his head. He turned in at his door and went back through the front partition to the shop. Young Johnny stood stolidly at the cases, setting type with a pursed, unemotional expression. But there was somebody else here, too. Jeff Huntoon stood in the background behind the Washington hand press. He didn't move. He said, "Thank you, Mr. Trevick."

Saul Trevick faintly shook his head at the boy. He went across the shop to his room beyond the rear partition. It was four o'clock, with little light coming down through the central skylight. Saul Trevick lit the lamp and turned on Jeff Huntoon, who had followed.

"Not wise for you to come here, Jeff."

"You're a gentleman, Mr. Trevick. You didn't say anything."

"Maybe I'm a gentleman, Jeff—and maybe I'm taking the easiest way to keep out of trouble."

"Damn this town!" cried Jeff Huntoon.

"Or pity it," observed Saul Trevick quietly. He was watching the recklessness and the pride flame up in Jeff Huntoon. It was what he had seen as well in Lily. They were young and rash and full of life's hot impulses and they didn't understand the mature and brutal reasoning of the world. Jeff was tall and slim, a black-headed youth with a face made for laughter. The touch of southern arrogance was on him, but his lips were solid and his eyes were steady.

"You like that girl, Jeff?"

"What can I do about it?"

SAUL TREVICK removed the shredded fragment of his cigar and studied it with a patient distaste. He dropped it down the vent hole of the stove, and sought his vest for another. He didn't look at Jeff Huntoon; lamplight shone without mercy on the weariness of his face and accented the graying edges of his hair.

"You can fight back—and be hurt for your pains. Or you can lie low and wait for this nonsense to blow over."

"Let them hound me and do nothing about it?" breathed Jeff Huntoon. "Never, Mr. Trevick. Never!"

Saul Trevick's arm made a slow gesture. He stared carefully at Jeff Huntoon; his head faintly shook. "Perhaps you are right," he said, without emotion. "You'll be hurt if you fight back. At your age maybe it's worth the struggle. At my age it's different. You can't do much about people when they've lost their reason."

Jeff Huntoon turned through the back door, saying nothing more. Wind came in, whipping the lamp flame. Saul Trevick walked back to the shop and found Johnny laying a column of type carefully into the page-one form on the make-up table. He seemed thoroughly blind to all things save his slow, painstaking work. Saul Trevick spoke with a degree of sharpness:

"People come to this shop either to get something in the paper or to keep something out of the paper. But whatever you see or hear in this shop—you haven't seen it and you haven't heard it. Understand, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir."

Yet Saul Trevick wasn't quite satisfied. A strange energy pushed his words out of him. "Never betray a confidence. It's the only thing I can teach you. Do you understand, Johnny?"

Johnny said, "Yes, sir," and looked around at Saul Trevick with a faint show of puzzlement. Saul Trevick's lips clenched the cigar stiffly; he pushed back his hat and picked up a composing stick and began to set type at a fast pace. But only half of his mind was on his job. The other half kept digging into the mystery of New Hope with a relentless clarity.

HE FELT the making storm. It was pretty definite to him. The Civil War was ten years in the past, but some of the war's resentment and distrust still lingered—like live embers buried deep in the ashes of an old fire. The few Southerners who had drifted into New Hope understood this perfectly and had been wise enough to hold their opinions in silence. It was Shiras Huntoon, goaded out of discreetness, who now fanned the flame to life again.

There was something additional here, Saul Trevick thought, that New Hope didn't realize. Living on the edge of the prairie, swept by summer's dust and winter's wind, isolated from the East and facing a western wilderness, its people were touched by the wildness and loneliness of the frontier that surrounded them. They had to be a dogged, hard-fibered sort to absorb the shocks of a raw land. But, tied into monotony and the grinding work of the day, there was in them a deep appetite for relief, and relief came to them only in vivid, violent emotional outbursts. The election campaign, the murder trial or the revival meeting gave them their only relaxation from the inflexible discipline of the frontier. It was this deep and intense capacity for strong feeling that Shiras Huntoon had released.

Saul Trevick heard the front bell ring but he went on setting type, his thoughts revolving around and around these people, until he heard Tom Blaine speaking with an arbitrary command. He turned then and saw that a committee waited on him, the flickering gas lights sliding across the dark and disturbed set of each man's cheeks. He said mildly, "How-do, gentlemen," and identified them all.

Tom Blaine could not keep his words pitched low. They rose and sailed across the shop, argumentative, ill-chosen, faintly ranting. "You're going to tell us who the girl was, Saul. We're satisfied she came in here last night."

Saul Trevick bowed his head a moment and ran his free fingers carefully over the type standing in his stick. The report of rain and wind flailed against the deep silence here. When he answered it was with a detached wonder.

"Why should you want to drag a girl's name down the mud of St. Vrain Street?"

Tom Blaine said brusquely: "So we

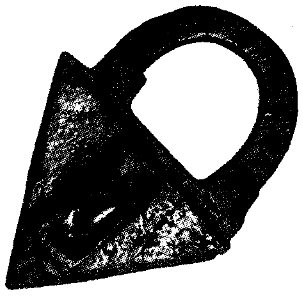
(Continued on page 48)

Locked in the Cradle of the Deep

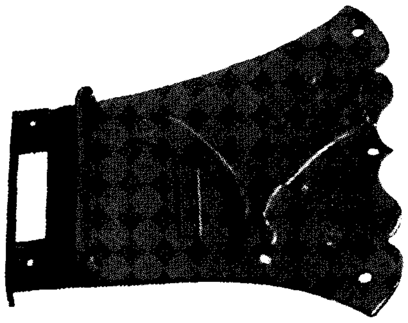
By Kyle Crichton

Take a pile of gold, lock it up in the best safe money can buy, carry it to sea and sink it at an unmarked spot in 360 feet of water—and Charles M. Courtney will get it. Mr. Courtney opened the safes on the Egypt and the Hampshire. He has opened several thousand other safes. His story reads like something out of Jules Verne

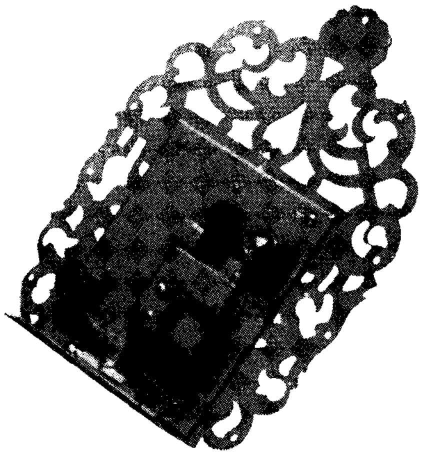
PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



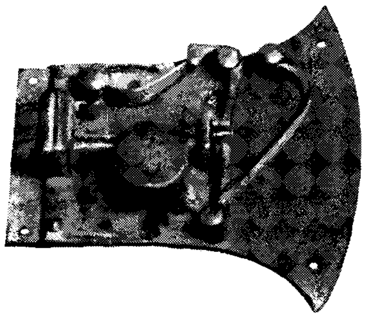
A 14th-century iron padlock left by Turks on a Hungarian palace, an item in the Courtney collection



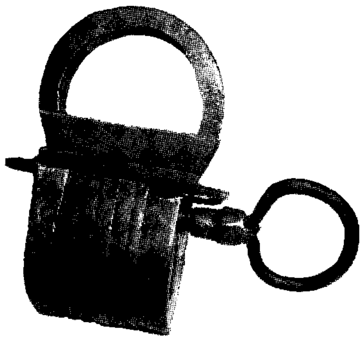
This old French lock of wrought iron once adorned a house in Paris



Ornamental iron lock from a castle in Austria. It was made in 1400



A specimen of early German handicraft—a 15th-century door lock



The personal padlock and key used by Czar Ivan the Terrible

Charles M. Courtney, safe-cracker extraordinary, with a specially designed instrument for examining the mechanism of safe locks

FOUR men stand on the deck of the British cruiser Hampshire off the Orkney Islands. The ship rides at a peculiar angle because it is resting on the bottom of the ocean, three hundred and sixty feet below the surface, with its bow at an angle of twenty-five degrees and its stern buried deep in the ocean floor.

Sixteen years before, the Hampshire had left England on a mission to Russia, carrying a man who even more than the King had symbolized the might of the Empire in the early days of the Marne. Lord Kitchener was going to Petrograd to bolster the morale of the Czar's forces and bring more substantial evidences of regard for England's ally of the East. No sailing of the war was guarded with such secrecy. The Germans, with all their clever spies, were not aware that Kitchener was to be on the Hampshire. And here it was on the bottom of the ocean, sunk by a mine with all hands lost.

But more practical affairs are being attended to now. The Hampshire is being salvaged for the gold known to be on it. And there are angles even to salvaging. You can hire many men as divers, but there remains the task of opening the vaults, safes and chests under water or when they have been raised to the deck of the salvaging boat. In the case of the Hampshire there is no possibility of bringing the safes aloft. They have to be opened under water. Charles M. Courtney, the locksmith of 125th Street, New York City, is along for that purpose.

Courtney and the three other divers work steadily and furiously. They are hunting for the strong-room and decide to open a watertight compartment close to the captain's cabin. Pulling with all their strength, they can't budge it. They unloosen the dogs and still the door will not open. There is obviously a vacuum causing a suction against the door. Then Courtney calls for a chain and tackle, which they attach to the door. Gradually they begin taking up the slack and then tugging at the door. Suddenly it bursts open and water rushes into the compartment. The submarine lights of the divers disclose two officers sitting in their chairs as they have been doing for sixteen years. As the water comes in the officers arise from their chairs in a stately fashion and float to the door and disappear before the amazed divers.

"That will be enough for today," says Courtney, speaking in his tube to the captain on the salvaging boat above. "Pull us up."

It is all a far cry from the little shop on West 125th Street in New York, but it has been Courtney's life for many years. One day he is dashing out to open a door for a lady on Riverside Drive who has been dumb enough to lock herself out, and the next he will either be working on a safe for a corporation in Kansas City or rescuing a worker who has been trapped in a cold-storage vault.

As a general thing, people who go around picking locks and cracking safes have to answer to the Justice of the Peace, but Courtney has suffered nothing worse than a fine living and the attention of persons in all parts of the world who have locked something up and are pretty sick when they can't get it unlocked.

You Can't Keep Him Out

Simply by looking at a key, Courtney can tell you what it fits. By looking at a lock, he can make a key to fit it. This latter is even more remarkable because manufacturers are making them to one-thousandth of an inch in accuracy and are not very happy when Courtney, with his naked eye and taking it all in as one impression, can look at a lock and then make a key to fit it perfectly.

"What you have to possess first is mechanical ability," says Mr. Courtney, "and after that a sixth sense which allows you to see through a steel wall. Given that combination, it is very easy."

His ability with locks came naturally, but it took an emergency to get him under water the first time. As a young man he was with the marines. In 1909 his outfit was sent to Nicaragua on the U. S. S. Buffalo to do something to President Zelae, who was thumbing his nose at various important gentlemen in Washington. There were about a thousand marines and five hundred sailors on board and when President Zelae didn't stay around to meet them they lingered in the harbor at Corinto for two months, eating canned beans and canned everything else and throwing the empty tins into the harbor. When the Buffalo finally decided to leave, the boat was practically sitting on a mound of empty tin cans. They turned the engines on and the propeller started to throw tin cans all over the harbor. This caused great concern to the junior officers, who were compelled to duck down companionways to keep from getting beaned, not to mention tomatoed, and Courtney was one of the volunteers who

(Continued on page 28)

IT WILL BE THE BEST-LOVED PICTURE OF 1935

METRO·GOLDWYN·MAYER

presents its proudest screen offering!

DAVID COPPERFIELD

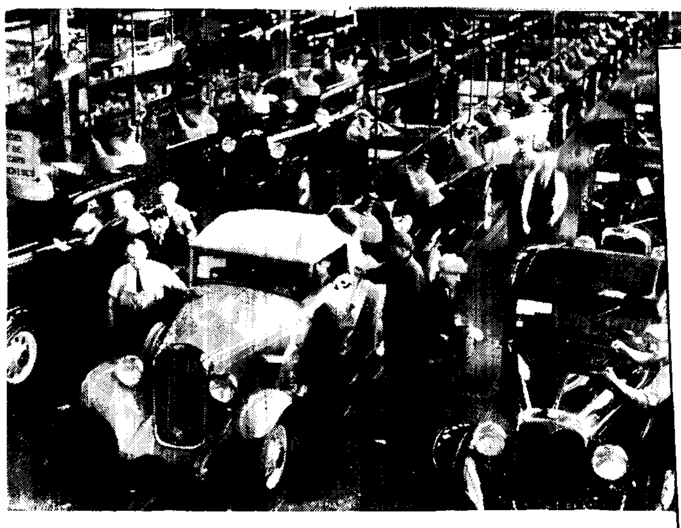
Two years of intensive research before a camera turned. Charles Dickens' immortal novel has been produced with fidelity. Producer David O. Selznick, Director George Cukor (of "Little Women" fame) and Hugh Walpole (who supervised the adaptation) have tirelessly devoted themselves to the task of creating a film story with all the true atmosphere, perfect characterizations, absorbing dramatic points and humorous highlights that have made "David Copperfield" a classic for every generation. Among the sixty-five notable principals in the cast you will see....W. C. Fields as *Mr. Micawber* ...Lionel Barrymore as *Dan Peggotty* ...Madge Evans as *Agnes* ...Maureen O'Sullivan as *Dora* ...Edna May Oliver as *Aunt Betsey* ...Lewis Stone as *Mr. Wickfield* ...Frank Lawton as *David, the Man* ...Freddie Bartholomew as *David, the Boy* ...Elizabeth Allan as *Mrs. Copperfield* ...Roland Young as *Uriah Heep.*

Your favorite theatre will gladly give you details of the date and time of showing of this most important of all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films.

M-G-M Production Staff in England inspects *Aunt Betsey Trotwood's* cottage, faithfully reproduced in every detail on the screen.

"When fine entertainments like 'David Copperfield' are produced, one may truly be grateful for the screen."

***Blunderstone Rookery,* where David was born. Just one of many beloved landmarks that come to life on the screen.**



DETROIT GOT NEWS in busy season. Thousands of new high-speed motors would soon be on the highways. Executives, Engineers, Mechanics welcomed new oil.

(*Above*) DR. RATHER, research engineer, explains the Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process to visiting experts. (*Below*) NEW OIL gets 100,000-mile grueling road test.

Mobilgrease

NATION ACCLAIMS NEW OIL

DETROIT: It suited Automobile Engineers to a "T".

NEW YORK: Sales figures piled up . . . surprised veteran oil men.

THE NATION: Motorists wrote letters, phoned, went out of their way to buy it.

PAULSBORO, N. J. Announcing N Oil Refining Process at 900-A Socony-Vacuum Refinery.

Accurate
Air
Mo

How the new Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process revolutionized oil refining

TO PAULSBORO, small New Jersey oil town, went a special train. Aboard it 70 news-hawks, cameramen, editors, and Socony-Vacuum officials. Through a new refining unit costing more than a million dollars they walked . . . watched the plant in operation . . . listened to Dr. Rather, research engineer, tell about new discovery in oil refining.

DETROIT: Engineers of big auto companies were called upon. Skeptical men whose job is to challenge every new development. They listened, ran tests, and said, "This oil is just what we've been waiting for." "It looks like the answer to our problem."

NOVEMBER 6TH. Magazines, newspapers announced this new kind of oil. What would the public's reaction be?

Mobiloil dealers reported a busy day. Thousands of motorists they had never seen before stopped in to ask for "the new Mobiloil Arctic."

Car owners wrote letters saying, "I'm getting greater mileage . . . easier starting . . . smoother-running motor."

NEW YORK: Sales figures piled up. Veteran oil men were surprised. They had never seen a petroleum product so enthusiastically received.

Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process

This new process dissolves out non-lubricating elements in oil—much as soap and water wash away dirt from your hands. Actually—clean, pure lubricant comes out one way . . . tar, gum, sludge pass out another.

All oil is refined to remove the natural impurities . . . but Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process is a new, more efficient way of doing it. Science proves good oil is made, not found.

Makes Winter Starting Easier

Mobiloil Arctic flows freely in coldest weather, eases motors into action instantly, avoids dangerous "dry" starts.

Yet when it meets the extreme of terrific engine heat, it protects fully . . . does not thin out dangerously. This new oil gives far more mileage than oils made the old way. It is purged of natural impurities which stick rings or valves. It gives the smooth, engine-safe performance you need in Winter.

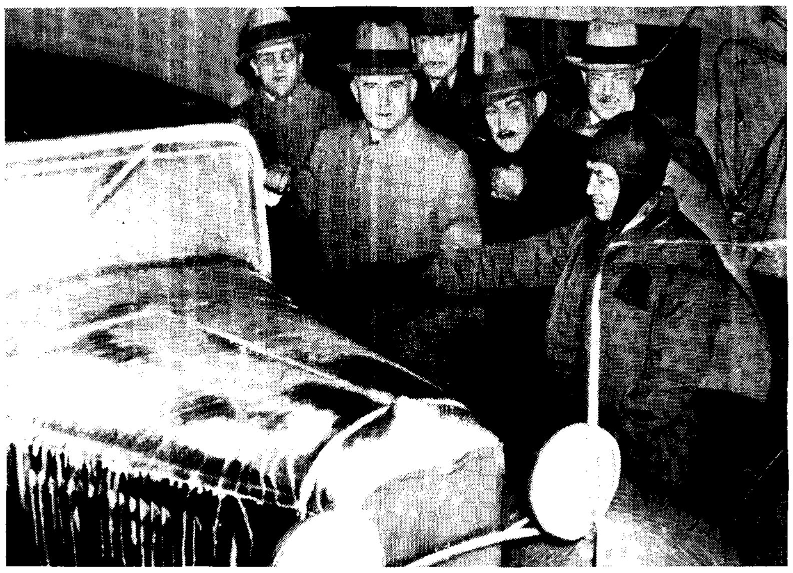
Mobiloil Arctic is now more than ever the world's finest Winter oil. Look for the sign with the Red Gargoyle—or the Flying Red Horse. Then refill with the new Mobiloil Arctic and be on the safe side this Winter.

New Mobiloil Arctic is available in two grades—a 20-W oil, and Mobiloil Arctic Special, a 10-W oil. Your Mobiloil dealer will recommend the proper grade.

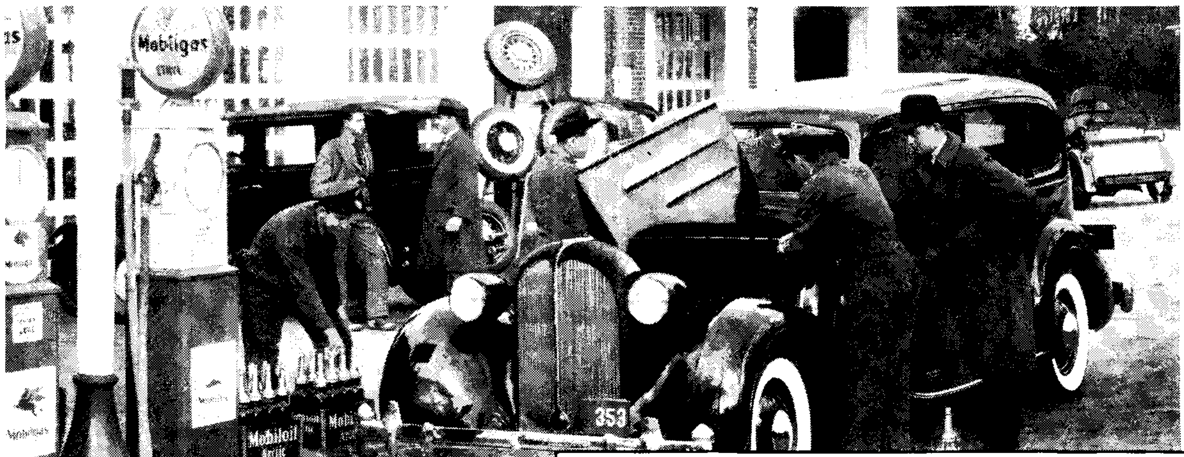
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY,
INCORPORATED

NEWS-MEN, oil experts, editors, automotive engineers clustered at base of giant extractor plant. They heard Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process announced, saw oil refining history in the making. Here was something big . . . vital. They asked questions, made notes . . . wrote . . . phoned . . . wired . . . the news broke to America.

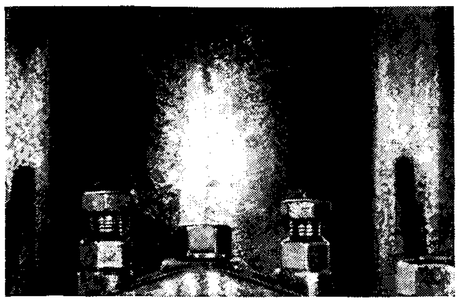
THIS NEW OIL REFINING DISCOVERY was news. The public read in the press—"Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process 'washes' oil free of natural impurities . . . will save motorists millions of dollars."



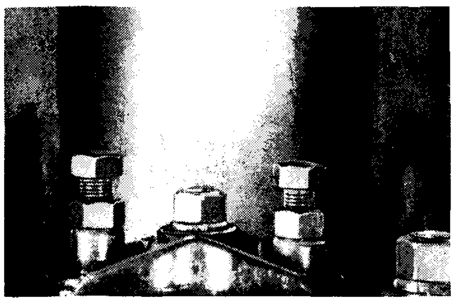
(*Above*) BRRR...EXPERTS witness convincing sub-zero starting tests. (*Below*) CAR OWNERS find Mobiloil Arctic makes starting easier . . . keeps motors running smoothly . . . even on coldest Winter days.



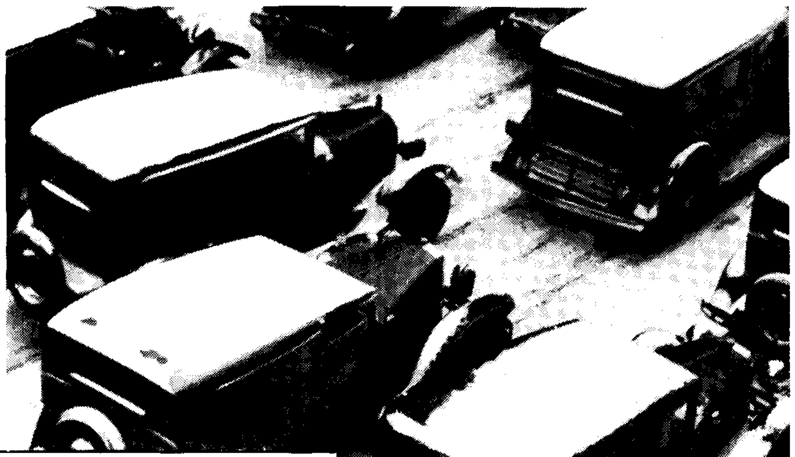
THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS flocked in for the new Mobiloil Arctic. They asked questions. Showed great interest in how it was made . . . what it did. They liked the idea of oil purged of natural tar, gum and sludge. Mobiloil dealers across the country were amazed at the public's great interest in Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process.



ORDINARY OILS leave dirt-choked motor.



NEW MOBILOIL ARCTIC leaves motor clean.



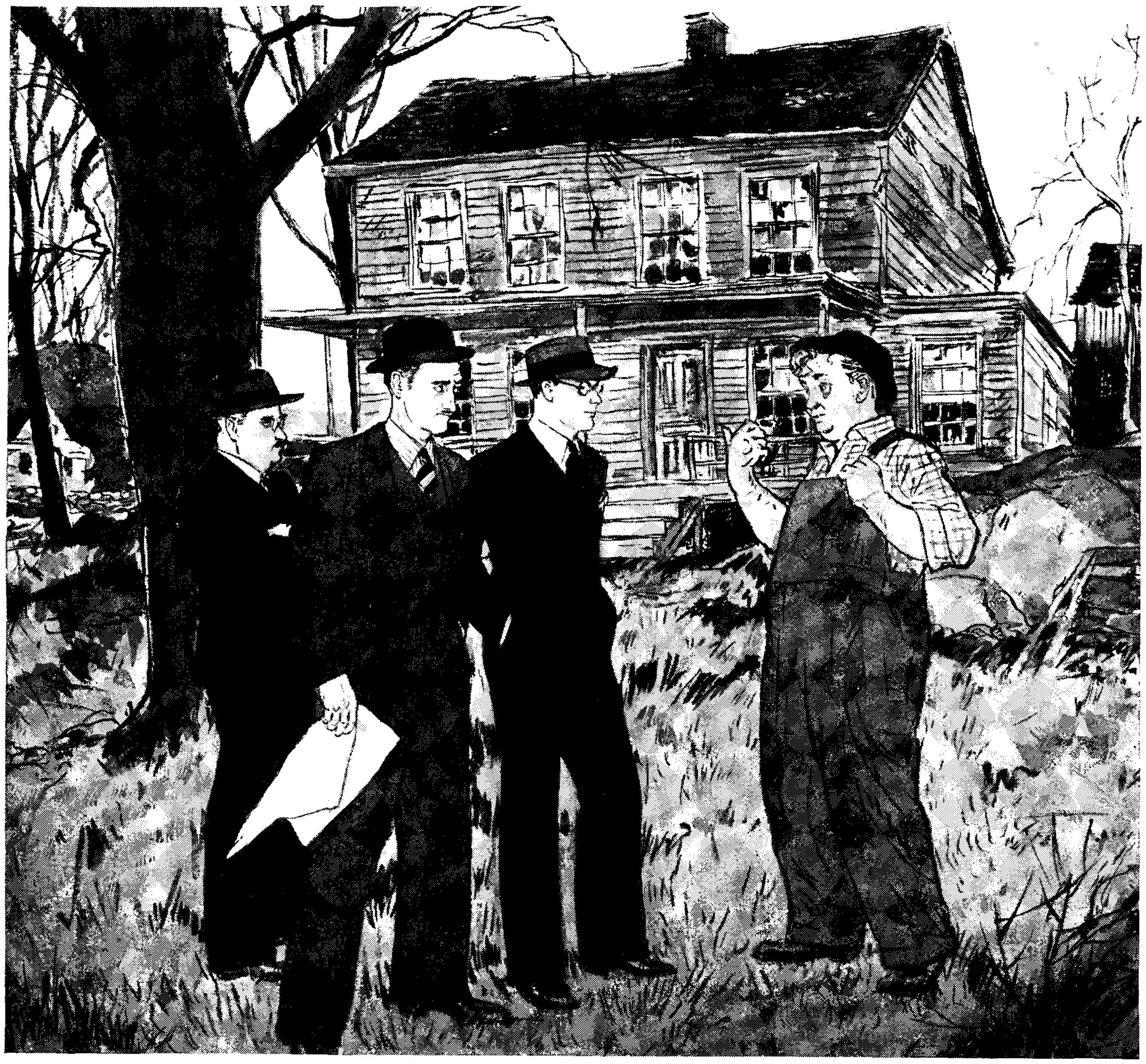
MOBILOIL CW FOR GEARS

Gears need a different oil for Winter. Mobiloil CW is the proper grade to protect your differential and transmission . . . make gear shifting easy. Winter-proof these vital spots. The extra safety is worth it.

Mobiloil Arctic

SOCONY-VACUUM

MADE BY THE NEW SOCONY-VACUUM CLEAROSOL PROCESS



"It was a strange thing," said Lem. "I found an old boot full of gold pieces"

Dangerous Gold

By Thomas McMorrow

Mr. Hildred's ferret finds a gold piece—a story of buried treasure, with some twists that are as modern as the NRA

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

IRISH Sweepstakes tickets, boss?" said the scampish-looking chap who had come from the bar to my table where I sat at lunch. "Two and a half apiece, and every one a hit!"

"No," I said. I don't gamble, and if I wished to he wasn't the agent I'd choose. His gunpowder brows overhung black and furtive eyes in a pinched and dissipated face.

He lingered. "Got any gold money, boss? I'll change it for you. You can't spend it, you know; there's a law. Or two tickets and a half dollar change for a five-dollar gold piece. What do you say?"

Here was an oddity; some new racket. Grist to my story mill.

"I have no gold," I said, "but sit down. Have a drink? Have a bite? See here, Mister—"

"Barney Craffit," he said, seating himself and seizing the menu.

"Mr. Barney Craffit," I said, "I dare say your tickets are faked and you can lose nothing, but I'll take two for a good five-dollar bill if you'll tell me why you would pay a premium for gold."

He snapped his fingers at the waiter. "An old-fashioned, a double porterhouse, Idaho potato, cauliflower and—and you can begin bringing beer! It's a long story, boss."

"I hope you don't choke," I said. . . .

It was back in 1932 [began Barney Craffit], when I was selling these sweeps tickets on the Boston Post Road from here to Bridgeport, that I contacted a country fellow named Lem Hildred.

This Lem Hildred had ferrets that he kept to catch rats and mice and rabbits; that's all he done but he done good at it. He hung out in a lunch wagon right there, between Cos Cob and Norwich, and every time I visited the trade he bought a ticket and gave me a gold piece. A fat and reddish man, with a tooth on each side and dressed in overalls and an undershirt.

Well, when I see him after we go off gold and he wants a ticket, I said, "Take back your gold, Mr. Hildred. Don't you know there is a law? You ask a cop; anybody has gold gets pinched."

"Supposing I tell them I only found it, Barney?" he says.

I think fast. I say, "If you got a witness that this gold was found, Mr. Hildred, that makes a difference."

He looked like a dope and he talked like a dope, slow and tired, through his nose. He said, "And then the bank will change this money for me, hey? Well, if I got to have a witness, I mi's'ell have you."

HE GOT in and we drove out to his house among big rocks on a hill. Under his house he had ferrets and rabbits in boxes.

"It was like this, Barney," he said, putting his feet up on his railing. "One of my ferrets got out; he got away down in a hole in the rocks one day and I was trying to coax him up with a fresh rabbit liver. He come up at last, and darned if he didn't have in his mouth a five-dollar gold piece. So I got me a pick and shovel and I dug down around the rocks. And I found a sight of money, Barney. It was all made in 1878."

"How much is it, Mr. Hildred?" I said.

He went in the house and he brought out an old cowhide boot. I looked in and it was all full up with gold pieces.

"If you are sure the bank will change it for us, Barney," he said, "we will go halves. I wouldn't want them just to grab me and call a cop."

"It will take some diplomacy, Mr. Hildred," I said, "but you can leave that part to me. Do you know who put it there? You said you knew where the ferret got the first piece."

"Yes, Barney. My father's uncle put it there. My father knew it was somewheres and all he ever done was look for it."

"How come this grand-uncle of yourn planted all that money there?"

"They were going to put him in jail, Barney. That's why he come out here to hide on the farm and brought his money. And then they did put him in jail and he died there, and that is why he never come back and hauled up the boot."

"Smart man if he made that money around this burg," I said.

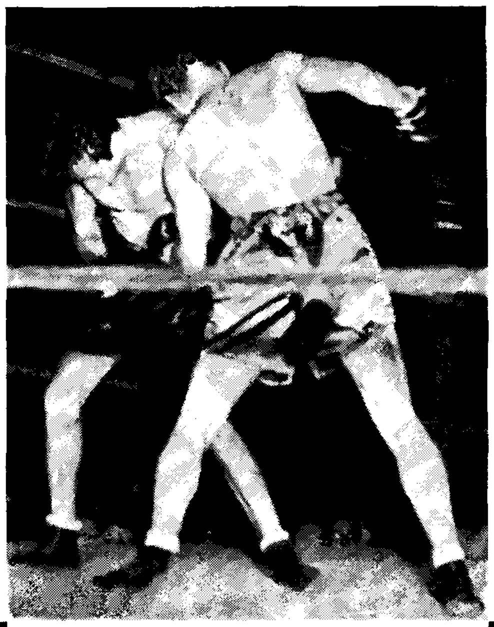
(Continued on page 32)

A Nice Boy

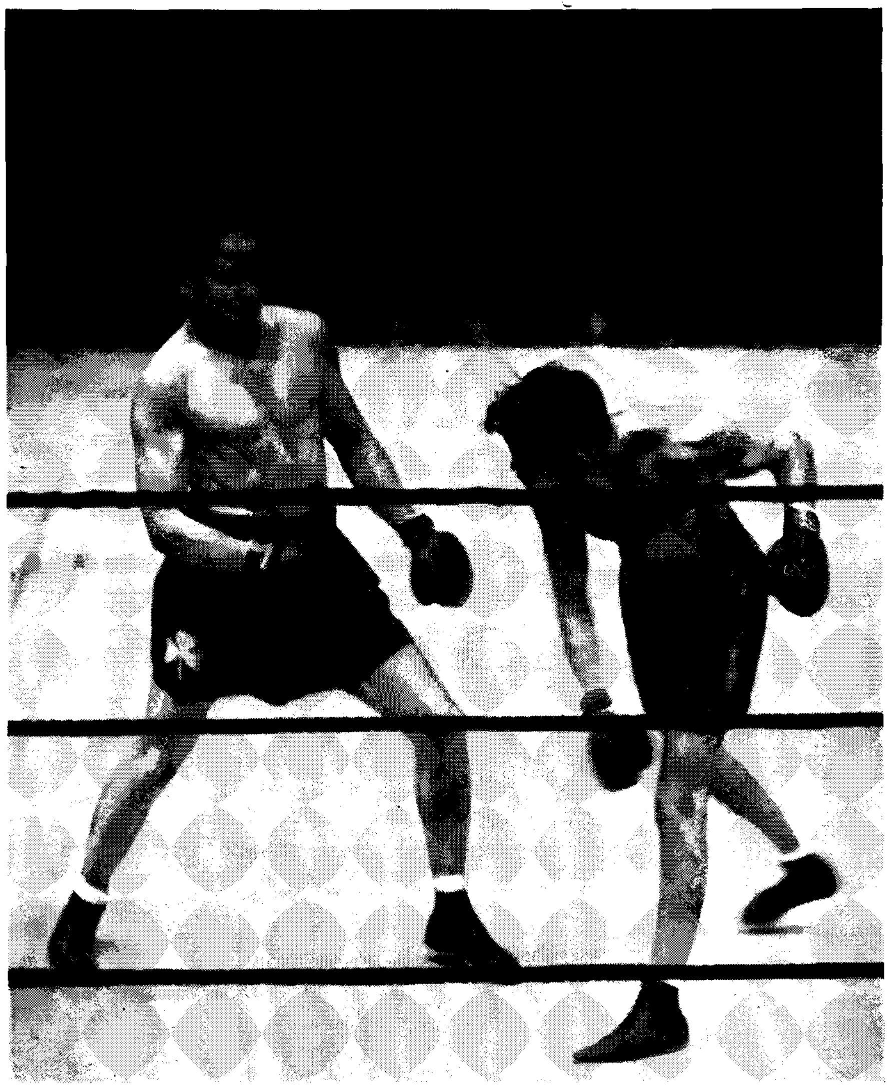
The story of Jimmy McLarnin, who adopted a father and rose to ring fame without any assistance from Horatio Alger

By Quentin Reynolds

Collier's Staff Photographs



The McLarnin-Ross fights were the climax of the Vancouver Irishman's ring career. After making a fortune in his long campaign against the aspirants to the vacated throne of Benny Leonard, he lost his title to Barney Ross in the first fight and is here shown regaining it in the second



THE business of professional boxing is full of evils, but I think the chief trouble with the game is that the people inside the ring are as a rule much more decent than the people outside the ring. Every now and then someone starts a movement to reform boxing, but to date such movements have gained very little headway and the reason is that the reformers have neglected the audiences and concentrated their attention on the boxers, who are, on the whole, a fairly decent lot.

Big fights usually attract heterogeneous crowds and when you buy your ticket you don't know whether you will be rubbing elbows with Marion Davies, the mayor of New York or the guy who is wanted for the murder of that bank clerk in the Bronx. It is true that the first few rows at a big fight are usually peopled with those of the 400-ex-millionaires who can still afford the carfare to the arena; retired alcohol venders and other leading members of our smart set, but when you get to the outer reaches of the audience you are apt to find less tasty mortals.

It was last September that I did some research on this question. Jimmy McLarnin was fighting Barney Ross at the Madison Square Garden Bowl on Long Island and Jimmy and Barney were really fighting, with no respect at all for each other's physiognomy. I wandered to the far distant reaches of the outfield.

On a clear day you could just get a glimpse of the ring with the naked eye. The customers out here couldn't see the fight very well but they were in a grand spot to yell about it. In the eighth round one leather-lunged nitwit rose to his feet to shout encouragement to Ross.

"Kill the Mick!" he bellowed and several of his colleagues took up the cry.

A round or so later McLarnin made his bid and for a time he was all over Barney like a swarm of bees. The leather-lunged nitwit shifted his verbal affections.

"Murder the Jew!" he roared. The leather-lunged nitwit looked like the kind of person who would enter even his own home by means of a window out of force of habit and there were thousands like him there that night yelling homicidal encouragement either to Barney or Jimmy or both. It was then that the bright (well, fairly bright) thought came to me that the chief trouble with boxing was not the boxers but the audience.

I know quite a few boxers and I can't think of one with whom I wouldn't trust my watch—if I had a watch. People think that boxers are a thick-necked, low-browed brutish group of individuals possessed of a very low cunning. Actually boxers as a class are clean-living, law-abiding young men; and although very few of them are intelligent, that is an indictment to which many bankers, postmen, candlemakers and—yes—sports writers are open.

Two of the best fighters of today are the aforementioned Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin. Both of them started life with nothing net and today both are wealthy and, what is more important, both are highly regarded members of the communities in which they live. The story of Jimmy McLarnin is a success story which is slightly different, and here it is.

Bad Boy Makes Good

First of all, Jimmy today is a round-faced, blue-eyed, twenty-six-year-old boy and he is the welterweight champion of the world. He was born among green hills just a few miles from Belfast, which is in you-know-what country. But at the age of two he moved to Vancouver and in the ring he is known as the Vancouver Irishman.

Jimmy did not achieve success through the usual formula as laid down many years ago by Horatio Alger and others who wrote of good boys and bad boys. There was one book called Only An Irish Boy, in which the hero was a mealy-mouthed little brat who was too proud to engage in vulgar street fights and the villain was a dirty, grimy lad who was always throwing stones through windows and hitting his playmates very hard upon the chin.

The bad boy, of course, wound up in a Home for Wayward Boys while the mealy-mouthed little brat eventually became the assistant manager of the local grocery chain store and after rescuing his boss' daughter from the hoofs of a maddened runaway horse asked for and was given her hand in marriage.

Jimmy McLarnin was a bad little boy but he didn't wind up in a Home for Wayward Boys. Well, actually Jimmy wasn't really a bad boy but he did love to fight. When he was eleven years old he was fighting in amateur bouts.

"They weren't really amateur bouts," Jimmy explains. "They called them amateur bouts but they paid us. I remember my first fight well. I got a dollar as my end of the purse."

I'll bet he remembers his first fight well. It was held about three miles outside of town and Jimmy had to walk to the fight club on account of not having any carfare. Now there was a long bridge across which Jimmy had to walk and this bridge scared the daylights out of Jimmy. It wasn't so bad in the afternoon but at night it was very dark and very lonely and Jimmy hated the thought of walking over the bridge alone.

He fought his fight. It was a four-round bout with a boy named Clarence Brown. He was thirteen. Jimmy was only eleven. After the bout Jimmy discovered that he couldn't get paid off until all of the fights were over. But Jimmy had to be home by nine o'clock—or else. So he went to the promoter—his name was Rough House Brown

(Continued on page 43)

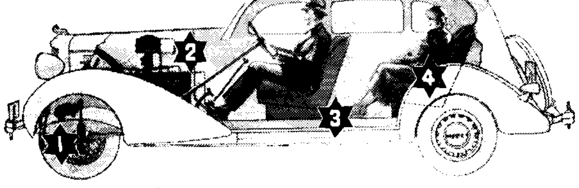
"NO WONDER WE *Couldn't* NEW 1935 DODGE" SAID

New Value
Smart as Tomorrow!

The New-Value Dodge Sedan $735 F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

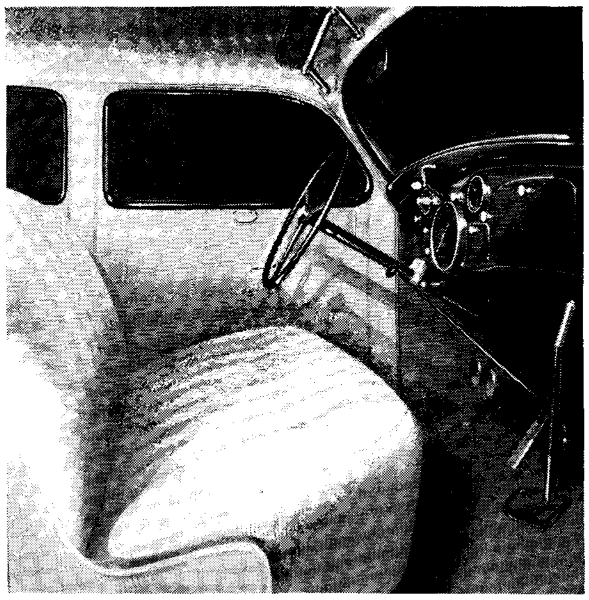
"CHAIR-HEIGHT" SEATS—FRONT AND REAR— a real achievement in riding comfort. By lowering the floor 3½ inches, Dodge engineers have given you the uncramped freedom of "chair-height" seating. Inside and out, in every detail, care and artistry have worked together to give the utmost in appearance, convenience and durability.

NEW *Airglide Ride*



- ① Dodge "level-ator" and new Multi-leaf springs end body roll and side-sway.
- ② "Red Ram" engine moved forward 8 inches to permit new distribution of weight mass.
- ③ Floor lowered 3½ inches to give seats the height of a comfortable living room chair.
- ④ Rear seat moved forward 6 inches. Passenger seated ahead of the axle "shock line."

YOU NOW RIDE CRADLED *BETWEEN* THE AXLES



Guess THE PRICE OF THIS 175 EXPERTS

Amazed that it costs so little—when it has so much luxury and style . . . with sensational "Synchromatic Control" and "Airglide Ride!"

175 experts—buyers, purchasing agents, stylists . . . authorities in engineering, fashion, value—had a pre-view of the new Dodge for 1935.

They were asked to guess its price. *And every one guessed too high!* Some even estimated that this New-Value Dodge would be as much as $200 to $300 above what it actually sells for!

No wonder they couldn't guess correctly. Never before has any car, so low in price, been so smartly designed, so sturdily built with 95 basic advancements that provide new comfort, new economy, new high speed with safety.

"I KNOW VALUE when I see it—and it's no wonder I figured wrong when it came to guessing the price of this new Dodge for 1935," says Karl F. Lueder, of New York, purchasing agent and value expert.

"I FELT SURE the new Dodge for 1935 must be a fairly high-priced car," says Ed Studwell, buyer for one of New York's largest department stores. "I couldn't see how such a fine car could be built for such a low price."

Smart as Tomorrow!

Take a look at this new Dodge. There's smartness in every line, every angle. The new radiator, so gracefully narrow. The new sweep of its flowing outline. The curve and symmetry of its modern fenders.

And that smartness is reflected in every detail, inside and out. The interior plainly speaks refinement and luxury.

Then . . . drive this new Dodge. Enjoy the newest development in driving ease—Synchromatic Control. All major driving operations . . . steering, brakes, shifting, clutch . . . have been co-ordinated, simplified, made easy and effortless!

Have Your First "Airglide Ride"

And you're in for another surprising sensation—the Airglide Ride. It's literally like gliding. Dodge has a steadiness and roadability not even approached before in any motor car. It keeps on an even keel at all times. Hugs the road. Skims smoothly over rough spots. Takes sharp curves safely, even at high speeds.

This undreamed-of riding ease and comfort are possible because Dodge engineers have found the secret of equalized weight distribution on all four wheels—with super-flexible springs to absorb road shocks and the new Dodge "Ride-Levelator" to eliminate sidesway.

And of course Dodge gives you time-tested hydraulic brakes, the safety all-steel body, and patented Floating Power engine mountings—together with the other famous advantages which have made Dodge unequalled in its reputation for rugged, dependable service over the years.

"DAZZLED BY BEAUTY," says Miss Dorris Bishop, buyer and value expert. "I guessed the new 1935 Dodge to be worth hundreds of dollars above its actual price." And she *knows* value!

And What Economy!

The New-Value Dodge is powered with the greatest and most economical engine Dodge has ever built—the Dodge "Red Ram" engine. It's silky smooth, with traditional Dodge dependability. Develops 85 miles an hour and up! And it's built to last, to save you money, no matter how fast you drive. A saving of 15¢ to 20¢ on every dollar you spend for gas is now possible—with even more astonishing oil economy!

Surprising Low Prices!

When you compare Dodge delivered prices against other cars, you'll be surprised—for now Dodge delivers for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

Only the genius of a manufacturing organization such as Dodge—with such complete facilities, with 20 years of experience in building fine motor cars—could create such astounding dollar-for-dollar value!

For hardly more than you'd pay for one of the small cars, you can step up into the big-car class . . . enjoy real style and luxury . . . have the thrill of pride that comes with the ownership of a big, powerful New-Value Dodge!

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION

This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Motors

**$645 and up, F. O. B. Factory, Detroit. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

New-Value DODGE

$645*

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

DELIVERED NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

World's New Dental Story
New facts about teeth and gums and diet

YOUR GUMS CAN STARVE *while you over-eat!*

GUMS grow soft, tender and bleed easily when you fail to give them the *kind* of food they need. Free booklet tells how one diet change lessened gum troubles 83% in study of 341 cases.

* * *

You can eat your fill three times a day, put on weight, actually grow fat—yet starve your teeth and gums! You can be over-fed yet undernourished. And dental health is first to flash the warning of neglect!

This free booklet offers proof from 3½ years of research conducted by Dr. Milton T. Hanke while a member of The Sprague Memorial Institute at the University of Chicago. In 24 fascinating, illustrated pages it gives the substance of the 250-page report to the dental profession.

It tells how 83% of gum troubles were corrected and tooth decay was reduced 57% simply by adding to a well-balanced daily diet *two full-sized glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each.*

The combined juices contain all four of the known protective essentials which help to keep the body youthfully vigorous—vitamins A, B and C, and calcium. They aid digestion and fortify the body's alkaline reserve.

Send for "World's New Dental Story" today. Discuss it with your dentist. You may find you only need additional fresh orange and lemon juice to prevent tooth-and-gum starvation. Mail coupon now.

TWO 8-OZ. GLASSES A DAY, EACH WITH JUICE OF HALF A LEMON, NOW THE RULE

◆

For Richer Juice, Finer Flavor, more soluble solids, ask for

Sunkist
Seedless Navel
Oranges

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Div. 1601, Box 530, Station C
Los Angeles, California

Send the *free* booklets, "World's New Dental Story," and "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

Copyright, 1935, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Locked in the Cradle of the Deep

Continued from page 20

descended in a diving outfit to get the propeller free. That gave him the diving idea and when the salvaging people years later decided that it would be cheaper to bring up the gold in sacks than drag up half the hull, they called him in.

But before going into that, we have to settle this safe-cracking business. For one thing, you'll have to give up your ideas about sensitive fingers and Jimmy Valentine. You can sandpaper your fingers to the point where nothing is left but the wrist, but you can't open a good modern safe with your fingers any more than you can talk it open. The best ones can't be chiseled open or drilled open and many of them are torch-proof as well. And still Courtney gets them open. Without being too technical about it, the secret seems to be that every piece of steel has a soft spot about it somewhere, some spot either in the front or top or back where a drill can force an opening. When that is done, Courtney has instruments, much like a doctor uses to probe your gullet, whereby he can look into the safe and read the combination and work the dial at his leisure.

Down to the Sea

A little thing such as a family locked in a burning building is meat for Mr. Courtney. One morning on his way to work he saw smoke coming from the top floor of an apartment house. He turned in the alarm and then dashed over to the house and started ringing the bells. The people on the top floor were obviously either finished or sleeping soundly through it all. Courtney ran to a restaurant down the street, got a fork and spoon and came back. By breaking off the scoop of the spoon and bending the tines of the fork, he picked the lock and went in to get the suffocated family.

Courtney's first big salvage job was on the British steamer Egypt, which was struck by the French freighter Seine in 1922. Within twenty minutes the Egypt had heeled over and gone to the bottom. Almost a hundred lives were lost and the ship took down $2,000,000 in gold and Indian bank notes with a face value of $28,000,000. The wreck was first located by Japanese salvagers, who tried the job and gave it up. A German crew abandoned the job after considering the depths at which the wreck lay, the difficulty of blasting through the steel plates and the violence of ocean currents in that region. The Italian salvaging vessel Artiglio I of Genoa was blown up by an overcharged depth bomb and only seven of the crew of nineteen survived. The Artiglio II was put on the job and succeeded in blasting away the deck plates guarding the strong room of the Egypt but were unable to open the large steel safes which were built into the ship.

The thing was simple enough to do—if you happened to have a mind like that. Courtney went down and looked at the safes and then came back and made wooden replicas of them. Then the other divers went down and started to work in earnest. Courtney stayed up on the deck of the salvaging boat and marked out where the tumblers of the locks would most likely fall. Through the telephone he gave the divers exact instructions where to drill. When the location of a tumbler was established a wooden peg was driven in to keep it from falling back. After days of painstaking effort all the tumblers were located, the combination was solved and the gold was salvaged. Next to having a mine turning the stuff out, this would seem to be the easiest way of acquiring wealth.

However, it isn't all skittles and beer in the salvaging business. Regardless of where wrecks are found, governments have a way of taking a hunk of the proceeds in taxes. The salvagers make the same discovery that flattens the winners in such ventures as the Irish Sweepstakes—only about half of what glitters in the headlines glitters in the pants pocket. For that reason when they can sneak out and locate a good find and get away with it before the world knows about it, they most assuredly do it. The divers work on a minimum wage and a percentage of the find. But the heartaches are as frequent as the hauls.

After the episode of the Egypt, Mr. Courtney came back to his store in New York and confined himself to furnishing ignition keys for automobile owners, making locks for wives who had taken advantage of the absence of their husbands to fix things in such a definite way that they would realize they were not living there any more, and to constructing strong boxes for wealthy patrons who were not too hopeful of the future and liked to have their gold around where they could look at it of a doleful November evening.

The store was booming and that store is certainly something to see. On any afternoon one may find cars parked two deep in front of it and customers standing before the counters watching the keys being made. Mr. Courtney himself is on the job, an athletic-looking gentleman of forty-four, who once weighed two hundred pounds and was always referred to as "short, stout Mr. Courtney," and who now weighs one hundred and sixty pounds and always has the appearance of going somewhere in haste. When he launched his venture twelve years ago, he had fifty dollars in capital, all that was left to him after being discharged as foreman on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad. He has since built it into a good-sized business. The loss of weight is due to the experiences on the Hampshire which we are going to tell you about. His athletic figure is due to his old experiences as a wrestler and to the fact that in his office in the basement of his store he has a set of flying rings on which he skins the cat and does other things calculated to restrain the bulk.

Having entirely recovered from his work on the Egypt, he was willing to listen to a call to work on the Hampshire. To understand the importance of this salvaging expedition, it must be realized that the Hampshire occupies a special place of sentiment in the eyes of the British. It was the ship on which Kitchener died and its sinking was a mystery that even the Admiralty had not been able to solve.

At the Bottom of the Sea

Courtney began working on the Hampshire in March, 1933. He went down the first time on that day with the other divers, Costello, Weissfeld and Mansfield.

"The waters off the Orkney Islands were unusually calm that day," says Mr. Courtney. "We had lowered the sink plates to test the underwater currents and were waiting in our iron suits, which weighed about nine hundred pounds each. Then we adjusted our respirators and were lowered over the side. At fifty feet everything was grand. I felt happy, there were fish all around and the sun was shining bright. At one hundred feet it began to get dark; at one hundred and fifty feet it was terribly dark and at two hundred feet there was total darkness. It felt as if I were swimming around in a bottle of ink or were locked in a coffin. At the same time it was getting terrifically cold, despite the bulky clothing I was wearing. Also I was beginning to feel the pressure of the water and get the feeling of melancholy which always comes over me at that depth. To give you an idea of how great the weight of water is, I once obeyed a foolish impulse and put my hand out of my suit.

Back to New York

"You can do that with the steel suits because the ends of the arms are like those in a sleeping bag. When I put my hand out it was as if the Empire State building had fallen on it. There are literally tons of water on you at that depth. I pulled my hand back in at once but when I got back on top and looked at it the fingernails were black. They finally fell off entirely and I was six months getting a new set. At two hundred feet it was still dark, at three hundred there was some light and when we reached three hundred and fifty there was light enough to work by. I don't know the scientific explanation for it but the sun seems able to throw a reflection on the sandy bottom in spite of the dark mass of water which intervenes. At that depth my suit seemed to have no weight or bulk at all. I could walk around easily, although clumsily.

"What we saw, however, wasn't pretty. We were aft and we explored below the poop deck. As we walked along we stumbled over skeletons, arms, heads, legs, hands. I was melancholy enough to start with and that wasn't helping it any. Then came the incident of the sealed room and the two officers! Well, we decided to call it a day after that."

The divers entered the ship twenty-six times on seventeen consecutive days. They found that the Hampshire had hit the mine starboard side aft, suffering a jagged hole about twenty-five feet in diameter. On the gun decks each gun was loaded, shells were lying alongside, and the skeletons of gunners were found wrapped around tubular signal devices, making it apparent that they had stood by to the end, possibly thinking they had been attacked by a submarine and hoping to get a last shot at the enemy. The divers were finally obliged to bomb the ship to get entrance to the compartment containing the safes. It was done successfully and when Courtney went down to do his specialty, he found what they had been hunting for—gold.

And then came the last dive. The four men were below standing in front of the safes. After half an hour of work, the water began to move to and fro. Courtney called the captain above and reported the situation. Then the divers began to work themselves out of the hole so they could be pulled up. They found it impossible. The currents and cross-currents were becoming stronger every minute and the men couldn't move. Courtney could hear Costello's report to the captain on deck.

"Catastrophe!" cried Costello and that was the last word heard.

A mass of mud swept toward them and pinned them against the wall of the safes. Their lights went out and the current was picking them up and banging them against the wall.

"First I was pushed hard against the wall," says Mr. Courtney, "and then the current suddenly changed and I was picked up and hurled with such force that I thought my body was being torn apart. I received a terrific smash against my left side. I felt my left wrist break. I then received an overwhelming blow against my right side and could feel the warm blood running down my right leg to my feet, which were very cold. The pain in my side was agonizing. For forty minutes the current held me in that position. Forty minutes—forty years! All at once the rush of water let go and I could feel the tugging of the line. Again in the darkness I made my last great effort to walk toward the entrance and succeeded. I could feel that I was bumping other figures and realized that the other divers had probably been at my side all the time, although I couldn't see them. They pulled us up and got us on deck and out of our suits and then we collapsed. When I came to, twenty-four hours later, I looked in the mirror and found that my hair, which had always been jet-black, had turned completely white. Costello's chest had been crushed and Weissfeld's spine had been severely injured. They both died later."

Courtney returned to his work in New York. He went back to making keys and opening back doors for women who had gone out to empty the garbage and were now isolated on the porch in their nighties. A few months later he caved in and was rushed to the hospital, where he underwent four major operations.

"That," said Mrs. Courtney, "is a divine warning to you to stop monkeying around under water. Do you promise me that you'll never put on one of those iron suits again?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Courtney meekly and with full sincerity.

His intentions were a bit disturbed by a hurry call for his presence in London, where a controversy was raging between the Admiralty and the salvaging company over rights to the Hampshire. After testifying in that, Mr. Courtney flew to the scene of the Hampshire operations and sat on the deck and talked with the divers below. Conditions were ideal, they told him, but they were having a little trouble getting into the vaults. Well, after all, mused Mr. Courtney, just a minute or two might not be so bad. The captain was also showing him the new diving suits, which could stand a pressure of 260 pounds a square inch. Furthermore, the new respirators. You could use the new respirators for two hours and a half and by tapping an emergency respirator you could stay under safely for five hours. It would really be no more harmful than coming down from 125th Street to Times Square by subway. Even less dangerous than during rush hours. So he went down and looked around at things. When he came up he suffered dizzy spells and was put to bed.

"This really is a lesson to me," said Mr. Courtney. "The most I'll do from now on is one flight down into a basement to fix the gas meter. Beyond that, nothing doing."

She Would Rather Not Say

We have no reason to doubt this, but a strange thing happened no more than a month ago. We wanted to ask Mr. Courtney something about the Hampshire and called him on the phone. His secretary answered. Mr. Courtney wasn't at the office, in fact he might not be in for a month or so; he was going on a trip. Abroad? Well, the secretary would rather not say.

"We have it on rather good authority that Mr. Courtney is going over to work on the Lusitania."

"Oh, no," said the secretary and then paused. ". . . At least he isn't ever going down again."

"Even if there should be a safe with a million in gold and Courtney was the only man in the world who could open it?"

The secretary said she would rather not say.

Is a clean, cool, soothing shave worth ¼ of a cent to you?

If it is, we urge you to try Listerine Shaving Cream, made by the makers of Listerine.

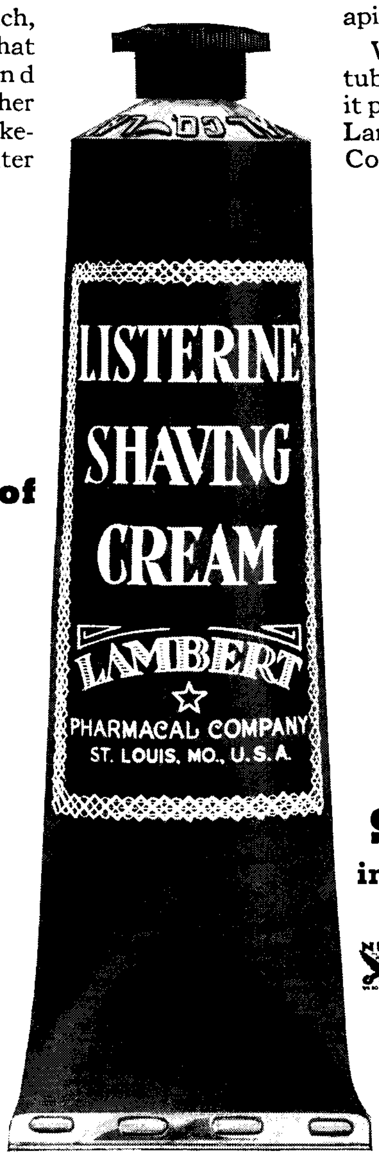
Facing the toughest kind of competition, we did not offer our cream until we were sure it was better. Ten years of experience and testing preceded its production. Into it we put all the quality we knew, and priced it exceptionally low—25¢.

Now men everywhere say it is the biggest value on the market. You will like the same things they like about it—that rich, lasting lather that springs up and *stands up,* whether you use hot, lukewarm, or cold water—the gentle, easy way the razor slides over the face. That comfort is provided by a film of glycerine, nature's oldest balm. Consequently there is no tugging, no pulling, no irritation, no rawness.

You will like that feeling of coolness it gives the skin afterward—a touch of menthol is responsible.

And, of course, no sensible man objects to its economy—104 shaves for 25¢, or about a fourth of a cent apiece.

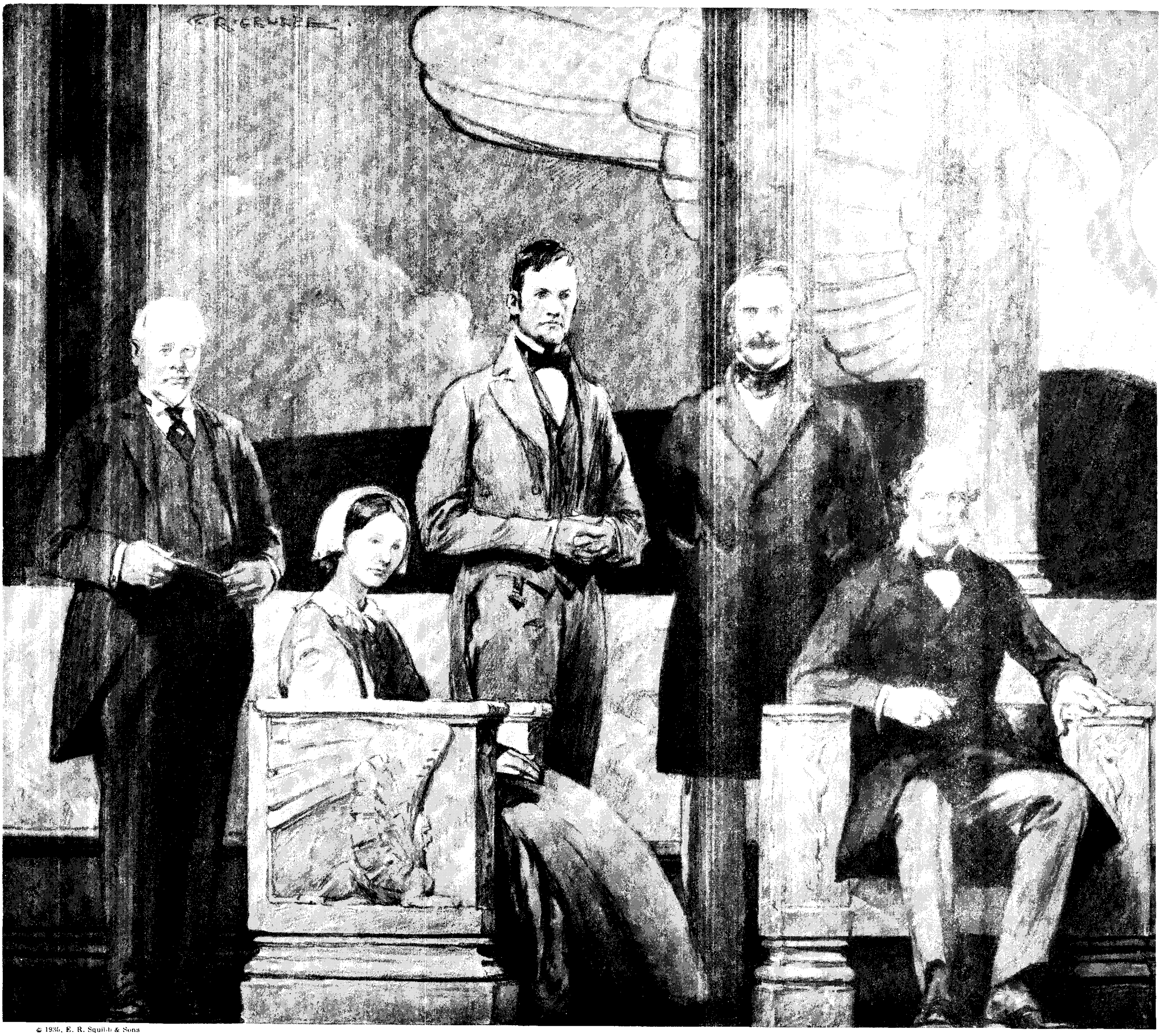
Why not try a tube yourself? Make it prove itself to you. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Actual size of 25¢ tube

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA
direct from its N. Y. Stage
Broadcast by
LISTERINE
announced by
Geraldine Farrar
Complete operas...3 hours
Every Saturday . . . all
NBC stations . . . See
your newspaper
for time

104 SHAVES in the big tube



© 1936, E. R. Squibb & Sons

WELCH—Discoverer, scientist, teacher; a master organizer of research and teaching, who was largely responsible for the systematic development of scientific medicine and its teaching in America.

NIGHTINGALE—Whose life work in hospital reorganization and the creation of systematic training for nurses marked the turning point in the attitude of society toward hospitals and nursing.

LONG—Father of ether anesthesia, most merciful of medical discoveries, which released the surgical patient from operative pain and made possible a refined and deliberate operative technique.

MORTON—Who saw the promise of ether anesthesia and persuaded the surgeon Warren to use it in a clinical demonstration, the starting point of its rapid spread over the civilized world.

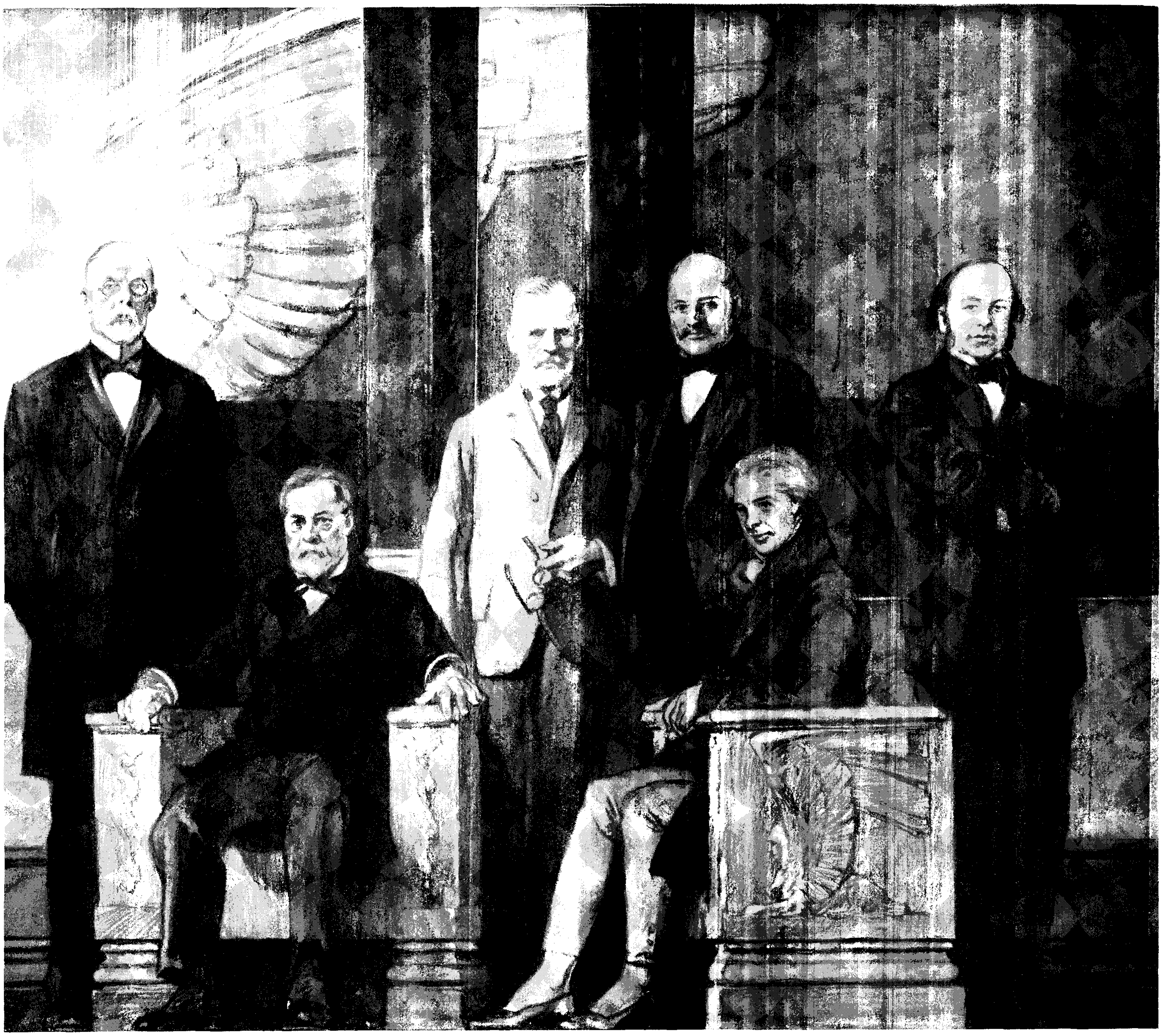
LISTER—Who realized the importa
of Pasteur's work with microbes, and
veloped an antiseptic technique which r
olutionized surgery and overcame an
palling death rate from infection.

THEY SHALL SERV

These are the mighty dead who gave man victory over death. Because of them, we can control diseases that sap and destroy the lives of mankind—smallpox and diphtheria, tuberculosis and typhoid, and many hazards of surgery and childbirth.

Millions who are alive today owe life an
health to these discoverers, and to the gre
army of medical science, of yesterday and
today; the army of which these are but
few of the shining leaders.

Their work shall never be forgotten b



OCH—The discoverer of the m of tuberculosis, who laid foundation of bacteriology and oved beyond all doubt that bac- a could cause disease.

PASTEUR—Whose powers of exact observation and quick deduction enabled us to understand, for the first time, the mysteries of the microbe world.

EHRLICH—Who laid the foundation of the science of immunity and created a powerful chemical remedy for the most insidious and destructive of social diseases.

SEMMELWEIS—Whose work led to recognition of the nature of child-bed fever and of the means to prevent this deadly and formerly prevalent infection.

JENNER—Who showed by experiments of unsurpassed scientific precision that smallpox, one of the greatest scourges of humanity, could be prevented by vaccination.

BERNARD—Who played a great part in the founding of modern experimental physiology; a master of experimental procedure and its interpretation.

MANKIND FOREVER

umanity, to whom they brought inesti- able gifts. The torch of knowledge they assed on will never dim, but burn on righter.

The greatest advances achieved by medical cience have been made in the past seventy-five years. During this three-quarters of a century the House of Squibb has worked in constant service to the medical profession.

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Dangerous Gold

Continued from page 24

"Oh, no, he made it in New York, Barney, and brought it here, like I told you. Yes, he was a smart man at making money."

This Lem Hildred didn't even have the money counted up, because, he said, he couldn't spend it only one piece at a time, and we dumped the boot out onto the porch and counted it up, and it was a little over sixteen thousand dollars. Lem Hildred figured a while and said, "Over eight thousand dollars apiece, as soon as we get it changed; you do that part, hey?"

You can imagine I had other plans than giving eight thousand dollars to such a dope for a little digging. So while I am figuring just how I will take care of the situation I happened to say to him, thinking nothing about it, "What did they put your grand-uncle in jail for, Mr. Hildred?"

"Counterfeiting," he says. "Didn't I tell you he made this money, Barney?"

I could have knocked him down with a feather, I was so mad. I give him one look right from the heart, and I went under the house to the woodpile and got the axe and put a coin on a rock and chopped it in half.

He was right; it wasn't gold at all. It was white inside. So that was the money he was giving me for my good tickets. That's why he could only spend a little at a time. That's why he was willing to go halves if I would get the stuff changed!

I will say, though, it was very good queer. It had the weight, and that is the great thing. You might shove a lead silver dollar, but you can't shove a lead gold dollar, because real gold weighs almost twice. You look it up, like I did, and you will see why they quit making queer gold coins a long time ago.

When I cooled off I said: "Well, Mr. Hildred, there is not any bank going to change this money for you, and that's out. And you will land in the coop sure if you try to spend it one at a time, these days. So what to do? We will have to sell it for scrap, that's what. Well, supposing it is all pure silver, excepting the little wash of gold, we might have two hundred dollars' worth; but try and get it. It has to be a bootleg proposition, see? Now, I know a dealer in scrap silver and gold, and I will see what he will give us. Help me lift it in the car."

"No, Barney," he says, "help me lift it in the house again."

"Why, Mr. Hildred," I said, "don't you trust me?"

"Sure, Barney," he said. "I would trust you with anything, except only money. You make inquiries and I'll make inquiries, and you come back and we'll make a dicker."

Well, I seen my dealer friend next time I was in New York and told him what the situation was and he said he would not handle such hot goods, but if it was seventy-five pounds of silver or so, he might let me have a hundred or a hundred and a quarter top.

WITH that I went and seen my lawyer and asked him. I said: "Supposing some honest people have some queer money, do they own the metal in it, or what? Understand, they only want to scrap it."

He looked it up in his book and he said: "Yes and no, according to Sections 286 and 287. The government can grab it off them, and then it belongs to the government. That is what the law says, and you got to read a law according to just what it says and no more. It is my opinion that it belongs to the honest people before the government grabs it, and it would be bad policy for the government to say they couldn't melt it up for scrap metal, because then they could only shove it. Anyway, that is my argument; let me have a hundred bucks and I will guarantee to win the case."

I seen I had to get another angle, so, when I stopped off at the farm again and we were bartering, I said, "This grand-uncle of yourn, Mr. Hildred, did he leave a family?"

"Sure, Barney," he said. "I got a cousin in New York is the grandson. I see what you mean; that this money belongs to him. No, he don't figure in at all, because he don't know about it. He don't even know about his grandfather making money; it wasn't a thing they talked up very much in his branch of the family. My father thought he would find the money first and settle that part and decide whose it was afterwards. Anyways, he's got plenty and don't need it."

"Got plenty, has he? And you think he don't know this money is queer. Well, it is his money and he ought to have it. So I will look him up when I am in New York next and I will break him the news and he can come and get the stuff."

LEM HILDRED figured to himself and then he said: "And I will write him a letter and tell him the money is not real. Hey, Barney?"

"What do you want to spoil the man's little pleasure for?" I said. "Besides, who said anything about leaving you out? Absolutely you're in, and we should divide a nice piece of change and no measly hundred and a quarter."

His cousin's name was Orvil Brown and he lived in New York. So I told Lem Hildred to fill up the hole again and tie a new rope to the boot and be ready to let it down when we got the customer. He started shoveling, and I hopped in the car and come on to New York. If Orvil Brown had so much money, something could be worked out.

He lived in an old brownstone walk-up, fourth floor rear, over here on West Fifty-first Street. I walked up the three flights and rung the bell, and the gent himself in person opened the door.

You would never know him for one of the family. He is a young fellow, and he is thin and hard-looking, and has hard eyes behind his specs, though he did not look so hard at first.

"My name is Barney Craffit," I said, "and I would like to talk with you on a very important personal matter."

He had his hat on. "I'm on my way to the bank," he said, "if you want to walk along." We went downstairs and up the block.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "did you have a grandfather named Seth Hildred? Ah, you did! And did you also know his sad story?"

"My mother's father," he said, giving me the first hard look, "was a black sheep and ended in jail, where he belonged. His nephew that he hid with on the farm when the law was after him belonged in jail too. Well, what of it?" He was a hard guy, what I mean.

"That's the talk, Mr. Brown! I always say, a man don't amount to much till he's done time. Now, a black sheep grows wool too, don't he? Now, this is it: my own grandpa was your grandpa's cellmate and great pal, as thick as thieves. Your grandpa died in his arms, and before he died he give my grandpa an old map showing where your grandpa hid a large sum in gold."

"That so?" he said, giving me a second hard look.

"Yes," I said, "the idea was a divvy. My grandpa was to have half. Well, the way it happened, when my grandpa got out he got a job away out West and he never did get around to finding your folks. My father neither never traveled much, and I was never in New York neither. The first I heard of this old map was a month ago."

"That was the 'foist' you 'hoid' of it, wuz it, Mr. Craffit?" he says, taking me off. "What part of the West do you come from? I know I look dumb. Now, in the first place, I don't believe you; in the second place, I haven't any money for you to trim me out of; and don't approach me again in any place or I'll give you to a cop."

With that he walks into a bank there on the corner. I looked in the window and, in a minute, there he is looking out at me from across the aisle and signing to a guard with a big pistol. He is sitting behind a window getting ready to deal money, and over his head it says Paying Teller.

What a break! You wouldn't pick such a man out to buy queer money. But never say die; I done some heavy thinking that afternoon and I got another angle.

Unless we wanted to take a hundred and a quarter for our bootful of money as so much junk, we had to shove it on a bank. Well, that meant an inside job. Now, this Orvil Brown was a very wise guy and he needed the money. It was an angle; he might say no, but anyways I could ask, and never say die.

I climbed up to see him after supper that night. In his doorway is standing a very thin girl holding a fat baby and she is talking to a gentleman with a little book and a derby on the back of his head. She is saying: "We are so sorry. I am just back from the hospital with a new baby. Mr. Brown only gets thirty-two dollars a week and he thought he was going to get a raise and got a cut, the banking business is so bad. I don't know what's going to happen."

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Brown," says the gentleman, "and you can tell Mr. Brown. We are going to get our installments or move that furniture out the first of the month. I got a family too, Mrs. Brown, and I am sorry, but business is bad by us too and it is dog eat dog. Hello, baby—hello, ba-bee! He looks like a prize fighter. What is his name?"

"Molly," said Mrs. Brown, "is what we are going to call her."

WHEN he was gone, she looked at me and said, "I am very sorry, sir, but the way things are—"

"You mean the way things were, Mrs. Brown," I said. "Or didn't Mr. Brown tell you about the fortune in gold was left him?"

"Oh, you are the man! Well, I was just saying to Orvil that men think they are so smart, and why couldn't something nice happen to us? He just stepped out; come right in. If he won't take the money, you can leave it with me."

I sat in the parlor, and pretty soon Orvil Brown came in, and he put the eye on me.

"Now, Mr. Brown," I said, "why whistle before you hear the tune? If you are such a wise guy—" I took out the queer five-dollar gold piece I got from Lem Hildred and I slapped it down on the table. "Whether you want to do business or not, there is sixteen thousand dollars in this stuff laying up there on the old farm that I can contact you with. You are inside a bank, and it is the only place you can pass gold these times. Get the idea?"

Well, he got so mad that he picked up the piece, and I was already dodging it when he delayed, lingered and waited. He give the piece a shake and he looked at it and he looked at me and I seen I had him buttonholed anyways.

"Extraordinary," he said. "You wait here."

"We will let Mrs. Brown do the waiting, if you don't mind," I said, "if you are taking my money out with you."

Well, we walked downstairs and around to Ninth Avenue and lockstepped into a jewelry store and he said to the boss, "Hello, Mr. Prager; I would like to use your scales and a glass of water."

This is what he done: He weighed that piece on the scales first; then he tied a thread on it and tied the other end to the arm of the scales and hung the piece in the glass of water, and he weighed it that way. Then he took a pencil and paper and went to figuring up as far as long division.

Then he went and buzzed Mr. Prager, and Mr. Prager looked it up in his book and I heard him say, "It was about six dollars in 1878."

"That's out, Mr. Brown," I said when we got outside. "It might be six dollars in 1878, but it is not six dollars today, because I inquired. Anyways, that is not the deal, and I don't go in a bank looking for a junkman. It is yours to junk, because I asked my lawyer . . . but never mind; what will you give me for over sixteen thousand dollars' worth of this very good queer?"

"I will have to be sure what I can do with it," he said, "so come around Saturday at one o'clock and we will talk business."

I WENT around there Saturday when they were closing up the bank, and he said: "I find I can use the stuff, so I will tell you what the deal will be. In the first place, I have no dough, none at all except my pay envelope, and I would not give you that for your right eye on a fork. But if you will give me a week or so to get rid of it, I will come down with two thousand dollars. That is, if the stuff is all as per sample, and you help prove it's mine."

"You could be in California in a week, Mr. Brown," I said, "and not break any records either. No interest, Mr. Brown! I will gladly trust you for two thousand dollars, or twice as much, if you like, but first you will come down with a hundred and a quarter in good American bank money."

"Then I will have to bring somebody else in," he said.

"That is a risk you got to take, Mr. Brown," I said. "What I will not risk is that hundred and a quarter I can get now."

He got Mr. Prager, and Mr. Prager put his hat on and got in, and we drove out on the Boston Post and, before three o'clock, we turned in between the gate stones of the old Hildred farm.

"Hello, Lem," said Orvil Brown without getting excited.

"Hello, Orvil," said Lem Hildred, opening his eyes. "Hello, Barney."

"Know him?" said Orvil Brown.

"He might," I said, "because everybody knows me on the Boston Post, but I don't know him. But we won't go into that. Now, here is the old map and, by George, there is the big elm tree to begin. This won't be so hard."

I went to the tree and was going to start measuring and figuring, when I looked up the hill, and there was the hole by the rocks, and I seen that Lem Hildred must've got another idea after I stopped watching him shovel.

"It was a strange thing," said Lem Hildred. "A big chipmunk dug a hole up there on the hill, and I found in the hole an old boot full of gold pieces. It's yourn, Orvil; it must be the money your grandpa hid around here long ago. It's there inside the door, and whatever deal Barney made with you is good enough for me. That map don't amount to a hill of beans."

"You don't want to mess with ferrets, Lem," said Orvil Brown, coming back from looking in the hole, "when you got a chipmunk like that. Hire him out for a steam shovel."

They took out the boot and counted up, and Mr. Prager said: "Sixteen thousand, two hundred and thirty. I could almost swear positive, Orvil, so who gets the hundred and a quarter? And let's get back to New York."

"I will take the money," said Lem Hildred. "And there is more coming? Well, I ought to get it all, because I found it, but if it is owings I wouldn't be selfish and Barney can have half."

The fat sucker had me, and I could holler and get hoarse; besides, I had another angle. So I said I would go along, and Orvil Brown lifted the boot into the car and held it in his lap, and I drove them down to the village and they bought a potato sack at the grocery for a nickel. They took the train and I kept going east to shove some tickets.

WHEN I got back to New York, I got busy on the new angle.

I went down to the government's lawyers in the Post Office Building downtown and I seen an assistant and told him I might turn up for him a man who was shoving queer money if they would not do me anything for my part. The assistant said if I wasn't the principal and would turn up the principal and do my best to swear him into jail and help them get the queer, I didn't need to be afraid for what I done.

Well, I was not tangling with any governments if I could help it, and I only wanted what was right, and if Orvil Brown would do right by me I would not put the bite on him; I was just getting the gun loaded.

Meanwhile I was keeping in touch, and calling up the bank and going around to the Browns' night and morning, and one day I walked in and Mrs. Brown almost kissed me.

She said, "Mr. Craffit, what is your first name?"

I said, "Barney."

She said: "Barney is a lovely name, but it wouldn't just do for a girl. But Berenice would be very smart. Oh, Mr. Craffit, everything is turning out lovely. We are moving from this awful neighborhood up to Riverside Drive and it will be so nice for me and Berenice. How can I ever thank you?"

"Leave that to Mr. Brown," I said. And I went out and lammed for the bank. I went in and there was Orvil Brown sitting up on his perch.

I give him an inkling first to get him thinking. "Mr. Brown," I said, "I hear you hit the jackpot with a lead quarter."

"Oh, hello, Craffit," he says, as pleasant as getting too much change, "come in this conference room. There is your thousand dollars, and I only wish it was a million."

"I will take less, Mr. Brown," I said, pouching the check, "but you will have to come bigger than that. I am not taking no measly thousand dollars when you got sixteen and over."

"Well, Mr. Craffit," he said, "if you are hard up, I don't say I wouldn't do a little better, though that is not the deal."

"This is the new deal, Mr. Brown," I said. "You mightn't have hit this jackpot with a lead quarter, but neither was it gold, what I mean. So come down with seven grand more, or eight in all, or I will call a cop."

"You'll what?" he says. "Call all the cops you like!"

"I don't like any cops, and never did," I said, "but I will call one if you try to leave this bank without seeing me. I been to see the government down in the Post Office building and fixed it to turn you up if you don't do what's right; I will ring them up on that phone."

"Listen," he said, getting up. "I'm busy. Amuse yourself."

It was his funeral. I got the government assistant on the wire and I said, "I got that man up here under observation that shoved the queer. Come on up here and grab him."

I went out and stood on the corner and figured the angles, and soon I had another. Even after they put Orvil Brown in the coop, he would still have the money and would want me to be nice.

The assistant bustled out of a cab with one of his detectives and I went up and led them in the bank. "There's your man," I said, putting the finger on Orvil Brown. "Take him in charge."

"Why, hello, Mr. Brown," said the assistant, going up and mitting him. "What's all the shooting about?"

We went in the conference room again and the assistant said: "Mr. Craffit, you have made a natural mistake. Mr. Brown had some counterfeit money and he come down and seen us about it, and we got a ruling letting him sell it for bullion. That is the ruling in this particular case."

"I know all about the law," I said, "but that is not this particular case at all. He shoved that queer and I can prove it. He just give me a check for a thousand for my part—give a look! Now, I happen to know that the stuff wouldn't junk for more than a couple of hundred, because I tried to sell it."

That was a clincher. The assistant looked at the check and he said, "The bullion was only worth a couple of hundred, hey?"

"Absolutely," I said. "And try and get that."

"Were you sure it was counterfeit?"

"I hope to tell you. I cut one of them open and looked."

"And Mr. Brown paid you a thousand for it?"

"And another thousand to his cousin up in the country. Oh, you got this bird dead to rights."

"Mr. Craffit, what did you think Mr. Brown was going to do with it?"

"He was going to shove it, of course. And so he did."

"If he had shoved it, as you say," said the assistant, looking sad, "you would have an out as we agreed, because then he would be the principal. But Mr. Brown did not shove it, and never meant to, but sold it for bullion. You have got yourself in a jam, Mr. Craffit; you are the party who uttered false coins and the principal. You didn't really mean to cash that check, did you? Because if you did, you meant to utter false coins, and we are going to lag you. Atlanta is yawning for you; so take my advice and hand that check back."

"I don't want the money," said Orvil Brown, "but I don't want him to have it now either. I will take it for my worthless cousin, Lem Hildred, up in the country, because he is the one who found it."

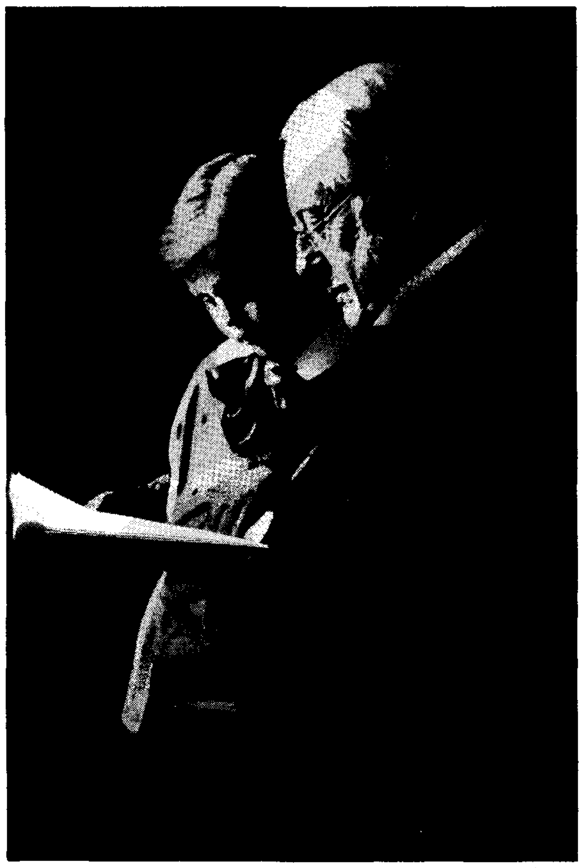
SITTING opposite me in the restaurant, Barney Craffit halted his narrative at this point, shrugged his skimpy shoulders and plunged his red-veined nose into a seidel of beer. He drank the vessel dry, shrugged again, pocketed my fiver and arose, saying, "I got to see a man. So long."

"Here—here!" I protested, rising and overhauling him. "Tell me the rest of that story. How could Orvil Brown have made a lot of money by selling that counterfeit coin for bullion?"

"Platinum!" he growled, pulling his arm free. "Worth six dollars an ounce in 1878; worth more than gold now. There's a fact for your five bucks that cost me—well, figure it out for yourself."

How Good a Parent are You?

What do your children read? Are you as careful of their minds as you are of their bodies? Send to-day for the free book that tells the secret of good reading for children.



The little grandson of the late Dr. Charles W. Eliot is here shown with his illustrious grandfather, editor of the famous Harvard Classics and author of the splendid introduction to the Junior Classics in which he says, "These are the real elements which should enter into the education of every English speaking child."

READ this letter from a mother. It is characteristic of hundreds. "Why can't someone do for children what Dr. Eliot did for adults in the Five-Foot Shelf of Books?" she writes. "My children are hungry for reading. Must they fall a prey to foolish animal books and the Sunday comics?

"Why can't SOMEONE gather together all that is best in children's literature and give it to us in one set of books?"

How many thousands of parents have been faced with the same problem! Now the problem is solved—wonderfully solved—by

THE YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE JUNIOR CLASSICS)

Introduction by Dr. Eliot

Reading Courses by President Neilson of Smith College

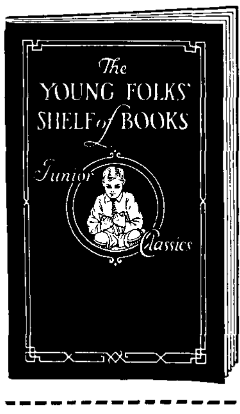
For here are the *great* stories and poems—from "Aladdin," "Robin Hood," and "The Man Without a Country" to "Barbara Frietchie," "The Pied Piper" and "The Eve of Waterloo."

"These," says Dr. Eliot in his splendid introduction, "are the real elements which should enter into the education of every English-speaking child." In these pages your boy and girl meet the great figures of history; here they learn courage from the courageous; truth from the truthful; heroism from the heroic.

You simply *must* find out all there is to know about these books that can mean so much to your children. The interesting Free booklet tells how they may be yours on the easiest of partial payments.

Thousands of parents have thanked us for sending them this book. May we mail you your copy? There's no obligation.

SEND FOR THE FREE BOOK—NOW!



P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Send me, without obligating me in any way, the free book which describes in detail the YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS (Junior Classics). Also please give full particulars as to how I may procure these books by small monthly payments.

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

516-JCO

Name {Mr. / Mrs. ....

Address ....

....

Leave Orders Here

Continued from page 11

hauled away the divan. To divert the astute Ben Bowery before questions and kidding could begin, he said, "Listen—here's a gag for you. Do you know those little stands the neighborhood ice-coal-and-wood Tonys have on the sidewalk at the top of their cellar stairs?"

"With paper and pencil so you can write down your order when Tony's away? Sure. So what?"

"See what you can do with it. You know — neighborhood people leaving memos for Tony or for each other. Maybe a Chink, kicking about coal or wood. Maybe some small boys, kidding —or some kind of detective stunt. I dunno."

"Maybe an Abie's Irish Rose love affair, worked up in notes," said Ben thoughtfully. "Some guy and girl—can't meet at home."

Lester blushed and hastened to say, "Aw, I don't think there's anything in that phase of it. Skip it. I just thought it might give you a hunch."

Ben Bowery saw the blush.

LORETTA was fresh and lovely in a big white fur wrap when she met Lester in the foyer with a shy, "Hello, there. Am I late?" and she was slim and adorable in a Nile-green gown, as she walked with him to their table, which craftily he had requested as far as possible from that of the artists from Beekman Broadcasting.

There were local trivialities to talk about. Soon they were at ease. "I'm awfully sorry about that incident with the wood," she said earnestly. "My father's simply got to learn to control his temper—but you have no idea how much trouble we've had with strangers ringing our doorbell."

"Aw, think nothing of it. I don't blame your father. He'd never laid eyes on me before—"

If the bosom of his dress shirt had been made of tin, the noise would have been deafening, his heart was rapping it so hard. "Gosh, if I'd known what a knockout she really is—I'd have been scared to leave those notes at Tony's," he thought.

Speakers spoke. Waiters came and went. They didn't notice. He learned that she was secretary to the superintendent of a high new building. She learned that he had been in New York only a year, that he had been thrown out of college as a junior for some sophomoric trick with stolen wheelbarrows; that for a brief time he had held the intercollegiate middleweight boxing title.

She learned of his duties at B. B. S.—and felt guilty and ashamed at having suspected him of taking funds that were Flossie Waldron's. She learned that he had been fired, which she said was a shame, but which—in his superb confidence of the moment, he laughed off—although the fact had been gnawing on him steadily and now and then was taking a sharp bite.

Presently she leaned forward and said, "You had a message for me?" and she opened her hand to show the note he had written on Tony's pad.

He got very red. "Yes, the message is that I liked you the instant I saw you —and I've been liking you more ever since."

"Well," she said softly, "I guess I must have liked you, too."

He grinned. He reached into a pocket of his dinner coat and produced notes in her handwriting, pertaining to fireplace wood and to ice. They looked into each other's eyes and smiled, and at that moment Ben Bowery leaned over Lester's shoulder. With a grin and a word of apology to Loretta, and a second startled look of admiration, he turned to Lester and consulted him on some matter pertaining to the program. His gaze darted to those creased, penciled notes.

When he left, Loretta said, "My cousin—he's the boy you saw me with the other night—he's crazy about that Ben Bowery characterization. I'm glad he's gone back to Pittsburgh. He drove us out of our minds, trying to give imitations of Ben Bowery's dialects."

Lester told her of the origin of the Ben Bowery idea, and that his chief regret at leaving Beekman was that he couldn't collaborate with Sid Stein—Ben Bowery—and work the scheme into something really big.

Then they danced. Many times. After the last waltz, she held his hand all the way to their table, and he was calling her "Larry."

Ben Bowery was introduced, and with Flossie Waldron as his stooge-secretary, began his routine. Neither Lester nor Loretta listened. They were finishing arrangements to have dinner together the next evening, when, like a cannon shot, Ben Bowery crashed into their world—in Yiddish dialect—with:

"What rising young radio man—and radio is the fastest, newest business in the world, my friends—what young radio man is conducting an affair of the heart with a beautiful blonde in East Fifty-first Street by the very old-fashioned device of leaving love notes in the hollow of the old oak? Only, in this case, my friends, the old oak is a pad on a box outside a cellar-way, marked, 'Tony, Ice, Coal and Wood! Leave your orders here!' Ha, ha, Hoppy, old boy, old boy! Why the secrecy? What's the matter with using the telephone, or the U. S. Mails?"

Loretta's eyes opened wide, then she fixed Lester with the coldest of looks. "And I was being sorry for you because you had lost your position! Is nothing s-sacred to you beastly professional gossips?"

She caught up purse and gloves and fled the banquet room. He followed, charging between tables like a broken-field runner. She had her wrap by the time he reached the cloakroom. He didn't stop for hat or coat but rushed after her to the canopy where she was getting into a taxi. He darted in and slammed the door. The cab moved off.

HE ARGUED, pleaded, explained: "Loretta! I'm crazy about you. Do you think for one moment I'd do anything to hurt your feelings?"

"How did that awful Bowery man know—if you didn't tell?"

Patiently he said, "I do furnish most of his material, I will admit—and today I did call his attention to those Tony stands as a chance for a gag—"

"A gag. Yes, a gag. That's all it meant to you. Just a joke."

"Listen, Larry—Sid Stein—that's Ben Bowery—blundered on that, by accident. He may have seen the notes when he came to our table. And I can assure you it was stupid—but he only made up that crack thinking to please us."

"Other people may be pleased at being mentioned in gossip columns and things like that—but I am not." She looked directly at him. "I have only myself to blame. I should have known better than to lend myself to anything so clandestine and cheap—"

He groaned: "Oh, my darling—it isn't clandestine and cheap. I am as sincere as though I was introduced to you in your own house by the bishop or the mayor. I—"

The cab stopped at her door. She said, "Let me out, please."

"Larry—I can explain—"

"Please let me out."

He opened the door, got down and put out a hand, but she slipped past. He went to the door with her. As she got out a key, he said miserably, "Larry Brown—if you only knew how rotten I feel—"

She said, her voice muffled, "Well, how do you suppose I feel?" and getting the door unlocked she opened it and slid in and said, "Good night, Mr. Hopkins. Goodby."

There was nothing for Lester to do but go back to the hotel, and to his table. Ben Bowery rushed over with Flossie.

"How'd you like that Tony gag?" he demanded.

Lester looked up: "Ben, if it wasn't that sitting around in electric chairs makes me nervous, I'd cut your head off with the dullest knife I could find!"

Flossie Waldron said, "Why, Lester—where's your girl?"

"Ask this brilliant young comedian."

Instantly contrite, Ben asked, "What is it? What's wrong, Les?"

Lester said, "Oh, nothing. I can't stand the racket here. Excuse me. I'll be out in the lobby."

He went to the hotel writing-room and wrote Loretta a pleading letter. He put his name and the address of Beekman Broadcasting on the flap of the envelope, and mailed it.

THE next day, at noon, he got a special delivery. The envelope contained only his letter, unopened.

Then he got desperate. He called the office where she worked and asked for her. Presently he heard her voice, and before he could plunge into supplication, she said, "I was just going to telephone you."

"Oh, Larry darling—you don't know what that means to me!"

"The message wasn't to be personal," she said, striving to keep all warmth from her tones—and failing. "I just had a long letter from my cousin in Pittsburgh. He is anxious to get in touch with your company. He works for Bromfield Brushes and he's convinced them they should advertise by radio and use Ben Bowery."

"What!"

"He's told them that Ben Bowery is wonderful, and they've already seen the material, for there's a column published every day in a Pittsburgh paper—so they want somebody from Beekman Broadcasting to go to Pittsburgh and discuss terms."

"Larry! Larry darling—and you did this for me?"

"I assure you I had nothing whatsoever to do with it. My cousin seems to think it will be a great feather in his cap to put this over. They make brushes for everything from shaving to mascara, and Mr. Edgar Bromfield is the man to see. Goodby!"

Lester tripped on a rug as he dashed into his boss' office, and he almost landed in his boss' lap. Within ten minutes they were in telephone touch with Mr. Edgar Bromfield and an appointment had been made for a man from the broadcasting company. From the boss' expression when he hung up, Lester could tell he considered the new sponsor as practically signed and delivered.

The boss said, "Oh, by the way, Hopkins. Let's forget about that resignation thing, now that you're taking our interests so seriously. When this contract is signed we'll need your able support for Ben Bowery. I think you can count on an increase in salary after the first—but don't go around buying yachts. It won't be a big boost."

Honest Lester was about to blurt that it was just a lucky break—but thought better of it. He said that work or no, he had an engagement at six that he couldn't break. The boss said, "Very well, but don't forget you've got to take those jug blowers, blues singers and comics to that smoker at Garden City, and be there at eight."

So, at six o'clock, Lester Hopkins again stood at the door of Mr. Brown's brownstone front. He was oblivious to everything but that he must see Larry, and soon. He had thrown his hat and coat at himself with his usual carelessness, and in his high spirits he played on the doorbell the rhythm of There's Something About a Soldier that Is Fine Fine Fine.

The door flew open. Mr. Brown, in a smoking jacket, glared at him. Lester cried, "YO!" and thrust out his right hand.

Mr. Brown couldn't know that what convulsed Lester's features was nothing more evil than excitement, bonhomie, eagerness, anxiety to introduce himself and become old friends. He thought, "Ha! That same smart aleck that came with the wood—and now he puts up his dukes to me!"

He moved swiftly inside Lester's arms and shot out a left, a right, and another left, before the amazed Lester could smother his attack scientifically. Lester was no professional, but he was far from being a weakling or unversed in the manly art. In the first instant of the clinch he knew he was stronger than Mr. Brown, that he could free himself and knock him for a loop. And then he saw Larry run down the stairs from the drawing-room floor, and pull up, aghast.

He did the quickest thinking of his life. He thought, "I can't knock out her old gent, with her looking on. I can't even let him think I can tie him up. It would break his heart—and spoil everything!"

So, deliberately, he relaxed, and School-Boy Brown, never one to wait for an opening to be advertised on banners, measured him and brought up a left upper-cut that Lester—afterwards—felt should have torn his head off.

LARRY screamed. Lester slid to the floor, against the wall, with ice water in his veins, his muscles macaroni. She rushed forward, thrust her father aside, knelt and held Lester's head in her arms, and smoothed back his hair, and told her father he was a murderer, and to get a doctor, some water, some smelling salts. As her father rushed away for restoratives, she crooned over Lester, and put her lips to his. And Lester opened his eyes and saw her.

"Thanks, sweetheart. Thanks for everything," he murmured.

"Oh, Lester dear—are you all right?"

"Better than that!" He struggled to his feet. He put his arms boldly about her waist and kissed her, and she kissed him back. Just then Mr. Brown ran in with a dripping water tumbler.

Lester said, "Larry—don't you think you should introduce me to your father? It's time he got acquainted with the guy who hopes to be his son-in-law," and he grinned at Mr. Brown and put out his hand.

"So—that's the way of it?" said Mr. Brown. He hesitated, then, as Larry looked on, blushing hotly, he grasped Lester's hand. "But let me tell you one thing, young man—I don't want anyone in this family who leads with his right."

"I didn't lead—" Lester began, then finished, "Yes, sir. I'd be glad if you'd teach me some of the finer points of boxing."

And then Larry led Lester upstairs, no doubt to find out just what he meant by that son-in-law remark.

An Air to the Home

Continued from page 12

in more sophisticated taste not to have all the chairs alike. Four chairs alike in the small dining-room, yes—but not six. Certainly eight or a dozen chairs shouldn't be ranged around the walls as though they were to be shot at dawn. Four or six are enough to give the idea and another four chairs which harmonize may be scattered about hall and living-room.

And now comes the question of what styles and periods of furniture do best by the small house. You may be surprised to hear that the most popular styles of furniture in America today are not those of the various American periods—Early, Colonial, Federal—but English Eighteenth Century. Naturally the decorators have an explanation for this predilection of ours. Albert Bartlett, decorator, digs back into history for it.

"People like it because it's a serviceable and beautiful style, perfectly suited to our lives and needs. The reason it suits us so well is this: Prior to the eighteenth century, fine furniture was designed only for the nobility. Then along came a new class of society, a prosperous, cultured, upper middle class who were building fine new houses for themselves and who wanted beautiful and comfortable furniture with no hint of royalty about it.

"And just at that time, if they didn't discover mahogany! That solved the problem. A group of designers sprang up—Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite—who, consulting with this new aristocracy, designed each needed piece to order. Thus were turned out those exquisite but serviceable pieces, which are the valued antiques of today and the originals from which our good reproductions are painstakingly copied. And another point—this furniture is just the right size for the small house."

How to Create Space

Now we come to those little feats of prestidigitation practiced by all good interior decorators, and especially when they have a small house to deal with—those optical illusions which make a small room look larger, a dark room brighter, a low room higher, a narrow room wider. One of the past masters in this sort of thing is Ross Stewart, who decorated the House of Today at the Chicago World's Fair, that dream in white and mirrors. Here are some of the tricks which never fail to astound his audiences.

To give a sense of space keep the middle of the room clear, ranging the furniture around the walls. Neither furniture nor rugs should ever be placed cater-cornered, any more than a picture should be hung crooked. It makes a room look drunk and disorderly. Parallel or at right angles to the wall is the rule for the large pieces, with the possible exception of a round table, a kidney desk or dressing-table, which may go crosswise in a corner. But no sofas across corners and no rugs any way but parallel to the walls and themselves.

There's nothing like mirrors for creating optical illusions. Use mirrors everywhere you possibly can—a mirror mantel, mirror screens, mirrors on doors, as valances, as friezes, as wall panels, over mantels, etc.

Don't let the room squat disconsolately on the floor. Lift it up by furnishing the walls as well as the floor. Amateurs are apt to furnish a room all on one level, the furniture all about the same height. Raise it, attract the eye outward, by giving it a grandfather's clock, a screen, a pair of pedestals, bookcases, pictures, mirrors. This must not be done haphazardly but with certain laws in mind. The decorations on the walls must be grouped in relation to the furniture on the floor. Let's take the sofa group. The middle line of any group should be either the highest or the lowest point in that group. If you hang a picture over the sofa you immediately make the middle line of that group its highest point. That's all right. On the other hand, if you place a pedestal at each end of the couch, omitting the picture, you make the middle line of that group its lowest point—still all right. The outline described by the group should be either a down-curving line or an up-curving line. Take your choice but don't place things higgledy-piggledy, for that only leads to confusion and a sense of being in a cramped and slightly lunatic place from which it is our one desire to escape into the great open spaces.

Mixing Colors

A confusion of colors and designs will make a room look cluttered and therefore smaller. Keep it quiet—plain walls or a cloudy design in the wallpaper, not too much design anywhere, no bold chintzes, no brazen nowhere-near-Oriental rugs, no mixing of many colors. On entering one should be conscious of but two colors, and those not used in the same proportions. One color should predominate, occupying the largest area (say the walls); a second color which harmonizes should be used in less but still important quantities—say the draperies and a sofa; and a third color should be used as an accent.

Strong colors should not be used on large areas, but the smaller the area, the more intense may the color be. You may use scarlet for a cushion but not for a whole wall. Echo your major colors in small objects—if you have a red sofa, have a red lamp or red book bindings. If there's a lot of red on one side of a room, introduce a little red on the other. Get some of the color that is in your curtains into the room—a blue from the chintz in a blue corduroy chair. The floor should be the darkest area, the walls next, and the ceiling the lightest unless the ceiling is too high, making the room look small, in which case the ceiling may be painted a darker color, even black in the hands of an expert. All this balance and harmony and arrangement of color is not only good decorating procedure anywhere, but is absolutely essential in a small room if it is to have an air of calm and assurance.

Too many pieces of furniture in dark wood, such as walnut or mahogany, tend to make a room look heavy and small. It is well to mix in a few painted, draped or upholstered pieces. Fine pieces of painted furniture may be mixed with mahogany because both are delicate in feeling, but painted furniture should not be mixed with oak; nor, for that matter, mahogany with oak, nor satinwood with oak. They're too different in temperament.

Any small house that observes all the rules set out here would certainly be well on its way to being a house that knows how to make the most of itself. If husbands will only borrow the money, on the government's new terms, to build the houses, it will give a lot of wives a chance to run themselves ragged furnishing them—and more than that no woman could ask.

NEW ROUND TRIP FARE TO EUROPE! $110

NOW you *can* go to Europe! No money-alibis or worries this time. Until next April 30, Cunard White Star offers round-trip accommodations in Tourist Class and Third Class for 1⅓ the one way fare. Use the Cunard White Star Deferred Payment Plan (in cooperation with Morris Plan). It means a Third Class round-trip fare for as little as $24 down and 11 payments of $9 per month. Excursion rates allow two full weeks in Europe.

Deferred Payments apply to all Cunard White Star Services regardless of price or class, and include Sunshine Cruises of the GEORGIC and BRITANNIC to the West Indies and South America, AQUITANIA and SAMARIA to the Mediterranean, CARINTHIA weekly service to Nassau in the Bahamas.

25% down and a year to pay. That means more cash for the trip—little things that make "going on a budget" the difference between just going and going *right!* Deferred Payments have clicked with thousands of satisfied users. Why not follow their example, and take your long-deferred trip now. Consult your local agent, or mail this coupon today.

CUNARD WHITE STAR
25 Broadway, New York

25% DOWN

A YEAR TO PAY. MAIL COUPON FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON DEFERRED PAYMENT PLAN.

Cunard White Star Limited
25 Broadway, New York

I am interested in Deferred Payment Plan for trip or cruise to

....

Name..........................

Address.......................

....

D

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 13

said at last. "I can't go up and testify against these men. You know why. If I let it be known that I'm here, that's the finish of me. But that would be all right. Only, what court, that we got, would believe me against them?"

Bill Roper said, "There isn't anything you can do, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, there is. There's one thing I can do. I'll have to kind of bide my time and make it sure; but—I'm going to get me these three men."

"No, you ain't," Bill Roper said. "We're going to go at this thing a different way."

"What different way is there to go? I know how you feel, Bill—like as if you wanted 'em yourself; but you're young, and you got a future, and you got a girl. It's different with me. You and Lew Gordon go on your way—I'll go mine."

"Trouble with you," Bill Roper said, "you're figuring these three men as just three men. They ain't. They got the biggest string of tough outfits in the country, and they spread all the way from the Rio Grande to the Rosebud, and beyond. We got to bust up the whole works, if we want to get any place."

Dry Camp shrugged. "That's no job for a couple of outlaw punchers, Bill. And it ain't work for you and Lew Gordon, neither. You got to fight fire with fire. Lew Gordon won't do that. King-Gordon could be twice as strong as Thorpe, and Thorpe would hold the whole works off with one hand."

"It's different now."

"How is it different?"

"I'm the King half of King-Gordon," Roper said.

Dry Camp was silent for several minutes. "What you aim to do?"

"I aim to start in Texas, where Cleve Tanner runs Thorpe's breeding outfits in the Big Bend; I aim to tie into him piece by piece, till Ben Thorpe is smashed out of the West."

"Lew Gordon will never stand for—"

"Then, by God, King-Gordon has come to its split-up!"

SILENCE again before Dry Camp said:

"And I suppose I'm expected to just kind of stand aside and stay out of it and see how you work it out, huh? Well, I won't do it, Bill."

"You're in this, Dry Camp."

"How am I in it?"

"I've got to have me an outfit. It's got to be made up of boys that aren't afraid of Ben Thorpe or all hell; boys that haven't got anything more to lose. I'll need near fifty men. But to start off with I want Lee Harnish and Tex Daniels and Tex Long; Nate Liggett—Dave Shannon—"

"Wow!" said Dry Camp.

"What's the matter?"

"You get those four or five in the same bunch, they'll eat each other alive."

"That's the kind I want," Bill Roper said. "I want a wild bunch such as the West has never seen before."

"And me—what am I supposed to do?"

"You—you're heading south. You're going back to Texas and you're going to start rounding 'em in."

"What you offering these boys?"

"Horses and grub, and what other stuff we'll need. Not another damned thing. I'll see you again before you go; we'll know by then whether King-Gordon is making this fight, or if I split off on my own."

"Are you sure you want to do this, Bill?"

"I know what I want to do."

They sat silent for a long time more.

"All right," Dry Camp said. "I'll go."

In the starlight Bill Roper swung down in front of the little shack which served King-Gordon as a loading-foreman's office at their Ogallala pens. This was the little saddle-cluttered room in which Dusty King and Lew Gordon had come to the decision which brought King-Gordon the Crying Wolf lands—and cost Dusty King his life. Within, four or five lanterns were lit, and here Bill Roper found Lew Gordon sitting alone.

"The sheriff and the United States marshal just left," Gordon said. "You ought to have tried to be here, Bill."

"Anything get done?"

"Well, no; nobody knows anything, beyond what we all guess."

"I just talked to a man," Roper said, "that saw the killing."

Gordon was instantly alert. "Who was it?"

"He's a man that can't come forward, because he's already an outlaw in his own right. But Dusty was killed by Ben Thorpe and Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner, the three working together. Walk Lasham bore down Dusty's gun."

BAD DOG
Frank Owen

"I believe he's mad at us again!"

FRANK OWEN

THEY looked at each other for a long moment. "I figured they hired it done," Gordon said.

"Seems not."

"This man that told you this—we've got to get hold of him; his story has to go to the authorities, Bill."

Roper shook his head. "He'll hang if they lay hands on him. Anyway, nobody would believe him against these three."

Lew Gordon made a gesture at once impatient and weary. "Wherever we turn we hit some snag of lawlessness," he said. "There's too many men afraid to stand forward and face out the law. Seems like nothing is done open and aboveboard any more."

"Never was, since I remember," Roper said.

"I suppose," Gordon said at last, "this is just another case where there isn't anything we can do. But I swear to heaven, Bill, I'll get Ben Thorpe in the end! Somehow I'll find ways to drag him down, some day, if it takes my last cent."

"I've got a couple of ways in mind right now," Roper said. "I'm going on the warpath, Lew."

GORDON had been fiddling with a pencil, and now he threw it on the table in front of him. "We're figuring you to take over the Crying Wolf, Bill. Dusty's half of King-Gordon naturally will stand in your name now: Dusty never paid any attention to any other kin. But the Crying Wolf was where he figured for you to go and work; and there isn't any call to change that now."

"You can count me out of the Crying Wolf, Lew."

"What do you want to do?"

"We're going to branch out a new way," Roper said. "We're going to have a warrior outfit. And I'm its new boss."

"I don't get you."

"We're going to carry the war into the other camp, Lew. For every outfit that Ben Thorpe has grabbed by force of arms, he's going to lose two; for every head that has come into his herds by rustle and raid, two head of his are going to be missing when he makes his roundup count. First thing, I'm going to break Cleve Tanner, down in Texas. After that—"

Lew Gordon looked Bill Roper hard in the eye, smiled a little, and shook his head. His voice was slow and deep, stubbornly emphatic, as a granite cliff is emphatic.

"No. We've never gone outside the law yet, and while I live we never will. We play the straight game always; and if we lose—that's in the hands of things beyond us."

Bill Roper angered. "I know how you feel about it," he said, keeping his voice down. "You swayed Dusty that way always. If you'd looked at it different, the guns would have been out years ago—and it would have been Ben Thorpe that went down. As it is—Dusty King is dead. Now you want me to drift on as we always drifted on, and I'm supposed to forget that Dusty's out there under a pile of stones. Well, I'm not going to play it that way, Gordon."

"While you're with King-Gordon," Lew said slowly, "you'll play it as I say you'll play it."

Their eyes met and held, and Roper knew that he still respected this man. Quiet, peaceful, seeking always the unwarlike way, Lew Gordon was sometimes misunderstood. But Bill Roper knew now, as he had always known, that there was no fear in this man, and no weakness, but only a tremendous, unshakable loyalty to a set of principles for which the plains were perhaps not ready.

"If you want to buy me out," Roper said, "you can do it at your own price. Because I'm going to do exactly what I tell you I'm going to do; I wouldn't run a sneak on you, Lew."

"You figure," Lew Gordon said incredulously, "that you, one youngster on horseback, can smash up Ben Thorpe? You wouldn't last forty seconds longer than a celluloid collar on a dead gambler."

"There'll be a few go with me," Roper said.

"Who?"

"Dry Camp Pierce for one; Lee Harnish, Tex Daniels, Tex Long; in all, maybe fifty men that I think I know where to get."

LEW GORDON looked as if he would explode.

"You're naming the most vicious outlaws on the plains," he said. "If you ever get those men together, it will be the most infernal wild bunch that ever—"

"By God," said Bill Roper, "I'll show you how to clean a range or break a range; I'm telling you I don't care which."

Lew Gordon slapped his hand on the table; it fell with a dull and heavy wallop, but so hard that it seemed the top of the table would split.

"No! No, by God! Not under my brand. Not in a hundred years. . . ."

"Then draw up the terms of the sale."

Lew Gordon studied him, then, "You're all lathered up, Bill," he said. "You're lathered and upset—"

"Am I?"

Gordon made a gesture of futility, for Bill Roper looked as hard and cool as anything he had ever seen. "If you want to split off, I can't stop you," he said at last. "But you're leaving behind you a great opportunity and the beginning of a future any man might envy. You could be a cattle power, some day, in your own right; or governor of a state; or—anything you wanted to be. You're throwing over all that, and—other things. Bill, are you thinking of that?"

"I'm thinking of a man," said Bill. "A man that's dead."

Gordon was silent again, for a long time. He seemed very old, very tired. "Reckon you're man enough to make your own decisions, Bill."

"Thanks, Lew."

"But do me one last favor—will you? Don't decide here and now. Take a couple of days to think it over. It's for your own good. But I'm asking it as a favor to me. . . ."

Bill Roper dropped his eyes and for

a moment or two he hesitated. "I'll take an hour," he decided in compromise. . . .

Bill Roper walked slowly to the Gordons' tall house, on its rise at the edge of the town, and let himself in softly. He wanted desperately to talk to Jody Gordon; but it was nearly midnight and he couldn't make up his mind to wake her.

As it happened, decision was unnecessary. In the fireplace some lengths of cottonwood logs still burned, and before the fire Jody lounged upon a buffalo robe, wide awake. She was stretched full length, her hands clasped behind her head; but as he came into the room she extended both arms to him and smiled.

"You've been a long time."

"I know." He dropped beside her, half raised her in his arms and kissed her lingeringly. Her arms and her lips clung, making it difficult for him to think of the road he had chosen. But presently he sat beside her on the buffalo robe and turned his eyes to the coals.

"There's some stuff we have to talk about, Jody."

"I can think of better things to do with firelight than just talk."

"Jody—King-Gordon is splitting up."

JODY brought herself up on one elbow. "Why, Bill—what do you mean?"

"Dusty's share comes to me, as you know. I—I'm taking it out."

"You're—Bill, you must be loco!"

"Maybe. I'm going against Ben Thorpe."

"But—but—" Jody was at a loss for words.

"Since the trail began, he's stood for everything we're against. Four of the biggest rustling gangs in the country are directly hooked up with him, if it could be proved. He's stopped at nothing, and where he couldn't force his way he's bought his way. But now—he's gone too far."

He glanced at her, and her startled face was very lovely, high-lighted by the little fire. He laced his hands together to stop their shaking. "Tonight I told your father what I'm going to do. My idea is to give Thorpe his own medicine and force it down him until he's finished; a wild bunch of our own, tougher than his, made up of men that hate him to the ground."

"And then—?"

"Raid and counter-raid, and what he's taken, take back! Until his credit busts, and his varmints drop from around him, and he's just one man, so that another man can walk against him with a six-gun, and know that when that's done he's finished for sure. . . ."

"Bill, are you crazy? You can't—you can't—"

His voice was bleak; it could hardly be heard. He was looking at his hands. "We've talked too many years of what couldn't be done, or how. Until now, Dusty's out there tonight, under that stone pile—and still nothing's to be done. I reckon it's my turn to ride now."

"You'd quit King-Gordon—quit Dad—to go on a crazy, wild-bunch raid—"

"There'll be more raids than one. A hundred raids, if I live. Jody, I swear to you, I'll never quit until this thing is done."

"But—all his outfits—his sheriffs, his men—"

"They'll quit, as he breaks. I'm going after Cleve Tanner first, in the Big Bend; and when I'm through with him, Thorpe won't be able to throw a feeder herd on the trail. Then Walk Lasham, in the north, where they're already hurt for the lack of the Crying Wolf—until—"

His words were monotoned, but Jody Gordon, bred and born to the gaunt Texan plains, knew what a wild bunch was, and what it meant to go against Ben Thorpe by his own means. Perhaps in the flicker of the firelight she could see the silent night-riders moving in the starlight, their rifles in their hands; and perhaps for a moment the distant bawling of cattle, which came to them even here, became the voicing of hard-pressed herds, moved on the dead run between dusk and sunrise.

Jody said, "And—what about us?"

"Us?"

"You and me?"

"Jody, I was hoping—I was hoping you'd swing with me."

"What way is there for me to swing with you?"

"This may take a long time; but it won't take forever. Some day all these war clouds will be cleared away. And—if you could see it my way, maybe you'd let me come back to you then."

There seemed to be no breath in Jody's voice. "I'm supposed to wait around and think well of you, while you gang with the wild bunch in a crazy, useless feud that you can't win?"

In the uncertain light of the fire Bill Roper's eyes could not be seen; his face was a mask painted by the embers. He found nothing that he could say.

Suddenly Jody flared up. Her eyes blazed, and her hair streamed back from her face as she sat up, as if she rode in the wind.

"You can't, you can't! I won't let you—it isn't fair, nor right, nor decent—"

"It's what I have to do."

Jody stopped as if she had been struck. When she spoke again her voice was low and even, and so stony hard that he would not have recognized it.

"I don't believe you. I think tomorrow you'll be telling me that all this isn't so. But if you do mean it—if you go on and do as you say—then you and I are through, and I don't want to see you again, or hear your voice. We—we had everything; and you're throwing it all away. . . ."

The firelight caught the glint of her tears, and she turned away, head up, with a toss of her hair so that its brown mist hid her face from him.

Bill didn't say anything. He had turned gray-faced, and he stared into the coals. Presently, as he watched the fire, he saw again a rift of brush, in which a little boy hid like a rabbit; and a gently grinning face that was through with grinning now. He thought of Dry Camp's story: "Seemed like he'd never fall . . ."

Roper got up silently and went out of the house.

LEW GORDON was playing solitaire when Bill Roper got back to the little shack by the loading pens. Roper took off his hat, tossed it aside, and sat down.

"We can just as well figure up the terms of the split."

"What did Jody say?"

"She's quitting me, Lew."

"What the devil else can you expect her to do, if you go on with this wild, stubborn—"

"I couldn't expect anything else."

Lew Gordon looked baffled; obviously he had counted on Jody to turn back Bill Roper.

"You ready to draw up the terms?"

"Hardly seems it can be done in a minute. It'll take a few days to—"

"I'm leaving in the morning. My terms are few and simple. You can work out the details any way that suits yourself."

Once more, as if needing time, Lew Gordon got out the worn tally book and put his glasses on. For a moment or two he thumbed through the dog-eared

(Continued on page 38)

If everyone in this theatre uses Pepsodent Antiseptic (as used in recent tests)

there should be 50% fewer colds!

Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this movie theatre, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

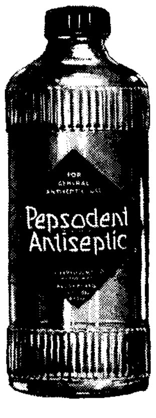
And so, while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded movie theatre, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

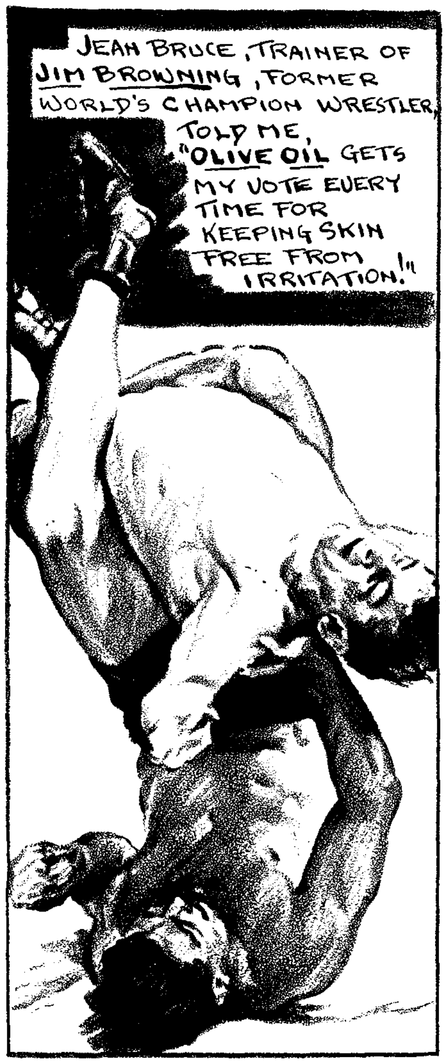
Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than ten seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



THEY TOLD ME *by Oliver*


JEAN BRUCE, TRAINER OF JIM BROWNING, FORMER WORLD'S CHAMPION WRESTLER, TOLD ME, "OLIVE OIL GETS MY VOTE EVERY TIME FOR KEEPING SKIN FREE FROM IRRITATION!"

PUT AN END TO RAZOR RAWNESS

—use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil!

YOU can take it straight from Jean Bruce—he knows what thousands of other trainers, athletes and skin specialists know! It takes olive oil to lick a raw, irritated skin back into shape—make it smooth, supple, fit!

For this very reason, olive oil in just the right amount goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream—to keep *your* face fresh and smooth, free from after-shave irritation!

And this unique formula, including olive oil, explains Palmolive's richer, creamier lather—lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had! Why not get a tube—today?

As the final touch to a perfect shave—use Palmolive After-Shave Talc and Palmolive After-Shave Lotion.

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

(Continued from page 37)

pages. Then abruptly he flung the tally book away and spread his hands on the table before him.

"Let's hear your idea of it."

"I don't figure to take much with me," Roper said. "But there are some things I need. First thing, I want seven of our camps in Texas."

Lew Gordon stared at the table, picked up a pencil, fidgeted with it. "Which ones?"

"I want the Pot Hook camp; and the winter camp of the Three Bar, and the southwest outpost of the old Bar-Circle. I want two of the border camps; Willow Crick will do for one, and the Dry Saddle Crossing will do for the other. I want the new Bull Wagon camp, and the K G horse ranch at Stillwater."

"The brands are going to be terribly mixed up," Gordon said.

"I'm only taking such cattle as are running under odd brands; all our regular brands stay with you. I've placed my camps so that your stock can be worked as before. Except maybe the Pot Hook, and we'll come to some special deal—"

Gordon threw his pencil down. "You're not getting anything out of this that anybody can use," he declared.

"I think I'll know how to use it. Later on I'll send you a list of the northern camps I want; they'll amount to about the same as the ones I want in Texas."

"It sure sounds to me like you're wanting me to buy you out in cash," Gordon said. "And if that's what's in your mind—I can't do it, Bill. There just ain't the money."

"There won't be any trouble about that. In Texas I may need up to fifty thousand dollars; but I don't have to have it now, and I don't have to have it all at once. It'll work out easy enough, Lew."

Even the rough provisional terms that they were noting here provided innumerable complications. In the next few hours, as they worked it out, many a consideration came up that Bill Roper hadn't thought of. It was near morning before Roper left to seek out Dry Camp Pierce.

BILL ROPER headed south shortly after sunrise. He rode a tough buckskin pony and led a raw-boned black pack mule. In his pack and saddle bags were all the equipment and supplies he would need until he got to Bishop's Store, deep on his way. At his thigh was his forty-four six-gun, tied down with rawhide whang; in his saddle boot was the carbine he had used since he was fourteen years old.

Today Dry Camp would be going east by railroad, beginning the long roundabout way which would bring him to Texas long before Bill. With Dry Camp Pierce went letters to the foremen at Willow Creek and the Pot Hook, who knew him already. With these camps as a secure base, Pierce was to begin the missionary work which would lay the foundations for Bill Roper's wild bunch. On the same train with Dry Camp, but not with him, would go certain dispatches which would give Bill Roper temporary credit with Wells-Fargo in the south, until the affairs of King-Gordon could be ultimately settled.

Roper himself took the direct but slow trail because on his way he wished to pick up word of certain men whom perhaps only he could find.

Lew Gordon had shaken hands with him gravely at his departure; an uncomfortable job for Bill, which he was glad to get over with. For all he knew, he would never meet Dusty King's old partner on friendly terms again. Half a dozen of the King-Gordon trail bosses and range foremen had got wind, and come down to the corrals, and he had had to go through the dismal ceremony of taking leave of them all, to the tune of witticisms that fell flat in the mud and there died.

More pestiferous, but shaken loose in the end, were a handful of malcontents from various King-Gordon outfits. In some mysterious way they had got the word that he was taking the war trail, and they rode with him a mile into the prairie, trying to persuade him that they ought to be counted in. He got rid of them all at last, and was able to head south alone.

BUT Jody Gordon—he had not seen her again at all. He was thinking of her now as she had flared up at him the night before, warlike as a little eagle, but very lovely still, with the fire in her eyes; and the tune that he was whistling to his pony was a bitter tune, with cowboy words to it that did no credit to the song-maker's opinion of women.

Watchful always, as he had been taught to be almost before he could walk, his eye habitually caught the placement of distant dots that were grazing cattle or saddle stock; the far-off stir in the brush that was an Indian boy driving a cow; a full mile away, a drifting speck that was a scavenging dog. Thus he knew when, two miles off, a horseman dropped from a lookout just at the crest of a rise; and he knew that the rider had seen him and was moving to intercept his trail.

He thought, "I'll hear from this in between fifteen and twenty minutes."

No turn of events would have surprised him now that Dusty was dead. Since his intent was, evidently, already known, the sing of a bullet past his head was more to be expected than not. He shaped his track over open ground, so that the unknown horseman should have the maximum difficulty in placing himself for a rifle shot from cover.

He did not have as long to wait as he had thought. No more than ten minutes had passed when the unknown rider came dusting around the shoulder of a sand hill and headed toward him at the dead run. Roper turned his horse broadside to the approach and waited. He slouched in his saddle, resting relaxed; but stiffened again as, at the furlong, he perceived the rider's identity.

The rider was Jody Gordon.

She appeared to have taken to the saddle in a hurry, for she wasn't wearing chaps, or anything else she should have been riding in, and her skirt was blowing back from her knees as she pulled up. What distance she had come she had come fast, for her pony's flanks were heaving.

"You sure punish that horse," he said.

"I've got no call to save him. I'm not going any place."

There was a little silence, awkward for Bill Roper, as she sat and looked at him. The lower lids of her eyes were violet, so that he knew she had not slept; but he could not read her faintly smoky eyes. She was more pale than he had ever seen her, and the passivity of her face made her look like a little girl again.

"Sure sorry," he said, "that I didn't get to say goodby to you. Didn't seem like you were any place around."

For a second or two the familiar twinkle seemed about to come into her eyes. "Did you hunt real hard?"

"Well—maybe I didn't. I guess it kind of seemed like we'd already said everything there was to be said."

"Maybe," she said slowly, "*I* didn't say everything I ought to have said."

He waited. After a moment or two he snapped loose the black mule, restless on its lead; it moved forward six lengths and went to grazing.

"I want you to know this," she said. "When you ride out of my life there isn't going to be anything left in it."

"Jody," he said, "are you trying to turn me back now?"

HER only answer was a little hopeless motion of her hands.

"Your father and I put in four hours last night, roughing out the terms of my split from King-Gordon. Think back yourself—did you ever see me turn back from something I figured I ought to do?"

She shook her head, and her face had even less color than before. "What did you say to my father?"

"What did he tell you I said?"

"That I—quit you."

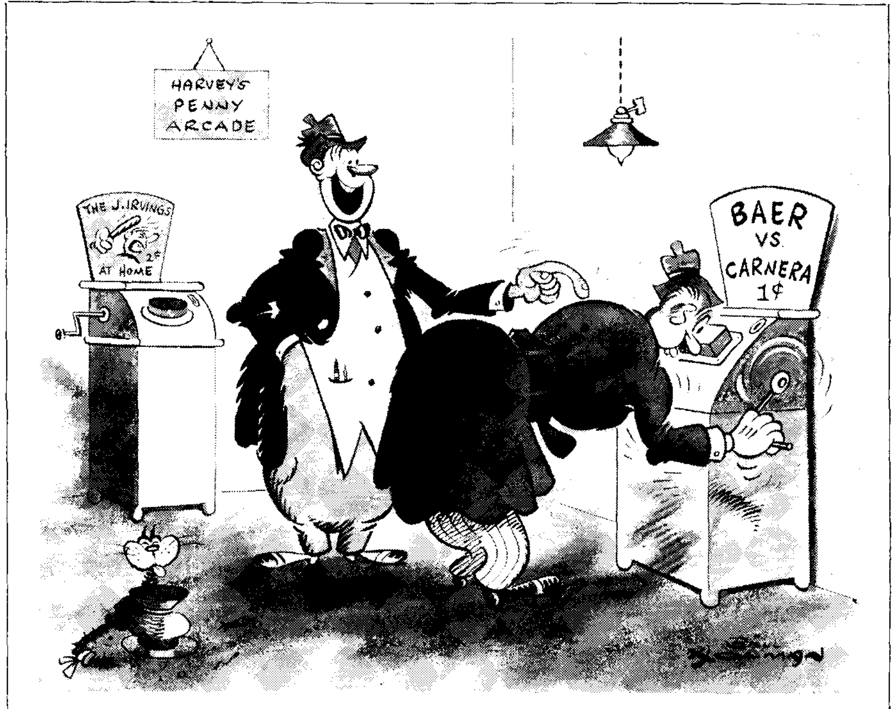
"Well—didn't you?"

"Don't you know," she said crazily, "I wouldn't ever do that?"

He was silent, his eyes on his buckskin gloves as he adjusted his rope, the buckle of his rifle boot.

"I don't care anything about King-Gordon," Jody said. "I don't care whether you stay in King-Gordon, or get out, or where you go, or what you do. I'd go with you if you wanted me to go; and if you don't know that, you don't know anything at all!"

(To be continued next week)



"I'll give you two to one on Baer!"

BILL HOLMAN

Woman of the Family

Continued from page 17

A certain anxious wiliness still invested him over episodes of this sort, so that he always contrived some appointment which would cause him to leave his office about twelve o'clock, having arranged with the honored young woman: "I will look forward to the pleasure of seeing you at such and such a place, at one-fifteen."

This morning he did not depart from this rarely practiced, but five-year-old custom.

He was a poor, wistful adventurer when it came to actual performance, needing help in his enterprise; and when this morning he left his office at midday to go to an appointment in Mincing Lane, he was not perfectly happy with himself. He wondered if this girl would help him as others had done. He feared a little that she was not so easily pleased or impressed. For she was not greedy.

Like all men of his type and condition, he liked a gold-digger; gold-diggers were necessary to him, to his emotional happiness. So his thoughts were almost as innocent and wistful today as a boy's thoughts. There was nothing contemptuous in them. He did not rate Eve Langham too low, but too highly for his confidence or his contentment.

He was not, of course, really going to Mincing Lane. He took a taxicab westward on this cherished occasion.

He made no use of his car, to pick up at the Bond Street jeweler's that gift which he had carefully considered and ordered for his secretary on the same day that this engagement had been made. It was a pretty piece! He looked at it with a satisfaction that overcame this undercurrent of anxiety.

He was early at Ciro's because he wanted to see her come in. The way a girl made an entrance to a place like this, to which she was a stranger, revealed to him a good deal, or he thought it did.

When a girl came to meet one from one's own office, she could, of course, present no sartorial surprise, unless she had bought a new hat on the way to the meeting; which would be a good sign.

This girl had bought a new hat!

His heart rose joyfully. It was queer how important all this was to him. His eye found the new hat at once—a white hat, perfect to wear for one so flawlessly young.

His manner had altered. He was no longer the employer. He was host, and an ardent one.

"WELL, dear," he said, taking her arm, "you're exactly five minutes late, but I see the reason, and it's a good one."

"I'm sorry," she said, smiling, her voice and her look lighter, gayer than they ever were in the office of Marter & Co. "But I thought I'd give myself a birthday present."

"Absolutely right, dear." His hand on her elbow, he guided her to one of the most secluded tables in the gallery. They were not here to be seen; they were here merely to see each other.

"A girl should spend her money," he said, when they were sipping their fiery iced cocktails, "and I like to see her do it. Tell me," he asked, "have you this evening free?"

"I have no evenings free just now, Sir Edgar."

His eyes bulged a little. That was not very pleasing to hear. Did it mean a young man?

"How's that?" he asked.

"I have recently taken an evening job, because of my people."

That was better. He could trust her; what she told him would be true. His god of money whispered in his ear: "That's all to your advantage. You can try to help her."

"How's that?" he asked again. "I thought that you had been going a bit gay lately, and I was pleased about it, dear, except that I would have liked to be your companion."

"I'm working," she assured him.

"Well, well. Typing? Evening work with an author? Reading to an invalid? Something of that kind?"

"It varies," she said, "but the people are very nice and I am glad to have it."

"We'll have to talk about all that," Sir Edgar said. "I like to see a little girl play; I like to see her enjoy herself, especially when she's a thorough little sport like you. You do your job very nicely, dear, and you deserve some sort of reward."

IT WAS unnecessary to follow closely what each said to the other. He was indeed not thinking about the character of her evening work, so long as it did not involve a young lover.

"I have looked forward to this," he said, leaning near her.

"So have I," she answered him with enthusiasm.

"You seemed to be so cold, quiet," he said, touching her hand. "It's a joy to see you warm up. After all, you know, dear, it should be always summer for a pretty girl."

That was a cleverish thing to say; rather subtle. He hoped that she had caught its implication.

"When you're old," he said, "it will be always winter. But that time is not yet for either of us, is it?"

"I hope not!"

He hated being fifty-five. "I wonder how old she really thinks I am?" he thought, and he said smiling: "I know your age. It is one of the things that a secretary tells. And how old should you say I was, Eve?"

The use of her first name for the first time went by easily. It always did.

"Forty?" she queried.

She could guess his age within a year or two, but—poor old Sir Edgar!

"I'm a little over," he admitted.

Though her answer was on the lines that would have been taken by any of the blondes who were her predecessors, he persuaded himself readily to believe it.

"I suppose I am in the prime of life," he said, caressing his gray mustache with stubby fingers that were a trifle nervous. "Not," he said, "that it matters in the case of a man. A pretty woman can make a man young to his dying day. It is only in your sex that extreme youth is an asset, dear.

"You haven't looked a bit expectant all this time," he went on rather archly. "Don't you remember what I promised you?" and now he took out the jeweler's case.

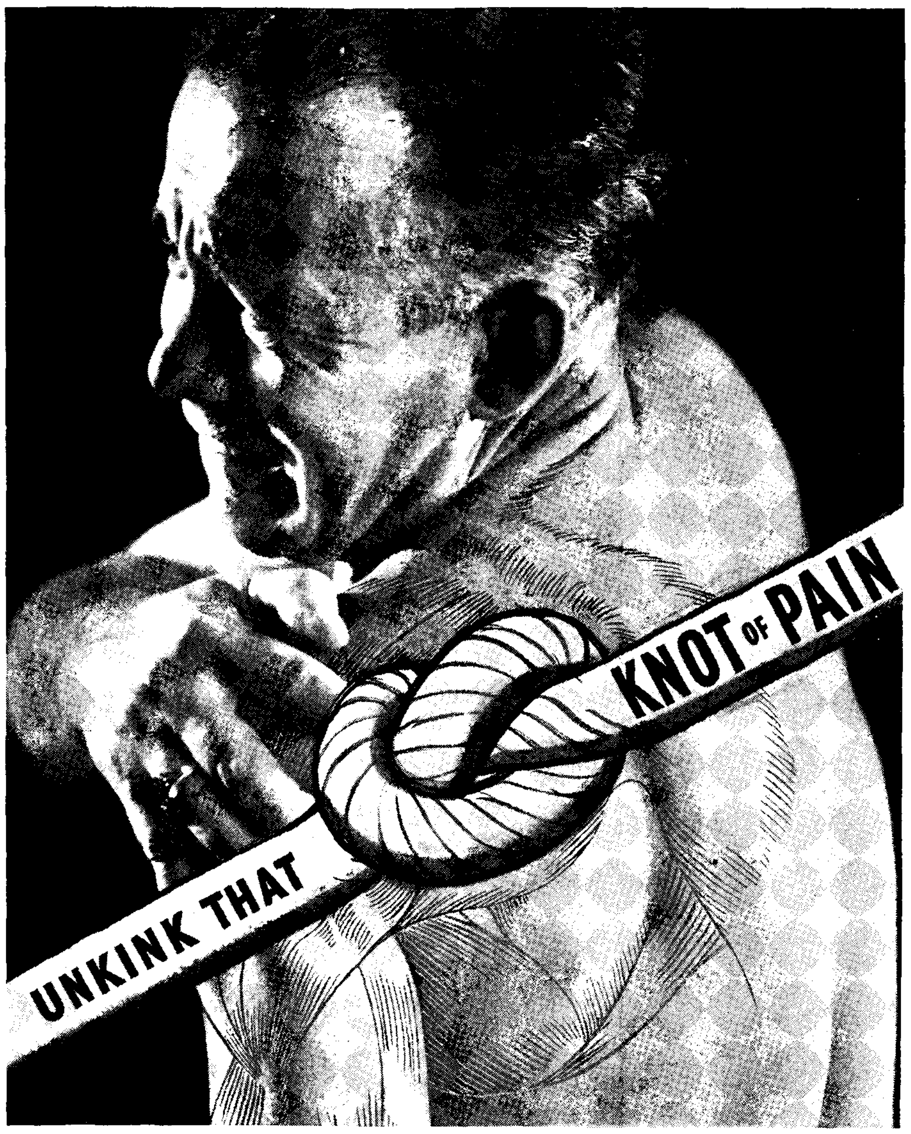
"I hope you will like this," said Marter.

For a moment she was dumb. She was ignorant of the exact value of such a gift—or she would have hesitated to accept it, in spite of the special occasion and her satisfactory knowledge of Sir Edgar Marter.

She knew that it was substantially valuable, and a happy flush stole under her white rose skin. She was stirred and gratified. It meant something—this. It was a little testimonial to personal success, this tribute from a justly exigent employer.

"Sir Edgar!" she breathed, in just the way he expected her to speak. "How

(Continued on page 40)



WITH SOOTHING ABSORBINE JR.

YOU can take the word of athletes—men who *have* to get quick relief from bumps, bruises, pain-knotted muscles. *The way to make that throbbing torture disappear is to rub on Absorbine Jr.*

No matter whether that ache comes from an accident, overexercise or "the weather"—no matter whether it's in the muscles of your arm, your shoulder, your neck, your back or your legs—just massage the throbbing tissues with good old Absorbine Jr., and you can *feel* the delicious warmth sink in and the pain come OUT!

It makes you feel so good, you want to tell the world about it. Is there a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in your home now? There certainly ought to be. You can get it from any druggist—$1.25—it takes so little to get relief that the cost per application is almost too small to figure. Or write for a free sample, addressing W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

RUB AWAY THAT KNOT OF PAIN

THAT COLD I CAUGHT WAS A TOUGH ONE -BUT I KNEW WHAT TO DO FOR IT!

COLDS certainly take the fun out of living—*unless you know what to do about them!*

So take the word of millions who *do know*. They've found from experience that the best way to fight colds is the *direct* way—the Vicks VapoRub way!

Unlike round-about internal dosing methods, VapoRub goes right to work to attack a cold—*two ways at once*.

Direct through the skin, VapoRub acts like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled steadily *direct* to inflamed air-passages. This *long-continued double-medication* loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—and helps break congestion.

To help cut family colds ...follow VICKS PLAN

VapoRub, together with Vicks Va-tro-nol—the clinic-tested aid in *preventing* colds—form the basis of Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. This Plan can help you and your family have *fewer, shorter* colds. (Full details in each Vicks package.)

Just rubbed on at bedtime—VapoRub attacks a cold *immediately* and *directly*—*two ways at once*. Through the night, its medicated vapors and poultice-plaster action bring surer relief!

VICKS VAPORUB

the safe proved way to treat colds

(Continued from page 39)

wonderful. You're terribly kind. It is the most beautiful thing I have ever had."

He cleared a little hoarseness from his throat.

"Let me show you."

The stubby fingers fumbled quite delicately with the ornament. "Like this, you see it is for the *corsage*. Like this, you see, it takes apart and becomes a small spray for your hat and a little brooch. I hope you have a nice evening frock, dear, that will show it up."

He really hoped to hear her say "no." Any of the blondes would have said "no," no matter what the state of her wardrobe.

"I have just got rather a lovely frock, Sir Edgar."

"Can't you really wear it with me one evening soon, dear?"

"Well, truly I only have Sunday evening, just now, Sir Edgar."

Oh, this girl was wonderful, wonderful! She gave one all the right points.

"That's splendid, really," he said. "It gives me a reason for asking you to my little flat. So few amusing places are open in town on Sundays, and in that lovely evening frock of yours I can't very well take you down somewhere on the river, can I?"

She acquiesced.

"You may not know," he said, "that I have a jolly little flat. We live at Wimbledon, you know. Lady Marter prefers it."

So far, so good, he thought.

SHE said the right things again dreamily. Those three words, "jolly little flat," caught happily at her imagination, reminding her of last night's decision. Soon she would have her little flat too. She found Marter so kind and easy that she confided in him:

"Do you know, Sir Edgar, that now I have got an evening job, I am going to have a tiny place of my own too?"

His eyes seemed to bulge a little.

"Oh, fine," he exclaimed. "That is fine. I like a girl to have the reward of her industry, and part of the reward is independence, isn't it, dear?"

"I think so, Sir Edgar."

Looking over the balcony rail, she saw Jonathan Horne come in with his limping gait, and with him, thin and exquisite, a triumph of beautiful line, was Mrs. Louise Poinsetter.

Eve's confidence in her new world shook. But that was stupid. What difference could it make if Jonathan Horne entertained a different beauty—other than herself—every day? "I don't care," she said to herself.

"You're pale," Sir Edgar said observantly. "You're looking quite wan all at once; you need fresh air. Of course, you know you're not going back to the office this afternoon, don't you?"

"Oh! *But!*"

"Neither am I," he crowed, excellently pleased. "It is your birthday. We're both going down to Ranelagh. We'll see some tennis. You can swim if you like, and then, my dear, I shall take you back for a cocktail at that little flat of mine, even if you can't dine with me tonight."

His eyes traveled over her. "You're adorably smart," he said in a quick thick voice; "adorably. I love smartness in women. I'll look forward to Sunday, when you will dine with me, and wear that charming gown you told me about."

IT HAD been delightful at Ranelagh. No qualms had been needed about the office and what they would think of this dual absence, for Sir Edgar informed her, with his chuckle, that, anticipating the probability of this enjoyable afternoon, he had told his manager not to expect him back. He had added, moreover, he said, that Miss Langham had the afternoon off as he did not require her.

While they sat together under the trees, and iced tea and early strawberries were served to them, he offered hints:

"You need never bother your head over little details, dear; believe me, life is arranged very smoothly, very smoothly indeed."

His chuckle was almost roguish. She thought of Sir Edgar in rather a new light—almost cherubic, quite roguish, dear Sir Edgar!

They were driving down St. James' at six-thirty. The car turned into a quiet courtyard and he got out fussily and helped her to alight before the chauffeur could descend.

It certainly occurred to her, as they went up in the lift to the fourth floor, that they had proceeded perhaps a little far from the normal relations of employer and secretary, to which they would have to return with precision next morning. But what did it matter? With her whole world expanding its horizon, expansion must probably embrace Marter & Co., too.

Sir Edgar let her into a flat that, while very small, was the acme of sensible luxury.

There was no sound of any other person there—but, of course, these were service flats, and servants only arrived if rung for.

She went to the window to look out, glimpsing the treetops over distant Carlton House Terrace.

"Make yourself at home, darling," said Marter, behind her.

She turned quickly.

"I will shake you a cocktail in a minute," he said, "but give me a kiss first."

In the flash of an instant she knew two things; one, what was coming; next, that she didn't know how to meet it.

"Sir Edgar . . ."

"Edgar here, if you like, darling. Ted. Call me Ted. I've been crazy about you for quite a time, but I always felt a bit uncertain—afraid you wouldn't—"

The words hesitated; the gesture did not. He grasped her strongly. His arms tightened and tightened; they were iron; he was kissing her.

"Let go, *you beast!*"

Unsophisticated, naïve, silly cry! Naïve, unspeakably silly tactics! But her cry, her resistance, her surprise, her furious repugnance, were so unmistakably genuine that she was free of him in a moment.

He set her free and stood back. She did not need to recoil from him, though recoil she did.

He had been—so she had been thinking—such a different Sir Edgar from the employer of every day; cherubic, chuckling flatterer of a pretty girl! Now that impersonation vanished, and a third Sir Edgar seemed to rise in a lightning flash from the ashes of the other two.

A little purpled, eyes steady and opaque, head thrust a little forward:

"'Beast'?" he almost whispered. "'Beast'?"

SHE hesitated not a moment, because she knew now that no cautions availed, no tactics, no maneuvering. All was over for her with Marter & Co. "Yes, beast. I said 'beast.' You're beastly. . ."

"Beastly?" he echoed. Then—and later she could admire him a little for it; for his crude, plain speaking that gave her a sharp and needed lesson; for his contemptuous spurning of any hedging or apologizing:

"Beastly? You led me on with this birthday talk. Didn't you? My secretaries have had birthdays before! What were you expecting? Think yourself over, my lady! What have we been talking about for five hours? There's a lot I could have done for you, and I'd have done it. I haven't known what to make of you, but the other day I thought I knew. I thought you knew too."

In the quietest of small voices she heard herself saying:

"I didn't think."

The extraordinary feebleness of one's protests!

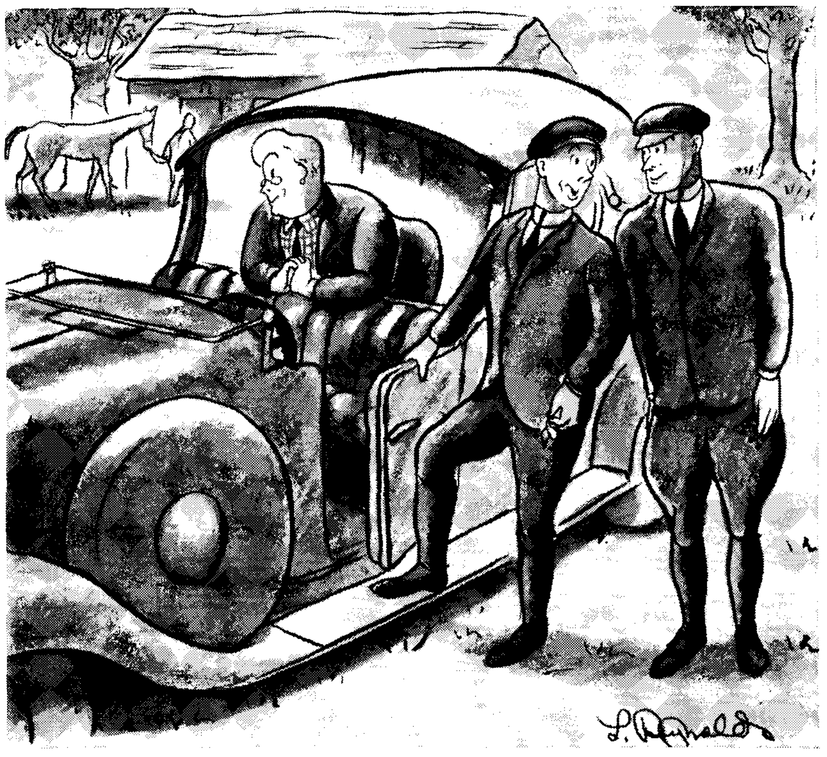
"It's your job, as a young woman, to think. Now listen." He chose his words ably and bitterly, for her unqualified repugnance had hurt him sharply. "You won't be touched, eh? I get you. I understand your sort. No giving. All taking. That doesn't go down with *me*. You've let it get too far to fob me off—"

She edged near the door. "Stop, Sir Edgar. Don't talk like that—"

"I'm talking to you for your good!"

"'Good'!"

"Good! Get that?"



"Watch the madame pretend she just feels like chatting. She always rides like that after her riding lesson"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"I don't get it. I—I resign, Sir Edgar, of course—"

"*Of course.* What else? A check for the extra week's salary will be sent to you."

She opened the door. "Goodby, Sir Edgar."

"You are a fool," he said deliberately.

On that she went out.

THE Regalia Club; the black gown and—because, in her high-strung mood, she thought she saw a menace in Fero's demeanor, and because she had just lost her job with Marter & Co.—the diamond spray pinned against one shoulder.

She had forgotten to give it back; honestly forgotten.

To hurry away from that flat had seemed imperative; to get away, to think, to summarize events, to judge herself while swiftly she got into the black frock and sleeked her hair and reddened her lips, was an urgent necessity. For she brought with her to the club a sense of failure; and that wouldn't do!

The diamond spray looked marvelous. And in a strange, unexpected fashion, she was at her desperate best. It did that for her, as she knew it would when she realized that it was still in her possession.

Lennie came in for his free dinner and his dancing; and his "old girls'" champagne. Across the room he looked at Eve and the diamonds on her shoulder; and his face was smooth and his mind black.

In came Jonathan Horne at one of the few moments that night when she was sitting alone at her table, sipping iced water; and he paused beside her.

He looked at the diamond spray.

He knew real jewels and faked jewels at a glance.

She stared straight up at him.

"She's desperate," he thought; "Why . . . ?"

"I saw you at Ciro's," she mentioned brightly, at once.

"I missed the pleasure of seeing *you.*"

"We were up in the balcony."

He thought: "'We'? With whom was she?" He asked in a low voice, but casually: "Have you thought over my advice to leave this club?"

She replied as casually, yet on a high note of defiance: "Impossible. I've left Marter's instead."

"Why?"

A demon made her reply: "Too darned dull!"

She touched the diamonds and laughed. Her eyes scintillated: "I've a birthday present. Look."

Just for a moment their looks met, fused, fought.

"Many congratulations," he said airily, walking on.

LIFE showed her a kaleidoscope tonight; emotions, people, events, problems, and a flaming personal triumph; all jumbled.

A flaming personal triumph. She attracted men like a magnet. Fero fussed round her from time to time and extended her privileges. He'd have to raise her salary. . . . She began thinking thoughts alien to herself: money thoughts: make men buy champagne and make Fero pay me a commission. . . .

She seemed to herself to stand—to dance—at a junction of roads.

Very late in her evening Lennie urgently snatched a dance with her. He was sullen with wounded vanity that she had barely looked at him tonight.

He danced fiercely; smoothly, gracefully, exquisitely—letting her alone feel the fierceness.

"Diamonds, eh?"

"Birthday present."

"Horne?"

"Horne? Are you mad? . . ." She murmured languidly: "Sir Edgar."

"Oh . . . *Oh?* So you're beginning to see how to butter your bread at last, are you?"

"It was a parting gift, Lennie."

"A—a what?"

"I've left Marter's."

"My God! Three pounds ten a week! . . . Or have you done better for yourself?"

"I've done nothing for myself."

"Why'd you leave then?"

She said slowly, cynically: "It seems I buttered the old boy up. . . ."

She waited to see him understand. He understood at once. He was quick! He loved her, didn't he? Then didn't he really mind either Sir Edgar—or Horne?

Ah, that was too much to expect of Lennie! With quiet violence he replied: "Eve, you are a fool."

"So Sir Edgar said."

LENNIE came to the Langhams' for Sunday supper. Eve was out. Where?

"Don't know," said the soft Sophia, who, unusually for a Sunday evening, was in. "She tells us nothing. Looking for a room or flat, perhaps. She's leaving home."

He stared at the baby face.

"Why haven't I been told that before?"

"Do you care, Lennie?" said Sophia softly.

"Not much. She's killing my love," he answered dramatically. "She's hard and cruel as she's beautiful."

"Is Eve very beautiful, darling Lennie?"

"To men she is."

He continued to look down into Sophia's pretty blond face. It was full of pity and love and excitement.

"So *very* beautiful, Lennie?"

"Eve's not seductive like you, Sophia," he said slowly.

"Am I seductive, Lennie?"

"To me you are."

Sophia came softly nestling into his arms. He kissed her. He loved slavish, compliant, cunning girls, he thought.

It was madness eternally to pursue Eve. Unprofitable, too.

Sophia clung to him, understanding him, his meanness, his vanity, his acquisitiveness, all so like her own; adoring him.

She seemed to him to increase in allure minute by minute. He remembered that she was a real dancer; she was pliant and soft. Why hadn't he got her the job at the Regalia instead of Eve?

He knew the answer deep in his own mind; Fero, seeing Eve, wanted her; and would not have chosen a Sophia. And Sophia's mother would not have let her go. Sophia wouldn't have served the Regalia cleverly, conscientiously, and with an air—as Eve was serving it.

Sophia would have looked on the Regalia as merely her party.

He could see her there, enjoying it, the darling!

Her hair was lovely; not a dark, still flame like Eve's, but flaxen and feathery. He nested his chin in it.

"Have you people here seen Eve's diamonds?"

"Diamonds, Lennie? *Diamonds?*"

"A parting gift from Sir Edgar, so she *says.*"

"Has Eve left Marter's, Lennie?"

He nodded, his face in that hair.

"Oo!" said Sophia, awaking. "I saw Sir Edgar once. The sort of man. . . . Has Eve really *left?* Oo!"

"Never mind Eve."

"*Lennie! Darling!*"

"Darling, I'll tell you what."

"What?"

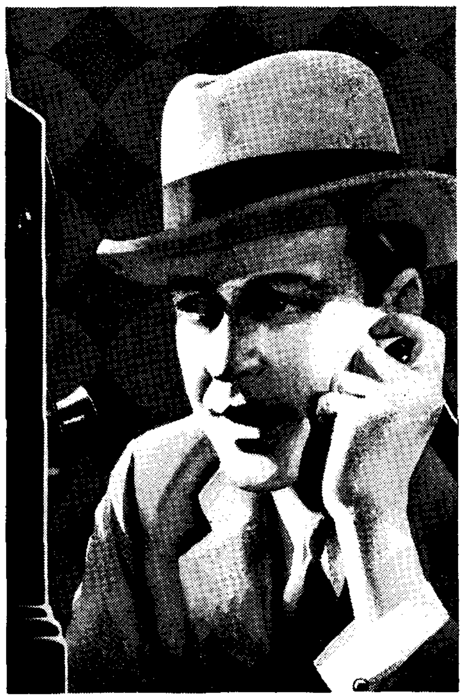
He whispered in her ear.

"Oo!" Sophia gasped, laughing. "Oo!"

(To be continued next week)

YOU CAN LOCATE THE NEAREST HARTFORD AGENT IMMEDIATELY

—through the Western Union



One great advantage of being insured in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company is the nation-wide distribution of Hartford Agents. There is always a Hartford representative near—ready to sell you sound insurance or give you immediate assistance if you meet with loss.

To make it easier to locate the nearest representative of the Hartford, we have perfected a new service arrangement. Just call "Western Union" by telephone wherever you are, and you will be given the name and address of the Hartford Agent nearest you. There are more than 17,000 Hartford agencies located in every state in the Union and in Canada. This new plan assures you of competent Hartford service without delay. In a crisis it is often vitally important to make an immediate contact with a representative of your insurance company. Thus, again, Hartford adds to the desirability of Hartford protection.

If you want Hartford nation-wide insurance service, see the nearest Hartford Agent or ask any licensed broker to place your insurance in the Hartford which writes practically every form of insurance except life.

HARTFORD

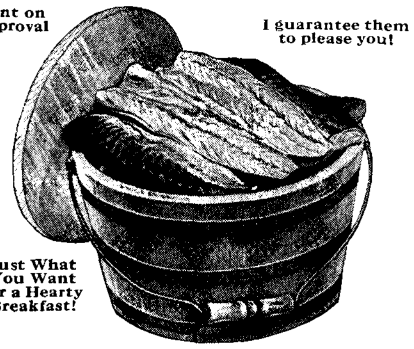
HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT and INDEMNITY COMPANY
HARTFORD · CONNECTICUT

The Tastiest Ocean Treat from Gloucester
plump, tender, juicy
SALT MACKEREL FILLETS

Sent on approval

I guarantee them to please you!

Just What You Want for a Hearty Breakfast!



TASTE THEM AT MY EXPENSE

You'll never know how delicious fish can be until you serve some of my mackerel fillets, prepared the Down East way. It will be the rarest treat you've known in months.

Take one of my new, small, meaty late-caught mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil it in its own juices to a tempting brown, until the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve piping hot. Your mouth will water at its appetizing aroma. You'll smack your lips over its wonderful flavor.

What Makes My Mackerel Fillets So Good?

But you must get the right kind of mackerel fillets—the pick of the new late catch is what you want—to get this real food joy. That's the secret of the tempting goodness of my mackerel fillets. I send you the choicest fillets that are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of the new late-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, no waste parts whatever, these mackerel fillets are so tender and full bodied that they just flake into juicy mouthfuls.

Send No Money Now—
unless you wish to

Just send the coupon below or write me a letter, and I'll ship you a pail of 18 small tenderloin mackerel fillets—each fillet suitable for an individual serving. My fillets come to you all cleaned—no heads—no tails—no large body bones—no waste whatever—just meaty fillets packed in new brine in a wax-lined wooden pail. Taste one—broiled the Down East way. If not satisfied it's the finest mackerel you ever tasted, return the balance at my expense. Otherwise, send me only $2 within 10 days. 200,000 families get their seafood from me this "prove-it-yourself" way. I've been doing business this way for 49 years and I must say that this is the lowest price for this size pail of mackerel fillets I've ever offered. Send your coupon today for this real Gloucester treat.

18 Small, Tender Mackerel Fillets Only $2.00 Delivered FREE! Anywhere in the United States

Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
122 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
122 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

My dear Mr. Davis: Please send me all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 small, tender mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If, after trying a few fillets, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $2.00 within 10 days.*

Name......................................

Address......................................

City........................ State................

Bank or other reference......................

*If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25¢ beautifully illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 140-HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C.P.A.'s

Save Your Feet

When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal" Heefner ARCH SUPPORT
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Heefner Arch Support Co., 24 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Dazzled

Continued from page 15

beginning, while for seven million sleep turned on alarm-clock dials.

Dan was smiling.

"Thanks, Lanny, but I've knocked around more than you think. I knew the instant I saw Junith she was pure gold."

"Well," said Lanny in a low, distant, politely amused voice, "she's gonna be pure gold before she's through. You'll read in the gossip columns that she's going the hot spots with Lew Pasknitz, the columnists' friend. She headed for Harlem with him tonight, she was so tired."

"Pasknitz?" repeated Dan. But he was still smiling. "He's that racketeer."

"Yeah, that's what I said—the columnists' friend. I wouldn't shout that other word around too much in this end of town."

"Gee, I *know* you're trying to help me. But I have absolute faith in Junith. She's incorruptible. If she's in Harlem with Pasknitz she has a reason for it."

"Yeah. She has. So long, Galahad." He moved off suddenly toward Lindy's.

Dan laughed. He was a great admirer of Lanny Dell.

THEY might have been father and daughter—in the Palace of Sweets, Front Street, Larue, Kansas. But not at that table in the Sweet Man Club, One Hundred and Umpty-umph Street near Lenox Avenue. The Sweet Man was a black-and-tan joint where a black man began to assault a tuneless piano and a brown woman began to drawl elaborately obscene lyrics at half past two in the morning. Lew Pasknitz was a huge, red-faced man whose countenance was a surprising mixture of geniality and peevishness; the jaw warned while the little button eyes said, "I'm just a great big boy. Come on and have a good time—at my expense." He hung across the table toward Junith, who glowed away for him with all the banked vitality of the unlived years.

"You feel better now, kid?" Lew demanded.

She squeezed a portion of his tremendous hand on the plaid tablecloth.

"Yes. I feel much better. I was just so *blue* about Mother being ill and needing a trip so *badly* and *nothing* to do. You're just a *prince*, Mr. Pasknitz. How do *you* feel?"

She held the crisp little sheaf folded once between her thumb and forefinger, tightly. There were about ten brand-new bills. Were they hundreds or—delirious thought—thousands? Hundreds, of course; Mr. Pasknitz wasn't, after all, *that* rich.

Thinking of those bills, now she became aware that Mr. Pasknitz had leaned back, away from her in his chair; that she had asked him how he felt and he had replied, surprisingly, "Terrible." He was pale as only a red-faced man can grow.

"Why, you look ill, Mr. Pasknitz."

"Lew to you"—feebly. "I'll be all right. It's the old ticker. Forget it."

For a while, though, Junith was uneasy; she had the panic of the very young in the presence of any illness, however trivial, in older people. But soon she saw it was nothing; Mr. Pasknitz was holding her hand again and telling her that his slight seizure was her fault—she had raised his blood pressure and almost killed him.

The brown woman shouted a frightful verse in their direction. Junith watched her with eyes at once detached and eager. She was neither shocked nor amused. The words did not touch her any more than they would have touched a Samoan maiden. Junith had starved, dry-eyed, behind a trash can in Tenth Avenue. Yet from somewhere, it seemed a long way off, a tiny worry sat on its haunches and leered at her.

"What's the matter, babe? Did I scare you? Think nothing of it."

"Oh, no," she said, squeezing his hand mechanically. "I know that was nothing. Everybody has little things like that."

"Your mom worrying you again? Say, babe"—he leaned confidentially closer—"there's more of a roll where that came from when I like a girl."

For no reason—certainly it was the farthest thing from her thoughts at the moment—she made up something to explain the worry sitting off there.

"I'm not worried, Mr. Pasknitz. I'm just mad—thinking of a man that keeps annoying me around the club."

"Not Lanny?"

"Oh, no! He's the sweetest thing and happily married, they say, too. But there's a fellow that sells orchestras to clubs and dance halls. He makes me so mad I could scream sometimes. Just chases me and sends me telegrams and highbrow books and things."

"Who is this guy?"

"You must have seen him around—a young feller named Daniel Jones."

Mr. Pasknitz found a heavy gold pencil and a card, upon which he wrote. He carefully inscribed all available information about Daniel Jones.

"We'll stop him from bothering you."

"I wouldn't want you to hurt him or anything. You see, he really doesn't bother me enough for you to hurt him, Mr. Pasknitz."

"I didn't say hurt, did I? I said we'd stop him from bothering you. Now let's talk about other things. You and me, for instance. I'm going to do things for you that will open your eyes."

"You're just a *prince*, Mr. Pasknitz."

"Lew—to you."

They heard—or rather didn't hear—another song. Mr. Pasknitz rose then.

"I see you haven't touched your drink. I can't blame you. Terrible stuff. Let's drop down to the hideout and have a spot of champagne, babe. I have some things down there you'd like to see and we can talk quietly."

IN THE taxi Lew sat strangely quiet, with his heavy arm around her shoulder. She was neither frightened nor nervous. Mr. Pasknitz seemed harmless. She wished—and when the thought tripped brazenly into her conscious mind she was humiliated for having it—that Lew Pasknitz looked like Daniel Jones. Of course, you couldn't expect— But still—

They drew up before a small, white apartment house with big windows and a canopy, in the West Seventies. A sleepy, uniformed elevator operator lifted them in a small blue elevator to the fourth floor.

"I can't stay but a minute," Junith said.

"Okay, babe," said Mr. Pasknitz, so faintly Junith decided she shouldn't have spoken before the elevator man.

They walked down a wide hallway, deeply rugged, and Mr. Pasknitz opened a door with his key.

"Pardon me if I go in first and turn on the light." It was still that faint, funny voice.

He clicked a button and Junith saw a tall room full of carved screens, samovars, tapestries and gleaming knickknacks. Entranced, she squirmed in beside him and shut the door.

"This is grand!" she cried.

But Mr. Pasknitz was still standing stock-still, his hand on the light switch.

"What?" His voice was a whisper and he was panting a little. "The lights don't work."

He fell forward then, very gradually, Junith thought, to the floor.

"Mr. Pasknitz!" she cried idiotically. "You're ill!"

She dropped to a knee and tugged at his shoulder. With an enormous effort she got him, loosened his collar. She rushed to a door and into another room, found a bath somehow, soaked a towel in water and rushed back, but even as she mopped frantically at his white face she realized that he was dead. Dead less violently than Lew Pasknitz had ever expected, or perhaps deserved, to die.

She stood up finally. Surprisingly, now, she was quite cool. She rejected the idea of calling a doctor, decided to get out as inconspicuously as she could. She put her hand on the door-knob when a thought struck her.

Returning to the heap on the floor, she fumbled with its clothing until she extracted a card with the name "Daniel Jones" scribbled across it. This she tore in three pieces and placed in her handbag. She hesitated again—and did the thing for which even to this day she has never been able to account. She placed the crisp green sheaf Mr. Pasknitz had given her in the pocket from which she had extracted the card.

SHE opened the door gradually and peeked into the hall—and almost shut it violently in a fright, for a man stood just outside. The man was Daniel Jones, big and alert and reassuring.

"Oh, Dan, I'm so glad to *see* you!"

He put his arms around her and she wept a little before she said:

"There's a man dead in there."

Now she was growing scared with the reaction.

"You had to kill him?" Dan asked matter-of-factly.

"Oh, no!" Horror now. "I didn't kill him. He died of a heart attack. Just dropped over, like that."

"Let's get out of here. I came up the service stairway and maybe we can get down that way. I'll telephone the police from outside. Let them investigate. An autopsy will show them all they want to know and I don't think they'll care much that that fellow is dead."

In the taxi, later, he kissed her.

"Such a funny, funny boy," she said dreamily. "I like to kiss you, Dan." She straightened up and peered from the window. "Dan! We're going *up*-town instead of down. Tell the driver."

"I told him. We're going to White Plains. I know some people there who will fix things. We're going to be married this morning, you know."

"Oh, Dan, no!" Then, without rhyme or reason, she melted against him. "I don't care if we do; I don't care if we do!" she repeated defiantly. "I just haven't any character, Dan. Mom Flaherty fell and I guess *I* just can't take it. I'm just a softie, Dan. It'll break her old heart to know I haven't any character, but"—she hurled it fiercely at the Palisades, rollicking through the dawn—"I don't care if I do."

And after a while she added: "Poor Mr. Pasknitz! If he had lived, I might not be doing this to Mom."

Dan didn't notice what she said. Chuckling softly, happily, he was thinking what a bad judge of character Lanny Dell was, for all his worldliness.

A Nice Boy

Continued from page 25

—and he said, "Please, Mr. Brown, lend me a nickel for carfare home because I'm afraid to walk over that bridge alone."

So Rough House gave the future welterweight champion of the world a nickel, and Jimmy boarded a street car. The street car went over the bridge and Jimmy wasn't a bit afraid. He got home just before nine o'clock, too.

For a couple of years Jimmy fought in these amateur bouts. His biggest purse was $2.50, which he got for fighting a boy named George Ainsworth. He got $2.50 and two broken thumbs. Well, he didn't really get the $2.50, but he got credit up to that amount in the local grocery store. He did really get the two broken thumbs.

Pop Takes the Reins

It was shortly after this that destiny in the form of a crusty, nickel-nursing Irishman named Pop Foster came to Vancouver. Old Pop was a manager of unsuccessful fighters and in the trade Pop was quite unfavorably known because of his rugged honesty and his insistence upon getting every possible break for the boys he handled. Promoters used to walk away when Pop hove into view.

Old Pop saw Jimmy box one night and something about the skinny, blue-eyed kid with the baby face made Old Pop's heart turn a somersault, and something about the kid brought a lump to Old Pop's throat and he breathed, "Glory be, what a fine lad. 'Tis the kind of boy I'd like for a son."

Jimmy's boxing didn't impress Old Pop because at fourteen Jimmy didn't know a left jab from a hot-cross bun. It was the boy himself who impressed Old Pop.

He talked to the boy and the cleanness and smartness of the kid further impressed him.

"You'll come under my management and I'll show you how to box, son," Old Pop said gravely. "If you'll do just what I tell you you'll be a champeen of the wurrld one day."

Jimmy's big blue eyes widened and he and Old Pop looked at each other solemnly for a moment and without anything more being said they formed a partnership which has endured to this day and which will endure forever. I tell you this sounds very unlike a saga of the ring but it is true.

Now they had formed this strange partnership and the first step in Old Pop's training of the boy was to forbid him to box for a year. It must have seemed peculiar to Jimmy, but Pop was his idol now and he accepted everything that Pop said as dogma.

"For one whole year," Jimmy said, "Pop made me skip rope and punch the bag. He made me forget about my right hand. He kept me jabbing that bag for hours every day with my left. 'Anybody can hit with a right hand,' he would tell me. 'I want you to have a great left hand. It is a wonderful defense, a left hand, and it can be a good offense, too.' What Pop did really was to make a right hand out of my left hand."

Finally they left Vancouver and this strange pair began an argosy which hasn't ended yet. Pickings were lean for a long time. Jimmy was only a flyweight and flyweights, even well-known ones, did not command rich purses. They knew what it was to sleep in the waiting-rooms of railroad stations and they knew what it was to hitch-hike from town to town looking for bouts, but always the star of their destiny burned brightly, fed by the fires of Old Pop's enthusiasm. They had an amazing faith in each other, these two.

Then it was 1924 and Jimmy was matched with a good boy named Frankie Grandetta, who was flyweight champion of the coast. Jimmy outspeeded and outpunched Frankie Grandetta and matches came a bit easier. Then he defeated a great little boxer, Fidel LaBarba; and now Baby-Face McLarnin began to get his picture in the papers. But it was still coffee and doughnut money until 1927, when he knocked out Louis Kid Kaplan, a rugged, honest, game fighter if one ever lived.

"Kaplan knocked me down in the fight and I'll never forget it," Jimmy says. "I honestly thought the roof had fallen on me. But I got up."

Sure he got up, and knocked Kid Kaplan bowlegged. That made Jimmy, that win. It was clear sledding from that day on. The money started to roll in but Jimmy and Pop kept on riding in upper berths. Pop was still a crusty, nickel-nursing Irishman.

Jimmy conquered the West Coast and then took New York by storm. Most of the lads coming from New York's Ghetto with pugilistic aspirations are lightweights. Some of them did pretty well too—until they met Jimmy. Sid Terris was one. Al Singer another. Ruby Goldstein followed. Jimmy knocked them all out.

Back to the Ould Sod

Jimmy and Pop kept coming to New York for very lucrative bouts and they always stayed at a hotel near Madison Square Garden. Pop doesn't approve of taxicabs. He likes to be within walking distance of his office.

It was right after the last Ross-McLarnin fight (the time Jimmy regained his welter title) that we three sat down talking of this and that. Old Pop was talking about that fight and about Jimmy's fine strategy, his gameness and his splendid boxing. Jimmy was still wearing a nasty-looking eye.

"I agree with you, Pop, that Jimmy fought a fine fight," I said mildly, "but I thought Ross won it."

"Was you there?" Pop exploded. "Did you see the fight?"

"And I thought Ross won easy," I told him.

"Well, glory be," Pop breathed. "Where were your eyes, man?" He shook his head, looking at me more in pity than in anger.

Most of the sports writers there thought that Barney had won by a slight margin. Actually neither lost. Ross was paid $35,000 for his bit while Jimmy garnered $22,000.

But that kind of money hasn't changed Old Pop. After that fight Jimmy said, "Pop, you've given me everything you ever promised except one thing. Once upon a time you said you'd take me to Ireland. How about it?"

"We'll go to Ireland, my boy, as soon as a boat is sailing. I mean a boat that doesn't charge a man too much." And they did.

Jimmy has made a lot of money in his day—probably $300,000. Pop, of course, has made plenty, too, and he's still got it all. He's still a crusty, nickel-nursing Irishman saving every penny he can. And for what? Well, when Old Pop passes on, every cent of it is going to his boy Jimmy. He's saving against Jimmy's old age. Lots of fathers are like that.

WAKE-UP

with a tingling

PREP

Shave

A 13 Second Miracle
Good Morning!
PREP
SOOTHING, HEALING
STAINLESS

Snap into all-day freshness. Just 13 seconds after applying Prep, millions of "groggy" gentlemen are feeling this new and glorious Wake-up Sensation . . . for Prep Shave Cream contains a new and priceless tonic—that tames tough whiskers—as it chases the "morning after" blues away.

Millions of 35¢ jars sold yearly—now many fans are requesting Prep in tubes. If you're a tube fan, we'll send you the new 35¢ tube for a dime—*before we offer it for general sale.* Send dime and your name and address to PREP, 2109 Second Ave., Detroit, Mich.

To Introduce PREP in NEW TUBE-- Full 35¢ Size as a Sample 10¢

Do You Want a . . . SECOND INCOME?

PERHAPS your regular income is stretched to the limit and you would like an extra income to help you make both ends meet? Mr. T. F. Oberkiser and hundreds of other men and women are increasing their buying power by using our attractive income plan.

Increase Your Buying Power!

DON'T you wish you had enough money to buy the wonderful products advertised in this magazine? You can buy some of them by using our attractive plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Many of your friends are already subscribing and their renewals will bring you the same big profit as new subscriptions. No waiting—no red tape. Your earnings begin immediately.

Mr. T. F. Oberkiser of Ohio

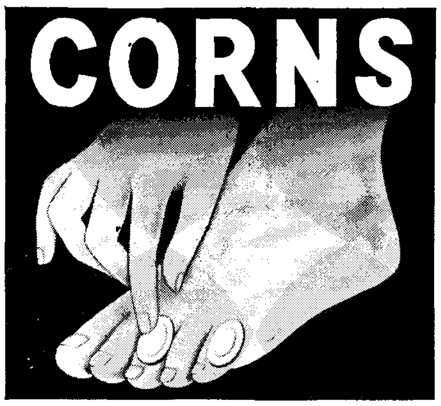
Of course it's up to you to make the first move. Then, we'll help you with personal cooperation from a competent Division Manager. You don't even need to write a letter for supplies. Just paste the coupon on a penny post card and *mail now!* There is no obligation.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-44
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WITHOUT cost or obligation, please send me full details of your profitable plan.

Name...Address...

Town...State...



CORNS

INSTANT, SAFE, SURE RELIEF!

New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Sore Toes instantly relieve pain; stop shoe pressure; soothe and heal; prevent sore toes and blisters; ease new or tight shoes, and quickly, safely remove corns and callouses.

New SKINTEX Covering

De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the marvelous new, velvety soft, flesh color *Skintex* covering which does not soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Hides foot blemishes. Get a box today at your drug, dept. or shoe store.

NEW *De Luxe* FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

8 INCHES OFF WAISTLINE

"Director Belt reduced my waistline from 42 to 34 inches. I feel 10 years younger. *Constipation gone*—no tired, bloated feeling after meals."—G. NEWTON, Troy, N.Y.

Director Belt instantly improves your appearance, puts snap in your step, relieves "shortness of breath," **restores YOUR VIGOR as fat vanishes.**

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. Gentle **massage-like action increases elimination** and regularity in a normal way without use of harsh, irritating cathartics. You **look and feel years younger.**

NEW
EASY WAY
NO DRUGS
NO DIET

SENT ON TRIAL

Let us prove our claims. No obligation. Write today for trial offer.

LANDON & WARNER 360 N. Michigan Ave. Dpt. S-106, Chicago, Ill.

IF YOU want extra money, don't let the lack of a coupon keep you from inquiring about our attractive offer for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. *Write to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

JIMMY, I'LL FIX THOSE TOYS WITH PLASTIC WOOD IN A JIFFY

Even if you're all thumbs you can do a fine job of repairing quickly—**broken toys, loose casters, nicks, cracks, loose drawer pulls, holes in floor, wood-rot,** etc.—with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful. Try it. Paint, hardware, department stores sell PLASTIC WOOD in 9 colors for 25c a tube, 35c a can.

Too High and Too Mighty

Continued from page 8

Robinson—former Governor Tom Terrill, for example. Mr. Terrill is almost as vehement a friend of the people as Huey himself, vast numbers of the populace following him around to hear what he'll say next. They'll never forget the day that Mr. Terrill, as governor, led his staff through the state fair at Little Rock. In the poultry exhibit, Governor Tom, who is a lawyer, not a farmer, became lost in admiration of a coop of magnificent capons. "Send me a settin' of them eggs, neighbor," commanded Tom, when someone had told him what they were. So Huey is thinking of Mr. Terrill for the United States Senate if Senator Robinson, one of his pet hates, doesn't withdraw.

Loyalty Has Its Limits

So you can appreciate under what pressure Senator Long works. Who else could stand up and fight for the right all over the lot when all these income-tax-evasion indictments are being returned by the federal grand jury against such loyal, line-bucking aides as the Hon. Abe Shushan, president of the Orleans Levee Board, and the Nelson brothers, who furnished so much of the materials to the contractors who laid the state roads that cost Louisiana $80,000,000—and have yet to be paid for? The government insists that Mr. Shushan explain why he did not pay adequate tax on an income of $491,471 instead of an insignificant sum that would scarcely buy the liquor for a bridge party. And the government demands that the Nelsons produce $30,000 or so by way of income tax. Both Mr. Shushan and the Messrs. Nelson say the government is all wrong and that they are the victims of persecution; but it worries the senator, who has, as we have already pointed out, enough to worry about.

Furthermore, the government is demanding the complete records of the State Highway Commission, hoping to find out why it was that the roads of Louisiana could be paved only with the materials furnished by the Nelsons. And where the $80,000,000 went—how much, for example, to advertising by the Nelsons, who were after all only manufacturers' agents, in Huey's own weekly newspaper, the Louisiana Progress. And how much never got nearer to roads than the motor cars that carried it to—well, wherever it went.

Boss Fisher—State Senator Jules G. Fisher—of Jefferson Parish, and his nephew, State Representative Joe Fisher, have been indicted for what the government calls failure to pay proper income tax. Senator Jules is a powerful statesman, being king of the Jefferson shrimp industry and having been one of the fifteen senators who, when Huey was up for impeachment when governor in 1929, signed the celebrated round robin wherein it was stated that, no matter what the evidence was, they would not vote to convict Mr. Long. Just who, among Huey's aides, did pay a proper income tax we shan't know until the government is done indicting. But the ring is getting smaller every week.

The latest, at this moment, is the suave Seymour Weiss, president of the New Orleans Dock Board and probably Huey's closest personal friend. Mr. Weiss reported that his net income for the past five years was $55,000. The government says it was $232,000. Some of this may have been campaign funds for Huey. The government wants to know—where it came from and where it went.

Huey naturally regrets seeing the Fishers in trouble. Some of the more patriotic districts in Jefferson had a way of turning in unanimous votes for Mr. Long and his candidates—989 to nothing, 472 to nothing. And this in spite of the fact that the Long opposition had watchers at the polls in those districts. Aides like that make valuable friends. Whether the Fishers are guilty of evading income taxes we don't, of course, know; but it is quite a nuisance to any leader who would reapportion a nation's wealth.

There will, of course, be other indictments, perhaps several before this can get into print. They have been expected for some time. Even before Mr. Shushan was cited by the government, a meeting of a number of Senator Long's most prominent allies was called. This meeting led to a second, and a second to a third. It is a pity that we weren't there; we might have the names of those attending. At any rate, great pressure was exerted upon all candidates for indictment to plead guilty when brought to trial. It was carefully explained to them by lawyers who had gone over the law and the circumstances that the really fine thing for them to do would be to plead guilty, thereby relieving themselves of the necessity of standing trial. So doing, they would be in the category of some of those Louisiana bonds the public bought—something to put away and forget about. The procedure would be ridiculously simple. If they did not stand trial they would not have to undergo the possible embarrassment of mounting the witness stand and answering a lot of vindictive questions. Furthermore, if there were no trials nobody else would be called upon to testify, thus saving others, including the senator himself, from much disturbing interference with the widely advertised plan to make Louisiana the envy of an otherwise shuddering world.

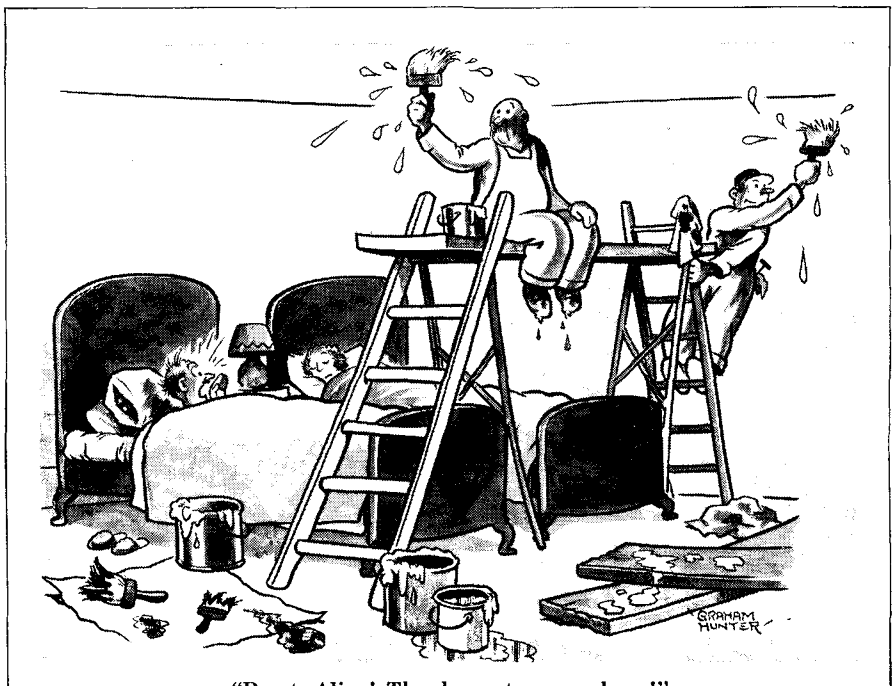
Unhappily, details of these meetings are lacking. But it is no secret that there was no cheering by participants who suspected that they were quite likely to be named in the government's indictments. Two or three of them said rather bluntly that, while they had heard something about the sometimes inconvenient virtue called loyalty, they still did not see why it was a reason for several years in jail—particularly when they had not enjoyed the full benefits of all the money they had received and on which they had not paid tax. The money, they argued, was theirs only long enough to bank and to check out again. Frankly, they were in favor of telling to whom they had checked it out, letting those gentlemen do their share of explaining. It was all very well, said they, for Huey's football team up at Baton Rouge to die for him, but they would like to pass the ball a bit, too, before being carried off on a stretcher. Furthermore, they would like to see Huey work as hard for them as he did for the football team. Also, how about the wife and kiddies?

Whereat the situation became somewhat complicated. If everybody followed this pass-the-buck formula where would the foolish thing end? Everybody knew, of course, that the Big Shot himself was clean, being too involved in running his football team, editing a college paper and thinking up remedies for the plight of the poor to be bothered with the personal incomes of his pals and the ultimate destinations of the money involved. We don't know that the pressure brought upon the candidates for indictment went beyond the moral stage. We don't know that they were told that it would be just too bad if they stopped taking orders at this crucial stage.

An Example

But we have it on reasonable authority that the name of the late Hon. Samuel M. Beasley was mentioned several times. There was a gentleman, it was pointed out, whose deposits in several banks had been the object of much interest to the government's men. Mr. Beasley was chairman of the Louisiana Tax Commission, purchasing agent for the State Highway Commission and had been warden of the state penitentiary until picked by Huey Long for the more important posts. Mr. Beasley was perhaps closer to Mr. Long than any other member of Huey's Inner Council. Several times the government sleuths followed red-hot tips right up to the grave of Mr. Beasley and retired frustrated.

Naturally Mr. Beasley had had large sums of money to handle. He put hun-



"Pssst, Alice! The decorators are here!"

GRAHAM HUNTER

dreds of thousands in banks and almost immediately checked them out. This might be said of the chairman of any state's tax commission and the purchasing agent for any highway department. But there was something about the way it was done and the lack of trail that interested the government men to the extent of preparing a number of involved questions for Mr. Beasley to answer—willingly or otherwise. The point—the point stressed at the meetings—is that the government would not have got Mr. Beasley to talk. He would have told them, courteously of course, that he was handling state funds in a manner prescribed by state law, the rules of his office and according to his own judgment as an accountant. If they regarded him guilty of malfeasance, they should report their suspicions to the governor, the Hon. O. K. Allen, or to the governor's governor, Senator Long. Otherwise—he was an extremely busy man, seeing to it that none of the taxpayers' money was wasted. Thus, they said, would Sam Beasley have rebuffed Washington.

But before the investigators could thus be shown their places and very shortly after the government began poking about into Mr. Beasley's financial affairs, his swift deposits and his lightning withdrawals, he took to his bed in Baton Rouge. His ailment was diagnosed as appendicitis, and an operation was performed. Mr. Beasley died within the week.

In spite of all this appeal to the better natures of the threatened ones, they remained coy. But the government, afraid that the pressure upon them will become irresistible, is trying to maneuver the indicted gentlemen into a position where it will be most inconvenient for them to plead guilty. One hears that indictments will be brought against certain prominent members of the large gambling population of Orleans, St. Bernard and Jefferson parishes, and that these gentlemen will insist upon standing trial because, among other reasons, they think they got a foul deal in the race-track transfers and that the senator himself did not stand by his friends in the closing of the bigger gambling shops. The gambling situation in Orleans and Jefferson parishes is a ghastly mess. At least ten thousand persons are directly dependent upon it for their livelihood.

The Banks Were Notified

The deeper one goes into the Louisiana situation, the more one is impressed by the superiority of the Long energy, shrewdness and self-exploiting opportunism over the squalid minds of his professional enemies. Much of Senator Long's success has come of the frowziness of his opposition—an opposing organization that has been guilty of all the political obscenity in the catalogue. The New Orleans organization has been buried so long in a morass of graft, gangsterism and banditry that it couldn't get up and fight. It had lived for years on the proceeds of prostitution, dope-peddling, gambling, large and small, bootlegging, immunity levies upon known criminals and so on to the end of the unholy list. And it was but natural that it should have contracted most of the wasting diseases of its supporters. And yet Huey, with all his bluster, all his quick wit, his political resourcefulness and shrewdness, could not quite capture the city in its own streets. He had to use his legislature.

While we are on the subject let's examine it. We shan't choke you with detail, merely sketch enough of the picture to let you see how it's done. In 1932, having gone to the United States Senate with some help from the New Orleans ring which thought that was as good a way as any to get rid of him, Mr. Long decided that his fortunes at home would be safer were he to control the governor. Oscar Allen, who had never given the slightest indication of greater ambition than to be one of Huey's puppets, looked suitable. But New Orleans was not friendly to Mr. Allen.

Now City Hall in New Orleans was a pretty slipshod place. The gang had been financing itself by borrowing money from banks in anticipation of taxes yet to be collected. Without such borrowings, the Walmsley crowd would be in a nasty spot. Huey saw his chance. Everybody knew that several of the banks that had been advancing New Orleans money were guilty of practices that, at best, were irregular. These banks were notified by friends of the senator in orderly fashion that they should lend no more money to the New Orleans mob in anticipation of tax collections. The bankers sized up the situation and agreed that the loans should stop, until further notice, anyway.

No Time for Small Fry

You may imagine the indignation of Mayor Walmsley. But the banks—some of them not far from collapse anyway—refused to listen to his pleas. The truth is that they were rather glad that the Long machine had stepped in. The custom had become a menace. Anyway, here was an opportunity to test the worth of the allegation that discretion was the better part of valor. So the Long crowd had its way and Mr. Walmsley was more or less penniless. There is a story that one bank balked at first when told to refuse loans to the New Orleans machine. It was told, they say, that it could refuse or close. Its officials protested that it couldn't be closed, that it was solvent and was guilty of no offense against the banking laws. Whereat it was told to go ahead and lend the money and see what happened to its doors. Another bank, depending largely upon state funds to keep its deposits visible, was whipped into line without trouble.

That done, Mr. Allen's backers went to the Old Regulars and asked them what they now thought of Senator Long's candidate for governor. To their great surprise they found that they had changed their minds about Mr. Allen, who, oddly enough, became governor without any trouble at all.

When the United States Senate Committee began looking into the election of Senator Overton, whom Huey had selected as a congenial colleague, taking an astonishingly long time to get nowhere, Huey's suspicion that he did not like District Attorney Stanley of New Orleans became a conviction. Mr. Stanley was one of those more courageous public officials who can become considerable of a nuisance to an ambitious political boss.

Therefore late in 1933, when the time was approaching when New Orleans should elect a mayor, Senator Long signified that he would not oppose the reelection of Mayor Walmsley provided that he, Huey, might name certain of Mr. Walmsley's running mates—the district attorney in particular. This, argued the Long crowd, was but fair and indicated that Senator Long was ready to repay his debt to New Orleans for its graciousness to Mr. Allen.

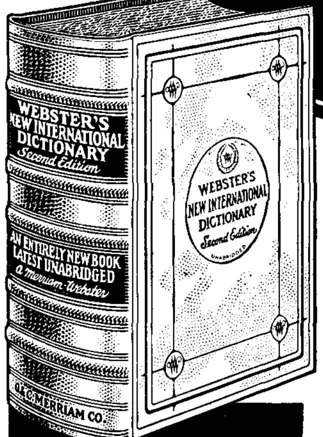
But something had happened to Mr. Walmsley, who, among his other weaknesses, has a penchant for accepting unreliable advice. Mr. Walmsley had been told by friends of the Hon. James A. Farley, Postmaster-General and federal patronage almoner, that this was the time to cut away from Senator Long, whose power in Louisiana, said

(Continued on page 46)

The New Merriam-Webster

The Greatest Single Volume Ever Published

A NEW CREATION



WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition
AN ENTIRELY NEW BOOK LATEST UNABRIDGED A Merriam-Webster
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.

Acclaimed as the SUPREME AUTHORITY!

"A work of which America should be proud."—**William Lyon Phelps**, Professor Emeritus of English, Yale.

"I am overcome by its magnitude and completeness."—**Albert Bushnell Hart**, Professor of Government Emeritus, Harvard.

"It is the true abstract and epitome of the progress of the last two decades."—**Ray Stannard Baker.**

NEW KNOWLEDGE—a vast fund of it—has been created in every field of thought and action during the past eventful quarter-century. No one can hope to carry it all in mind, but everyone can have it at his fingertips for *instant reference. The New Merriam-Webster, just completed,* is the KEY to the NEW KNOWLEDGE in every Science, every Art, every subject of practical or cultural interest. This great new book offers the largest amount of information ever put into one volume.

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY *Second Edition*

The Greatest of the Famous Merriam-Websters

For a hundred years, in successive editions, WEBSTER has been the **foundation book.** Now the greatest Webster of all has been completed—entirely remade and greatly enlarged to cover fully the vastly greater knowledge that is ours today. No other work in existence can compare with the New Merriam-Webster. It contains more subjects than any other book ever published. It was made by the most authoritative Editorial Staff ever created.

William Allan Neilson, President of Smith College, Editor in Chief. 207 of the world's greatest specialists formed the staff of Special Editors. ● 600,000 Entries—122,000 not found in any other dictionary ● Thousands of NEW WORDS ● 12,000 terms illustrated ● Magnificent plates in color and half tone ● Thousands of encyclopedic articles ● 35,000 Geographical entries ● 13,000 Biographical entries ● 200 valuable tables ● 3350 pages ● New from cover to cover ● Cost $1,300,000.00.

At Bookstores or Write for Free Pamphlet

Let us send you an interesting and beautifully illustrated pamphlet containing full information about the New Merriam-Webster, sample pages, and specimen color plates. No cost or obligation. Just mail the coupon.

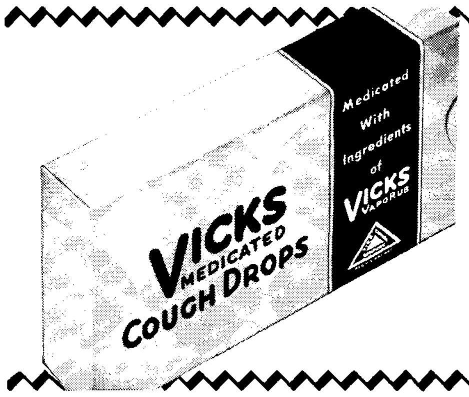
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Springfield, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated pamphlet describing WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, *Second Edition*—The New Merriam-Webster. (Collier's 1-19-35)

Name....................

Address....................

City.................... State....................



VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated With Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

Medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub

Boys WIN THIS BICYCLE

IF YOU'RE a boy 12 years of age (or older), you can get this 1935 deluxe bicycle *without a cent of cost.* Comes to you fully equipped with siren, coaster brake, rear wheel stand, platform carrier, and electric headlight. Swift as the wind. Made to last . . . Besides, you can easily get your choice of 300 other big prizes, including your own clothing!

Earn Money, Too!

You can also earn your own SPENDING MONEY! It's easy. Just deliver Collier's, The American Magazine, and Woman's Home Companion to customers in your neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or play. Mail the coupon and we'll start you.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

NO COST TO YOU!

Your Prizes
The Crowell Publishing Co.

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-115
The Crowell Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning MONEY and PRIZES at once and send me one of your big Prize Books, showing 300 items that can be mine.

Name....................

Address.................... Age....................

City.................... State....................

(Continued from page 45)

they, was waning because, among other things, he had not the allotment of the patronage Mr. Farley distributed. To Mr. Walmsley this sounded pretty good. Whereupon he declined to let Senator Long name a successor to Mr. Stanley. And the fight was on.

Mr. Walmsley won the election, a three-cornered fight, over Senator Long's candidate and an independent. And then Huey stopped temporizing. He went back to Baton Rouge and told Mr. Allen to call the legislature together, saying that he had a brief-case full of legislation that would end all this foolishness.

As we have said, Huey had too many important things on his mind to be eternally bickering with small fry like the New Orleans crowd. While he was bickering with the Walmsleys all sorts of things could be going awry. A thousand and one petty irritations assailed him and if he were to devote the necessary time to his Share-the-Wealth program and attend to a number of national matters he had in mind, including personal revenges, it was better that he get the state under control as swiftly as possible.

It may be that Huey's political enemies in Louisiana did not reckon with his overwhelming control of the legislature. It may be that they didn't believe that the monstrous egotism of the man would flog him to the precarious heights of dictatorship. Certainly they underestimated his capacity to hate and how far he could travel on that sort of fuel. He isn't the sort to laugh off rebuff and bide his time. The man has no more humor than a mole; successful politicians rarely have. Whether it be a baby-faced sub-editor of a college weekly or a President of the United States that utters the word, Huey loses all control when he hears No. His physical courage may not be impressive (it doesn't have to be as long as his bodyguard has some) but he will stop at nothing if his political plans are frustrated. There had been a beautifully laid plan to defeat Walmsley in New Orleans and Huey found himself double-crossed. Several of Walmsley's most dependable wards were to have knifed that gentleman in favor of Huey's candidate, but when the ballot boxes were opened, for the second or third time, it was found that the knifing hadn't happened. Or the Old Regulars had counted last.

You have to understand this: Huey's ruddy oratory doesn't carry the conviction in New Orleans that it does in the rural districts. He's a superb demagogue, probably America's Public Demagogue Number One. Outside the cities his fantastic words are accepted in blind faith. In the canebrakes, the cotton fields and the muskrat swamps they believe implicitly that here is the man who, overnight, can transform their poverty into lasting security and untasted ease.

Better Be Good

But in the larger cities—New Orleans, for example—the voters are not quite that gullible, a little less naïve. Therefore Huey's oratory did not hypnotize New Orleans and, the boys having double-crossed him, he galloped to Baton Rouge, his face purple, his fists flailing, his tongue cracking forth picturesque curses upon his enemies, his high-priced and panting bodyguard echoing every syllable. He'd fix 'em, by God. And he did. They will assure you in Baton Rouge that he shouted commands so fast to Governor Allen that the governor forgot several of them and came very near to being included in the all-consuming wrath. And while it is probably a trifle exaggerated, they will tell you that some of the legislators arrived in Baton Rouge half dressed.

We cannot, of course, analyze those forty-four bills with which the impassioned Huey has reduced the state of Louisiana to the size of a vest pocket ward. We can, however, give you a brief idea of what can happen to one now in that state if one should incur the displeasure of the senator or be considered ripe for punishment.

Let us assume, for example, that you, as innocent of wrongdoing as an honest stylite, have been selected as a horrible example. For some reason unfamiliar to you, and to your understandable surprise, you are arrested for a job of pocket-picking. Of course, you never picked a pocket, but that doesn't matter. Or it may be you are charged with disorderly conduct. Or with having written a letter wherein you have expressed your doubts of Huey's sincerity. Select your own crime. You're not guilty anyway—just obnoxious.

You are hustled off to the nearest police court. You may not know it, but the new laws give Huey the right to make or break a police chief and all his subordinates. Similarly he controls the police magistrate before whom you are haled. You see, one of the new laws creates what is lightly known as a Civil Service Commission. It is composed of the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Superintendent of Public Education, Attorney-General and Secretary of State—all members of the Long machine. This commission also controls all fire departments. And this same law repeals all local laws giving municipalities the right to run their own police and fire departments.

MAP OF CITY PARK
Jay Irving

"Where am I now, Jeeves?"

JAY IRVING

So you see what a plight you are in to begin with. One of the reasons that Huey wrote this law involves his acute dislike for Mr. Clint O'Malley, Chief of Police of Alexandria, where not so long ago an irreverent audience threw eggs and defunct cantaloupes at the senator. Huey thinks that Chief O'Malley wasn't indignant enough. So now you're in the custody of police who see red when Huey says so. At any rate, the police judge tells the indignant new police to take you out of his sight and hold you for trial, bail being fixed at a figure that makes you think of Mr. Harry Hopkins' latest scheme for ending poverty in America.

Naturally you yearn for a lawyer. If you are a knowing person, with plenty of friends and some money, you may call in a lawyer or have one sent to you who is out of reach of the machine that aims to teach you a lesson. But if you select one on a hit-or-miss basis, or take any single-cylinder barrister who offers his services, you are in considerable danger of getting what is commonly known as the works.

Up Go Your Taxes

Under another of these new laws, the old bar association is relegated to the limbo of honorable but otherwise impotent bodies. As in other states, the Louisiana Bar Association was a self-regulating body composed of the lawyers residing in the state and practicing in the state's courts. Before one might practice law one had to conform to the regulations of this independent and non-political body and take an examination given by it. This arrangement did not coincide with all of Senator Long's ideas. He decided to create a bar examination of his own.

Membership in the new bar association, a body completely apart from the old bar associations, is essential to your practice in Louisiana. It follows that a lawyer who wants to continue to practice in Louisiana would do well to avoid offending Huey or any of his aides. Therefore you, under arrest, might and might not get a lawyer who will dare make a decent fight for you. Even a lawyer has to eat.

You see, therefore, what your chances would be if the Long machine was anxious to take you out of circulation. You can appreciate, too, just how far any ordinary legal suit against the Long outfit could get if they did not want it to get anywhere. In addition to this, Huey controls the courts up to and including the Supreme Court, which is with him at present, four to three.

And before we leave the subject you might as well know that you will get nowhere in Louisiana by instituting one of those idle affairs known as "taxpayers' suits." Not, that is, if you have any regard for your own bank account. Huey thought of everything. One of the forty-four bills created a cunning device known as a State Board of Equalization. This invention takes out of the hands of local authorities the tax assessment work that once kept them awake nights. Of course your local government may make assessing motions, tell you how much they think your property is worth and what tax you should pay thereon, but it's just a gesture. They have to do something to earn their salaries. If you have the proper respect for the senator and can prove it with votes you may take that local assessment to the State Board of Assessment and have that body tell your local authorities that they are liars, that your property is worth much less and that your tax bill should be, and is, much lower. On the ever-familiar other hand—well, if Huey's local representative finds that you have been less than enthusiastic in your love for the senator or that you have given signs of sympathizing (as a lawyer, for example) with his foes, you will be amazed and even shocked by the upwardness of your assessment. It is, you must admit, a dandy system.

Now the ordinary citizen of Louisiana might think that all this might work a hardship on him, but he is likely to forget that the senator had to do something to keep the state under control while he was about his larger affairs. Where, they ask you, was Huey to find time to run his Share the Wealth clubs if he were always annoyed by factional political disturbances? Sharing the wealth is a matter requiring much thought and only an all-embracing mind like Huey's is capable of coping with it. Just how many of these clubs there are in the United States is something of a mystery. At least you are told at the senator's headquarters that there is no keeping track of them—like the brood of young and active guinea pigs. At any rate, you are assured that there are hundreds of them, California, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and even New York, producing more and more every day.

The senator proposes to introduce his latest edition of the Share the Wealth schedule into Congress at once. If it isn't adopted he proposes to ask the national electorate how it feels about it in the fall of 1936. It calls for a capital levy tax of one per cent on everything an individual owns in excess of $1,000,000, two per cent on all over $2,000,000, and so on. If you possess more than $100,000,000, the government takes everything above that impressive sum. What with taxes and confiscation you would be held to a personal fortune of no more than $50,000,000 at best, admittedly making it pretty difficult for one to make ends meet. Under Huey's plan you may not inherit more than $5,000,000. If your parents leave you more than that, the excess goes to the government—the government of the United States, not Louisiana.

Safe from Amateurish Prying

The scheme has, thus far, limited itself to personal wealth. The senator has not got around to levying similarly upon the great business industries nor upon public utilities, although it may have been about the latter that he confers so frequently with Mr. Harvey C. Couch, one of the country's foremost utilities directors and until recently a member of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Mr. Couch and the senator have been the most cordial of friends for years, Mr. Couch having even lent the senator his private railway car in which to ride to football games wherein Huey's team, representing Huey's own university, was battling to share the wealth.

You see, then, that the senator has plenty to do beside bickering with Mayor Walmsley about the New Orleans vote. Once he gets his Share the Wealth Clubs firmly established, Senator Joe Robinson reduced to a proper respect, the Treasury Department's young men recalled to Washington, the newspapers (and particularly the editors of his university's magazine) subjugated, Clint O'Malley and other stubborn police chiefs out of office, and so on, he proposes to do something nice for the taxpayers of his own state and —who knows?—something for the holders of Louisiana bonds.

At the moment the bonded indebtedness of Louisiana is $143,808,553.54, the third largest in the country. It's somewhat higher than it was in 1928 when Mr. Long became governor and started out to show the country how to create a Utopia. In 1928 it was $56,695,927.63. At present the taxpayers of that subjugated state give to Huey's government one third of their incomes in taxes. At Baton Rouge they will figure it out for you that the cost of state government isn't really very high —only $12.55 per capita annually. But they are given to overlooking that this is the per capita levy on the basis of the whole population, 2,125,000. There are 777,000 Negroes in the state. As tax producers they may be disregarded without a flutter. Anyway, this makes the per capita levy per taxpayer a bit larger than $12.55.

Several of the taxpayers, knowing nothing about conducting the affairs of government and thinking therefore that thirty-three and a third per cent is a bit steep, bless their innocent hearts, have tried occasionally to look into the state's tax records. They seem particularly eager to poke about the offices of the State Supervisor of Public Accounts, the state's largest tax-collecting agency. But they found that there was a law about that. The law makes the records of that office safe from such amateurish prying.

The Supervisor of Public Accounts is Mrs. William Allen Tharp, better known perhaps as Miss Alice Lee Grosjean, an exceedingly able lady who once was Mr. Long's secretary. It is said, and not denied, that she is the most efficient supervisor the department has ever had. It is equally true that there is no reason why she shouldn't be efficient. The legislature appropriates to her enough money to collect several times as much as she does, not that it is her fault the state's income isn't greater.

Miss Grosjean collects taxes from gasoline, tobacco, beer, liquor, incomes, electric power, tick eradication, soft drinks, malt and several other sources. To collect the income tax the senator's legislature grants Miss Grosjean $75,000. To collect the liquor tax she receives $100,000. That the gasoline tax may be gathered she receives $63,000. To gather the tobacco tax the legislature grants Miss Grosjean $81,250. And so on. The ratio of collection appropriations and the actual tax gathered is likely to be mystifying. For example, the supervisor was allowed $11,000 to collect a malt tax of $31,182.54—35 per cent. To collect $121,256.23 in soft drink taxes, $32,500 was spent—27 per cent.

An Excellent Start Toward Victory

One of the nice things about these collection grants is that the office of the Supervisor of Public Accounts does not have to return a cent of the $600,000 the legislature bestows upon it. It might be that the malt-tax dollar could be gathered for less than thirty-five cents. But the Supervisor of Public Accounts in Louisiana does not have to try. Of course, even a dictator cannot flourish on efficiency and economy alone. There must be plenty of public jobs for plenty of supporters. Nobody has yet learned how many jobs Huey now has at his personal disposal, the records of such omnibuses as the Department of Public Accounts, which is about as public as a Balkan treaty, the Highway Department, the Orleans Dock Board, the state police and so on being none of your business. But it is estimated that during campaigns the senator has at his disposal anywhere from 20,000 to 22,000 jobs—14,000 in New Orleans alone. In this he is the unchallenged dictator; the jobs are his to dispose of where and when they'll do most good. And, as any politician knows, any jobholder who cannot control and deliver five votes is of no use whatever and soon ceases to become a jobholder.

But figure this out and you'll discover that in a state where the normal vote is no more than 300,000, Huey has an excellent start toward victory. And when you add the fact that his own state election board can do what it pleases to any local election board, just as his so-called State Civil Service Commission can hire and fire local police officials— But what's the use? This is going to make a lot of inferior imitations of Huey horribly jealous. And it isn't going to add to their comfort when they know that one of Huey's forty-four bills repealed the state's corrupt-practices act. That act forbade levies upon place-holders' salaries for campaign purposes. Not that they ever did pay much attention to the law, but Huey repealed it just because he happened to think of it. And now he may legally collect from ten to twenty per cent of each jobholder's pay which, as one of the legislators put it, is "something like job insurance." Of course it's expensive, this dictatorship. Whereas the state got along pretty nicely on a budget of $25,000,000 in 1925, Huey is charging Louisiana $50,000,000 now.

A Tiger by the Tail

So you see how it is. And now it must be easier for you to understand why the senator has to have a good football team, a hundred-and-fifty-piece band, both of which he lets the state university use. A man with so many affairs of state on his mind has to have relaxation. That's why he loves to wander across the campus at L. S. U., call the student chorus together and lead it in song—Let Me Call You Sweetheart, and devotional hymns like that.

And it is this necessity for amusement that prompted the senator to take 2,500 university students to Nashville to see his team beat Vanderbilt. He lent them seven dollars apiece to defray the expense and then he got it back from the university through an assessment on the faculty plus a special fund the school had set aside for some such trumpery as the purchase of scientific instruments. Some such nonsense anyway. But he had a good time, leading the student parade, helping Biff Jones to coach the team and directing the band, so why quibble?

These little relaxations are imperative if this sensitive man isn't going to have a nervous breakdown. Imagine yourself balanced on a flying trapeze, a microphone in one hand and the other holding a tiger by the tail—a Louisiana tiger. His audience watches—pop-eyed. They find it hard to concentrate on his broadcasts. He tells them as he wooshes through the air high above their heads that he is thus defying gravity because he loves them. He begs them to be alert lest the knife of the enemy, wielded by the hand of the rich, cut the ropes of his soaring throne.

"Hey, Huey," cries someone in the bedazzling throng below, "hey, Dictator. The government is—"

"Hell," shouts Huey as he flies through the air, "we're not a-studyin' about that damned Washington government. That's the least of our worries."

And if you don't believe him, try it yourself—teetering on that perch with a microphone in one hand and a tiger by the tail in the other.

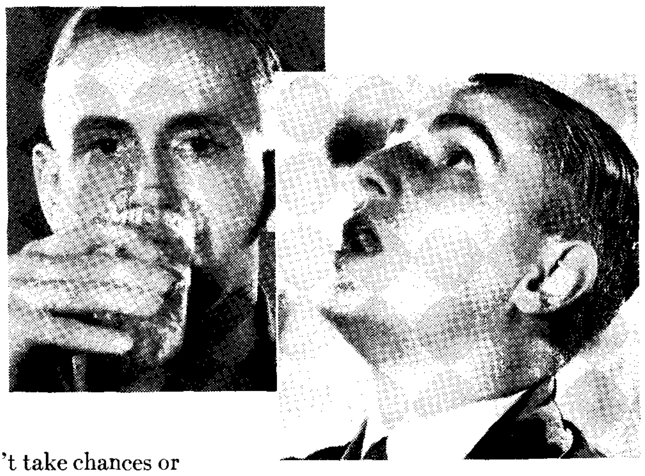
Simple and Easy W
to Relieve a Cold

ILLUSTRATED IN PICTURES BELOW

1. Take 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets. Make sure you get the BAYER Tablets you ask for.

2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in a third of a glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat soreness almost instantly.



If you catch a cold—don't take chances or suffer needlessly.

The simple method pictured here is the way many doctors now treat colds and relieve the aches and pains colds bring with them.

It is recognized as a remarkably safe, sure, QUICK way. *For it will relieve an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.*

This is because real BAYER Aspirin Tablets are made to dissolve or disintegrate almost INSTANTLY in the stomach. *Hence they start to work almost instantly.*

You can relieve nearly any cold you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin and drinking plenty of water. If throat is sore, gargle with 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets stirred in a third of a glass of water. Sore throat eases this way in 2 or 3 minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It works almost *at once* when you take it and in a gargle disintegrates *completely* enough to leave no irritating particles. Watch this when you buy. As the prices of BAYER Aspirin have been reduced on all sizes, there is now no point in accepting other than the real Bayer article you want.

NOW REDUCED TO
15¢

Bayer Tablets of Aspirin
BAYER
Genuine

PRICES ON GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN RADICALLY REDUCED ON ALL SIZES

BOTTLE OF 24 TABLETS NOW 25c
BOTTLE OF 100 TABLETS NOW 75c

Against the Mob

Continued from page 19

can put a charge against Jeff Huntoon. She went willingly into Marshall's stable with him. What are you so considerate about? Who was the girl?"

"I don't know."

Tom Blaine stared at him. "How'd you like to have somebody come in here and smash your shop? Whatever happens tonight—don't print it!"

They were gone, slamming the front door violently behind.

Saul Trevick said to Johnny: "Get your supper and hurry back." He stood a moment after Johnny had gone, looking around his shop with the narrowed, thoughtful eyes of a stranger; and shook his head. "I am ruined," he told himself, and walked slowly through the shop and let himself into St. Vrain Street.

The moods of this town were like the moods of a woman. He understood them—and felt them; and before he had quite crossed St. Vrain to the White House restaurant he knew the night would be bad. There was that feeling of ugliness in the wind. He ate his steak and walked to the counter. Herb Marshall, who owned the White House, addressed him coldly:

"Saul, take my ad out of your paper."

Saul Trevick stared at him, but Herb Marshall's feelings retreated and died behind the hazel screen of his eyes. Trevick's lips tightened about his cigar. "All right," he said, and went into the street again. The rain, driven by a higher wind, laid a silver net across the dark; and there was a crowd of New Hope's young men standing with some sort of visible purpose in front of Saul Trevick's shop. They saw him coming, but they didn't move and he had to walk around them, through the forming mud at the foot of the sidewalk. There was one glaring word scrawled in blue chalk on his door, an epithet of the war which hadn't yet lost its stinging force: "Copperhead." Saul Trevick's lips formed the word faintly and he stood with his back to the group, knowing they watched him with an eagerness for trouble. But he put his hand to the doorknob and went inside, without looking around.

JOHNNY stood by the Washington hand press, wetting down paper; this was printing night and all the forms were locked up. Henry Gray's youngster, Ted, had come in to his weekly chore of feeding the ink roller. Johnny looked at Saul Trevick, stolidly troubled.

"They're going to wreck Shiras Huntoon's harness shop tonight."

"Mob logic," grunted Saul Trevick. Going to the rear room, he dropped wearily into a chair. "Some day," he told himself, "men will not be afraid of generosity. But not in my time. The law of this world now is cruelty. People are blind. What good is the integrity of a man's conscience if New Hope stones him for it?" He was angrier than he remembered being in years; out of the long gray emptiness of his life came a burst of rebellion that was strange to him. The hand press set up a steady clicking beyond the partition—and somebody was speaking there. But he paid no attention until a voice said, "Saul."

Ed McAleer stood before him, a big and solid man who understood people and still could laugh. McAleer smiled a little and for a while studied the disheveled, graying man in the chair. He spoke with slow emphasis:

"You're a queer duck, Saul. Never did give anybody a chance to know you. Some day, when the town's calmed down, it will like you better for not speakin' the girl's name. Meanwhile, keep your shirt on. And don't make an issue of this. Whatever happens, keep it out of your paper. I tell you this for your own comfort."

Through the steady tempo of the rain along the building walls emerged the staccato break of outside sounds. The press stopped its methodical clicking. Ed McAleer turned from the back room, his feet striking solidly through the shop. Glass smashed somewhere and the voices of men lifted and fell.

Then the alley door burst open and the wind sucked out the lamplight instantly. The door closed and he heard heavy breathing across the darkness. He said, "Who is it?"

"Lily!"

He reached the table and lighted the lamp again. She had her back to the door, her body pressed against it. Her face was distinctly white and her young breasts swelled violently with her breathing. Water dripped down her hatless head. Saul Trevick dropped his glance, afraid of the blackness of her eyes.

"It isn't only the harness shop. They're going after Jeff."

HE SAID irritably: "Why do you come here?"

Her body slackened; her voice lost all its tone. "Where else could I go?"

"Where's your father?"

"I haven't seen him in the house since dinner-time."

"Wait," he said. "Wait right here." He went out into Wister's alley and sloshed through its soft mud. Two buildings farther on he ducked into the stable. A roustabout wheeled slowly beneath a suspended lantern and showed a dim, inquiring face.

Trevick said: "Doc Barnes has got to make a call. Get his sorrels hitched to a rig soon as you can." He didn't wait for an answer. He retreated, following the alley to Cottonwood Street; crossed over Cottonwood and vanished in the thicker shadows of the residential section. He knew what he would find—and found it. Stragglers cut by him, through the rain, running ahead. A crowd had formed in front of Shiras Huntoon's house; somebody was breaking down the fence. Somebody was shouting: "Send Jeff out here!" They hadn't gone up to the porch, Saul Trevick saw; they hung back, afraid of something inside Shiras Huntoon's door. But the door opened and men quit yelling. Silence dropped and there was only the slosh of the rain—that and Shiras Huntoon's repressed words as he faced them:

"My son is not here."

It was a courage Saul Trevick suddenly admired; it was a quick flash of light in a dismal world. He turned from the forming edges of the crowd and cut back into Wister's alley. Doc Barnes' team waited in the stable runway, the roustabout had disappeared. He seized the near sorrel's bridle and towed the team into the alley, as far as his own rear door. He opened the door swiftly—and stepped in. Jeff Huntoon stood opposite him. He said, between tight lips: "What would you do, Mr. Trevick?"

"You are through in New Hope. It's hard for young people to run when the time comes for running." He was trembling and he felt his bones ache. "But go find some place in the world where you can hold your conscience in peace."

"Yes," murmured Lily.

Saul Trevick poured some whisky into a glass and drank it.

"There's a buggy outside," he said. "It's twenty miles to Amity and it's raining and it's disagreeable, but what is that to you two?"

The girl came over to Saul and seized his arm. She wasn't far from tears; but a moment later she went out the back door with Jeff Huntoon, and both of them were recklessly smiling. He heard them drive away.

"Courage," he murmured, "comes easier to the young."

Yet there was something they had left behind in the room that shamed him. He felt it and turned into the shop where young Johnny doggedly worked at the hand press. He stood in the middle of the shop, watching Johnny's shoulders lift and fall and then went on to the front office and stared through the window, at Shiras Huntoon's goods piled in the middle of muddy St. Vrain. Men stood around; men moved restlessly along the walk. He opened his door and looked at the "Copperhead" scrawled on the panel, and closed the door abruptly.

He moved to a rack in the shop, and found a cut of an American flag. His face changed a little then; a faint light broke through. He laid the cut inside an empty form. "Johnny," he said, "keep your conscience—it's all you've got." And, pushing back his hat, he began to set type.

Half an hour later he laid the type from his stick into the form, just below the American flag. He boxed in flag and story with column rules, put his paper's masthead at the top. He inked the type and got a sheet of paper and pulled a proof; he reversed the paper, staring at the flag and the story standing out so boldly. When he read it his lips moved faintly:

"Late tonight, moved by a spirit of insanity such as sometimes comes to this town, a mob of irresponsible men smashed into Shiras Huntoon's saddle shop, destroyed what they could and threw what they could not destroy into St. Vrain Street, where it lies now as a monument to fools.

"All this was the result of Shiras Huntoon speaking a few words of truth which New Hope didn't like to hear, in behalf of his son Jeff, who had committed the unpardonable crime, in New Hope's estimation, of courting a girl down Wister's alley.

"The flag at the top of this story is supposed to cover all those who live under it. The war is ten years dead and there is room for all of us in this great land. Yet New Hope seems to have forgotten. And forgotten, too, is that admonition of the Master, who said: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.'—SAUL TREVICK."

HE TURNED then to Johnny, who worked on at the press—and to Ted, the roller boy. He said: "Go on home."

Johnny didn't understand. But he reached for his coat and looked at Ted and winked obviously. They went out of the shop together. Saul Trevick remained at the make-up table until he heard the doorbell jingle. Afterward he took the printed sheet into the office, found a pastepot, and opened the front door. A man sloshing through the rain looked at him and went on; across the street by the White House a small crowd stood and seemed to be waiting. Trevick pasted the edges of the sheet and stuck it on his door, covering the scrawled "Copperhead." Back in the shop he stared around him at the walls which had been his shelter for eight years and suddenly found them strange. His cigar was bad; he threw it away and got another and lighted a match. His hands, he noticed, were not quite steady. Afterward he placed himself behind a make-up table, with his hands resting on it, his graying head pointed toward the front partition. . . . He was standing like that when the crowd smashed through the front door and came violently around the partition into the shop.

They saw him standing there, small and without significance. They spread through the shop and began to wreck it. He didn't stir. They lifted his cases and capsized the loose type on the floor and broke the cases beneath their feet; they ripped his furniture racks off the walls, tipped over his tables and piles of paper. Four men upset the Washington hand press. They went on to the rear room and he heard his own possessions being scattered and rent. They came back to where he stood; one man pulled away the table by which he supported himself and threw it on its side. He saw the flash of their eyes and their heavy breathing. He looked around him and found nothing escaped from the ruin. They had said nothing; and they left the shop without saying anything.

BUT there was one man walking in from the alley. Saul Trevick turned, past curiosity, and found Tom Blaine there. Blaine said:

"It is a lesson you needed long ago. You'll never put out another paper in New Hope."

"No," said Saul Trevick, very slowly, "I never will. But I said what I had to say. That's the important thing, Tom." He looked thoughtfully at Blaine. He added, in a thin, musing voice: "Been home yet tonight?"

Blaine studied him a moment. He said, "Why?" There wasn't any answer and then a change broke across his face. He said rapidly, "Why?"

"Jeff Huntoon's gone from New Hope, taking the girl with him. I'm proud to know they're beyond your reach. The girl was your daughter, Lily."

He wasn't a fighting man. He had no defense against the sudden lunge Tom Blaine made at him. He stood still and took a solid blow across the face; it knocked him down into the capsized make-up table. One of its legs scraped across his side. Tom Blaine stood over him a moment, cursing him wildly. Then Blaine ran out of the place.

Saul Trevick got up and limped to the back room. The rear door was open and most of his stuff had been pitched into the alley. He went into the alley and scurried around the mud till he found his overcoat. He put it on and came back to the room. There was a small cedar-wood box thrown in a corner; he got this and carried it into the shop and wrapped it carefully in a piece of print paper. Going out the rear door again, into the alley's darkness, he held the box under his arm carefully. The few memories in his life which were at all important went back twenty years, to his youth; and the relics of them were in that box, the only thing he cared to rescue from the obscure vengeance of New Hope.

At the end of Wister's alley he swung into Custer Street and passed out of the town. A road ran due south to Amity, through the gusty, liquid blackness of the night. He stopped here, turning to look at the few glimmering lights of New Hope. There wasn't any regret in him; there wasn't any bitterness in him. He said, in a way that was like elation: "Apparently I've got some ultimate motive even New Hope can't force me beyond." It was personal triumph. He laughed softly, while the rain slashed his face. "My conscience is clear," he murmured, and lifted his coat collar and swung into the muddy road, bound for Amity and the world beyond Amity, without a care.

1845 ★ 1935

NEW YORK LIFE THIS YEAR CELEBRATES ITS

90th *Anniversary*

The story of New York Life's ninety years of service is of important and personal interest to its two million policyholders, who are the owners of this mutual company, as well as to beneficiaries and millions of others. The Company's agents have been asked to give to everyone who is interested a copy of our illustrated booklet containing this dramatic and informative story. Or, a copy will gladly be mailed upon request.

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

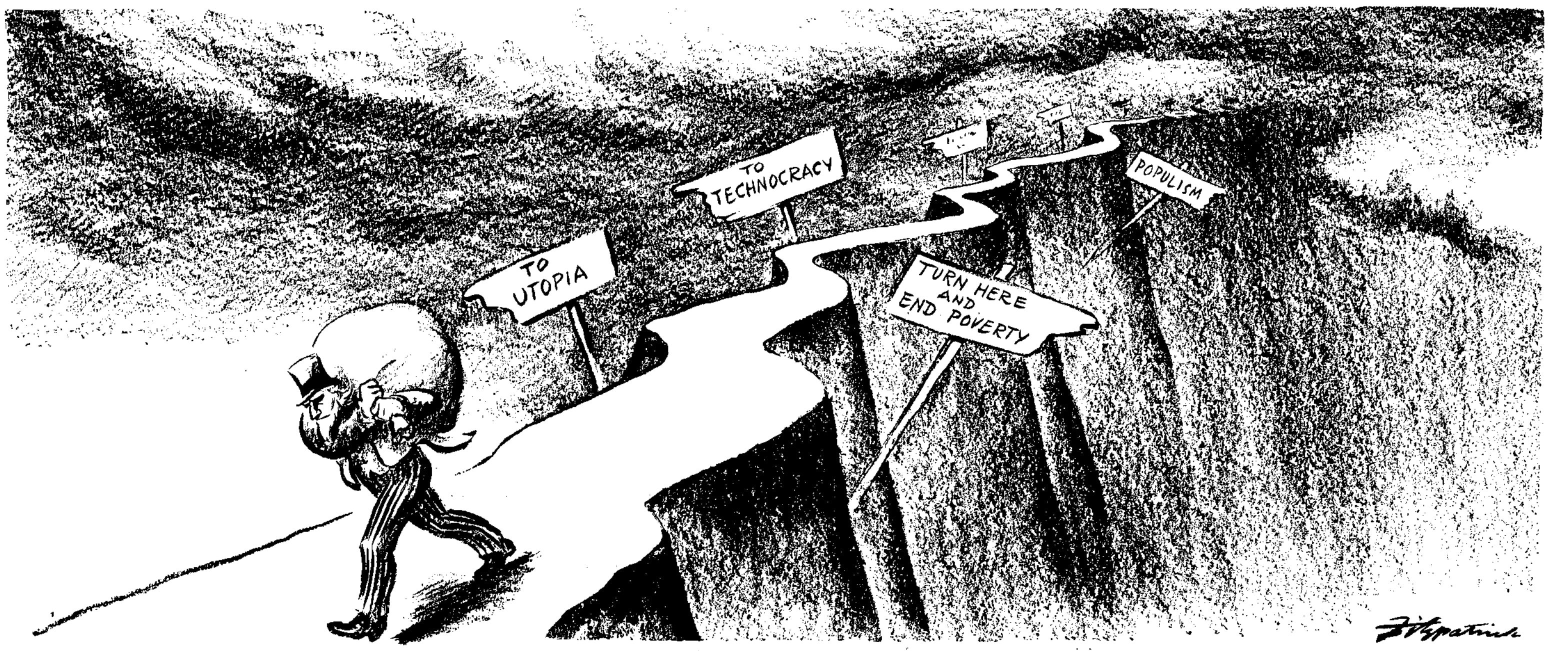
A MUTUAL COMPANY FOUNDED IN 1845

New York Life Emblem Since 1859

Thomas A. Buckner, *President* 51 Madison Ave., New York

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Fallacies Shrivel in the Light

WITH improving business the popular fallacies of the past few years are fading into obscurity. Senator Elmer Thomas, who hates stable money, now admits that inflation will be postponed. Of course it will. The public is interested in other things. Inflation is yesterday's song.

We have had quite a crop of these economic fallacies and nostrums during recent years. Anyone with the faintest memory of the past might have anticipated the outbreak. We had similar attacks during the eighteen seventies and again in the eighteen nineties. Similar conditions breed similar follies.

In economic affairs, as in bodily disease, when doctors disagree, cranks, patent medicine venders and other incompetents assemble their crowds and reap their harvests.

We have had a wide variety of delusions this time. First and most spectacular was the teaching of the technocrats. Seldom have half truths and quarter truths and downright fabrications had a swifter or more dramatic rise.

Technocracy was the old Frankenstein idea dressed up in modern statistics. Mary Shelley drew the Frankenstein picture in 1818, while Europe was recovering from the Napoleonic Wars. The technocrats grabbed the idea and drew dreadful pictures of machinery and science inexorably destroying their inventors and users.

It was an exciting story while it lasted, which happily was not long. Under the cool winds of common sense and an actual consideration of the record, it was seen plainly that instead of destroying jobs machinery created new ones and that applied science was the instrument through which the standard of living had been raised and the earth rendered capable of supporting a vastly increased population.

California, which has contributed so much sanity to national discussion, was the point of origin of three of the most recent fallacies which found wide support. Most conspicuous, of course, was Upton Sinclair's EPIC, or End Poverty in California campaign.

Mr. Sinclair was one of the first examples of an imaginative fiction writer in politics. He put on a good show. He proposed to end poverty as a skillful mystery-story writer ends crime. Neat little schemes for creating factories and markets overnight, for taking from the rich more than they possess, for exempting from taxation the great majority of taxpayers, and for performing numerous other economic miracles drew appreciative audiences and a bewildering support. Between the primary and the election, however, common sense prevailed and California is attacking its problems in calm American fashion and is not relying upon sleight of hand for salvation.

Dr. F. E. Townsend, a physician of Long Beach, California, took up the idea of old-age pensions and attempted to do magic with the idea.

Old-age pensions have been established in twenty-six states, among them California, which pays to a limited number of old people an average of $22 a month.

Dr. Townsend gayly proposed to pay everybody over sixty years a full $200 a month. To accomplish this he advocated a new kind of money, borrowing, possibly without realizing it, an idea suggested by a radical English economist. Dr. Townsend's new money was to be good for thirty days. He imagined that such quick and easy money would start an avalanche of buying. It might, but avalanches are not generally considered safe or comfortable vehicles of travel or transportation. Naturally, the faintest familiarity with arithmetic would show the utter absurdity of such generosity.

Akin to the Townsend idea, but made more elaborate by the trappings of a secret society and a picturesque ritual, is the Utopian plan. The Utopians were mixed up hopelessly with the Sinclairites. The Utopians, founded by a former investment banker, a promoter and a gasoline salesman, sought salvation by attacking the profit motive. Their organization spread with tremendous rapidity. Nothing comparable has been seen since the influenza epidemic of 1918.

Senator Huey Long of Louisiana is the last of these nostrum venders, with his "Share the Wealth" clubs. Senator Long is no economic crackpot. He is a very practical politician looking after Huey's interests. His "Share the Wealth" program, so far as it is a program at all, consists chiefly of high income and inheritance taxes. No changes or reforms are involved. Senator Long is a rabble-rouser of very large lung power and he does not bother with details when he is rabble-rousing.

In California and Colorado and other states which justly boast of benign climates, many of the relics of the fads and fallacies of other periods of political change and economic ferment may still be found. Old men and women now, they still talk fluently and a little wistfully of the ideas which they proclaimed in the days of the Populists and the Boy Orator of the Platte. They, too, had their days of popularity, and they, too, found obscurity and forgetfulness as economic health returned to the people.

We are solving our problems today in the only possible way, by hard work and common sense. This is the one road toward recovery and progress. Only by unremitting labor and thought are the answers found to any important human problems. Nobody has ever invented a machine or found a way of curing disease, or cultivated a farm or found the money to pay his taxes, by ranting or by listening to the rantings of advocates of half-baked ideas or of plain frauds and fallacies. Fortunately, solid achievement is not so cheaply won.

The fading of these preachers of fallacy marks another step on the road back to economic health.

CALICO
ANNIVERSARY

Calico Anniversary... Second Year

"Here's to our Golden Wedding"

... AND THE EXTRA DELICIOUSNESS OF THIS PEERLESS AMERICAN WHISKEY

It is indeed reassuring to see the way American taste . . . after trying one thing and another . . . is rediscovering the delicious difference in this exquisite old favorite. Its ingredients . . . nothing but our own country's richly flavorful grains. Its distillers . . . the real "Old Hands" of the whiskey business. Its average age . . . 4 years old. A real American whiskey . . . distilled, barreled and bottled in the United States according to the finest American traditions. Have you tried Golden Wedding lately?

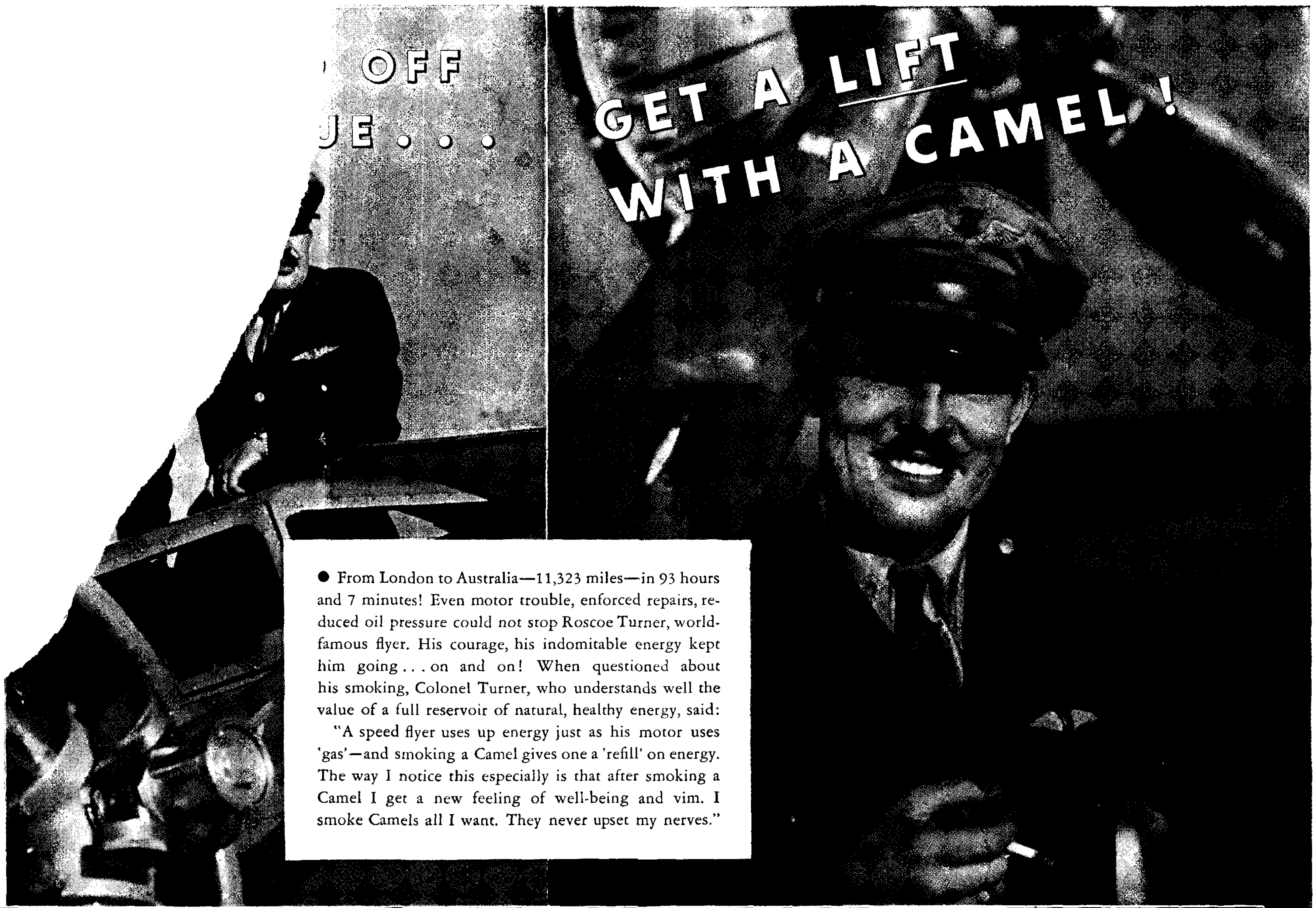
*Every drop of Golden Wedding is ALL whiskey. A blend of selected straight whiskies...the youngest whiskey 7 months old (in the Rye blend), and 9 months old (in the Bourbon blend)...and the *average* age 4 years old. The price is well within the means of every purse.

A Schenley Product made by the distillers of
OLD SCHENLEY Bottled in Bond Whiskey
America's premier blends: *Gibson's, James E. Pepper, O. F. C.*
Straight whiskies: *Cream of Kentucky, Mayflower*
For a really fine Gin ...Try *Silver Wedding Gin*
ON THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE ... THIS GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUOR

MARK OF MERIT
Schenley

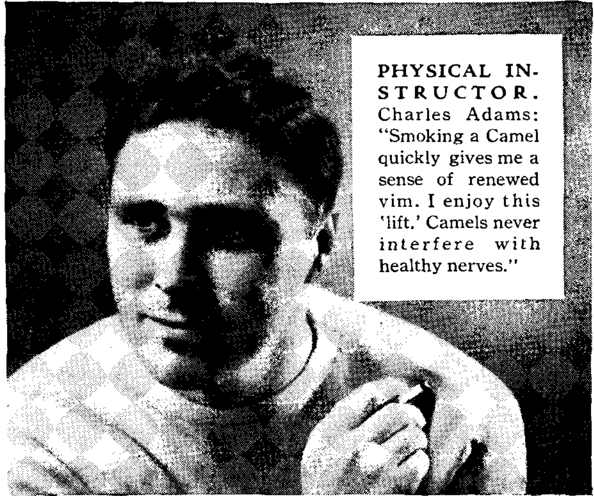
GOLDEN WEDDING RYE

★ *AVERAGE AGE* 4 YEARS OLD

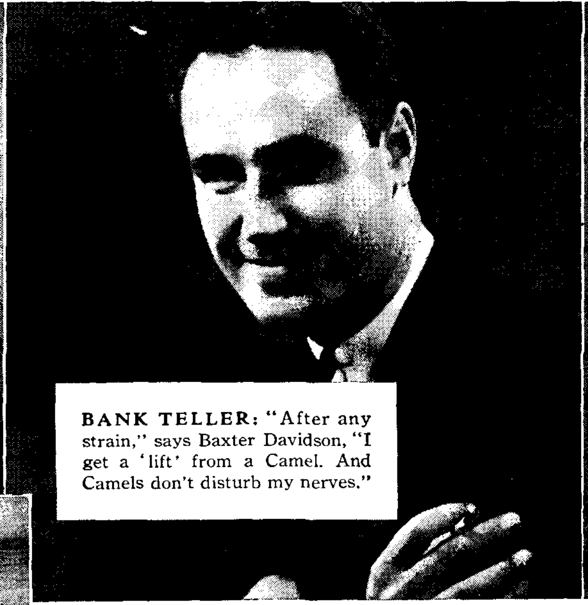

OFF
UE . . .
GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

● From London to Australia—11,323 miles—in 93 hours and 7 minutes! Even motor trouble, enforced repairs, reduced oil pressure could not stop Roscoe Turner, world-famous flyer. His courage, his indomitable energy kept him going . . . on and on! When questioned about his smoking, Colonel Turner, who understands well the value of a full reservoir of natural, healthy energy, said:

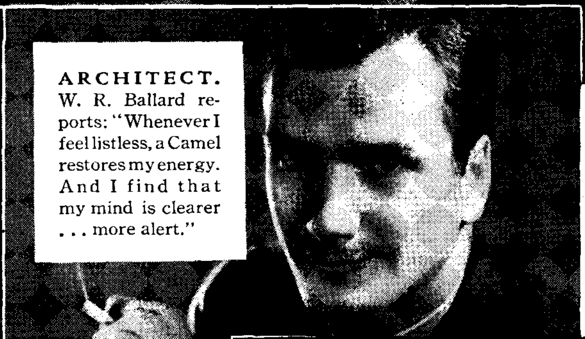
"A speed flyer uses up energy just as his motor uses 'gas'—and smoking a Camel gives one a 'refill' on energy. The way I notice this especially is that after smoking a Camel I get a new feeling of well-being and vim. I smoke Camels all I want. They never upset my nerves."



PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR. Charles Adams: "Smoking a Camel quickly gives me a sense of renewed vim. I enjoy this 'lift.' Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."



BANK TELLER: "After any strain," says Baxter Davidson, "I get a 'lift' from a Camel. And Camels don't disturb my nerves."

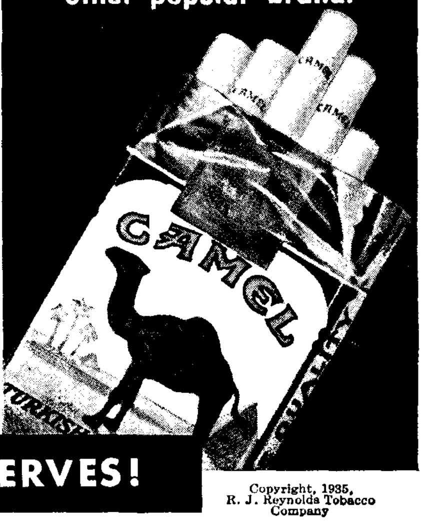


ARCHITECT. W. R. Ballard reports: "Whenever I feel listless, a Camel restores my energy. And I find that my mind is clearer . . . more alert."

MRS. LANGDON POST, popular young society leader: "Camels taste better—milder and richer. When tired, I find that smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift,' and I feel fresher afterwards!"

LEAF-TOBACCO EXPERTS AGREE:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



YOU ARE INVITED
TO TUNE IN ON THE ALL-STAR
CAMEL CARAVAN
with
WALTER O'KEEFE
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA
ANNETTE HANSHAW
TED HUSING

WALTER O'KEEFE

TUESDAY
10:00 P.M. E.S.T. 8:00 P.M. M.S.T.
9:00 P.M. C.S.T. 7:00 P.M. P.S.T.

THURSDAY
9:00 P.M. E.S.T. 9:30 P.M. M.S.T.
8:00 P.M. C.S.T. 8:30 P.M. P.S.T.

OVER COAST-TO-COAST WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company